Privateer Press™

NO QUARTER MAGAZINE™

ISSUE Nº-11
$5.99

HORDES™

EVOLVE OR DIE!

A first look at *HORDES: Evolution* models

THE SHAE MUTINY

New Iron Kingdoms Fiction

DEATH AND DIAMONDS

in Ternon Crag

MARCH 2007

8 75582 00352 3

INCLUDING: WARMACHINE™ IRON KINGDOMS™

SHOW YOUR FACTION'S TRUE COLORS WITH FORMULA P3™ PAINT SETS

FORMULA P3™

Bring your WARMACHINE® models to life with the official colors used by the Privateer Press™ studios. Formula P3 is a high quality miniature paint carefully formulated to strike the perfect balance between smoothness and opacity that painters around the world have long desired.

In development for years and designed by miniature director and industry pioneer Mike McVey, each box set of six paints gives beginners the colors they need and hardcore painters the quality they demand.

ASK YOUR RETAILER FOR FORMULA P3 PAINTS FROM PRIVATEER PRESS.

All trademarks, including WARMACHINE®, Formula P3, Iron Kingdoms, HORDES, and all associated names, places, things, and characters and their distinctive likenesses are TM and © Privateer Press, Inc., 2006

PRIVATEER PRESS

www.PrivateerPress.com

On the Cover

Bronzeback Titan, Skorne Alpha Heavy Warbeast by **Andrea Uderzo.** Brutal and ferocious in the extreme, the Bronzeback Titan is the pinnacle of its species, cowing lesser titans through displays of strength and dominance. Italian artist Andrea Uderzo captures the raw power of these enormous and impressive creatures.

The Bronzeback Titan is just one of many warbeasts to be described in the upcoming *Hordes: Evolution*. Look inside for a preview of these and many other warbeasts and warlocks from the book.

CREDITS

Zoinks! P-p-p-pirate ghosts?!

What horror lurks in the rafters of the Privateer Press warehouse? The soul of some poor lost packer? The angry spirit of a player who finished second at a Hardcore Tournament? No, it's just a leftover from last year's Halloween party. He would have gotten away with it too, if it weren't for those meddling kids…

PRIVATEER PRESS™

President: Sherry Yeary • Creative Director: Matt Wilson • Project Director: Bryan Cutler • Lead Developer: Jason Soles • Art Director: James Davis • Marketing Manager: Nathan Letsinger • Development: Rob Stoddard • Production Manager: Mark Christensen

Editor in Chief: Nathan Letsinger
Managing Editor: Eric Cagle
Creative Director: Matt Wilson
RPG Content Manager: Nathan Letsinger
Hobby Content Manager: Rob Stoddard
RPG Design: Doug Seacat
Continuity Editor: Jason Soles
RPG Rules Editor: Kevin Clark
Graphic Design: Josh Manderville
Photography: Steve Angeles

Contributors

Rob Baxter, Christopher Bodan, Kevin Clark, Alfonso "The Traitor" Falco, Greg Gammons, Luke Johnson, Ron Kruzie, Mike McVey, Brent Waldher, Dan Weber

Miniatures Painters

Todd Arrington, Matt DiPietro, Mengu Gungor, Adam Johnson, Ron Kruzie, Ali McVey, Mike McVey, Dave Perrotta, David Ray, Dan Smith, Rob Stoddard, Rob Strohmeyer

Art/Photography

Andrew Arconti, Chippy, Eric Deschamps, Matt Dixon, John Gravato, Rob Hawkins, Rob Lazzaretti, Karl Richardson, Mattias Snygg, Brian Snoddy, Andrew Trabbold, Brian Valenzuela, Andrea Udzero, Franz Vohwinkel, Chris Walton, Eva Widermann, Matt Wilson

Special Thanks To

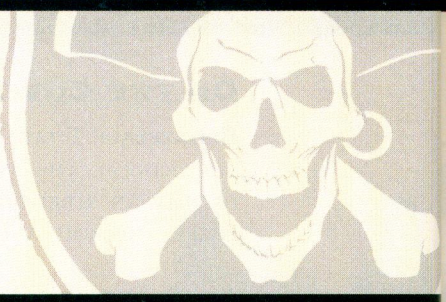
Andrew Bobb and Rory Hutchings (drink recipes), Greg Dufner (faction beer steins), Erich Schneider ('beast about town)

No Quarter Magazine

This magazine is printed under the copyright laws of the United States of America. Contents copyright© and trademark ™ 2001-2007 Privateer Press, Inc. The Privateer Press logo, the Iron Kingdoms logo, and Iron Kingdoms, Full-Metal Fantasy are copyright© and trademark 2001-2007, Privateer Press, Inc. First printing Vol. 2, Issue 11: March 2007. Printed in the USA. All rights reserved. This magazine is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual people, organizations, places, or events is purely coincidental. Copies of the materials herein are intended solely for personal, noncommercial use only if all copyrights, trademarks, or other notices contained herein or associated with them are preserved. You may not distribute such copies to others for charge or other consideration without prior written consent of the owner of the materials except for review purposes only.

Two shots below the waterline for the scallywag who pirates the pirates. Ye been warned.

FIRE IN THE HOLE!



The Winds of War Are Blowing. Time to Get to the High Ground.

Each of us come to the Iron Kingdoms – the world of HORDES and WARMACHINE – through a different road. Some of us are roleplayers, some of us wargamers, some of us hobbyists, but I submit that the story of its character and the world they inhabit lies at the heart of our interest and binds us together.

The story of Iron Kingdoms is one of conflict and conflagration and too large to tell in any one product – or product line – alone. War makes for uncertain times and almost anything seems possible: a hero thought dead returns, another once noble takes on a dark mantle, fables walk the earth, and the beasts of the wilderness threaten to consume the already war-torn civilizations of man. As the winds of war blow, you may wonder that will come next in the story of your favorite game.

We do delight in giving you surprise turns in the story but, as keen eyed observers note, it's no big secret we also often drop hints of the future. The epilogue of *Escalation* is a fine example that got wheels spinning in many heads. "What if trolls became a faction? What if Vinter returned with a whole Skorne army?" you wondered. If you had never played in the *Witchfire Trilogy* or read the *Monsternomicon*, you may not have had such thoughts. But those with access to the high ground saw the skies darkening and the shape of things to come.

Don't get me wrong, you don't need to purchase the *Iron Kingdoms World Guide* to follow the story of HORDES or WARMACHINE, but its wealth of detail gives a deeper understanding and maybe even the chance to predict what is likely to happen next. Likewise, you don't need to own the wargame material to adventure in the Iron Kingdoms, but if your campaign is military-based or involves blackclads the content in those books will provide hours of fodder for your game. We simply couldn't fit everything into one source and you wouldn't want us to, but the more you read, the more you'll get a sense of the big picture that is the Iron Kingdoms.

Which brings me to No Quarter. No Quarter is both an advanced scout into the evolving storylines found in each of our products and also the ground where those stories can intersect. It's a place where roleplayers, wargamers, and hobbyists can get their fix and, for those attentive enough, see where one story might foreshadow the turns in another.

Hints of things to come and stories to be told abound in No Quarter, waiting buried like necrotite to fuel your fiendish imagination. For example, the Five Star Syndicate first appeared in our inaugural issue in an article about mercenary contracts in WARMACHINE, described there as "a shadowy organization notorious even amongst the pirates and cutthroats in the backstreets of Five Fingers." Later roleplayers discovered the full details of the dark nature of this group in *Five Fingers: Port of Deceit*. Those who devour every word are rewarded with the greatest vantage point.

Likewise, this issue is chock full of previews, both for your favorite game and the living evolution of the Iron Kingdoms storyline. Doug Seacat's tale of maritime mutiny describes the birth of a pirate crew soon to carve their place in the WARMACHINE storyline (their rules will appear in our next issue!) Your HORDES and WARMACHINE armies can go head to head in a scenario that serves up a taste of the deviltry we have planned for the summer.

As always, No Quarter is dedicated to bringing playable content to the players in the trenches every issue; and, as we charge headlong into 2007 with what promises to be our most event-filled year yet, I also promise to bring story to the forefront. I'll give you a vantage point to survey all of the Iron Kingdoms from the safety of higher ground before returning to battle it out in the trenches. When the shifting winds of war threaten to overwhelm you, No Quarter will be there to make sense of it all.

Nathan Letsinger

-Editor in Chief

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ISSUE NO. 11

Fire in the Hole 3
Letter from the Editor-in-Chief

Boatswain's Call 4
Letters to the Editor and general shenanigans

New Releases 6
The latest Privateer Press products for March and April

Evolve or Die! 10
A preview of *HORDES: Evolution* warlocks and warbeasts

Terrain: Low Tide at the Dockside 24
How to build your own interactive dockside terrain

Modeling & Painting 32
Mike McVey "covers" the topic of inks, washes, and glazing with Formula P3 paint

Modeling & Painting Extra 38
Ron Kruzie show how to make your Rhulic 'jacks look the part

Powder Keg 40
A WARMACHINE scenario where two dwarves enter,one dwarf leaves

Murder in a Circle of Crows 43
A HORDES vs. WARMACHINE scenario with a mean finish!

Battle Report: In a Ring of Stone and Blood 47
An in-house Battle Report highlighting new *HORDES: Evolution* warlocks

The Pendrake Encounters 60
Alten Ashley kisses and tells about his first date with the Bloodtrackers

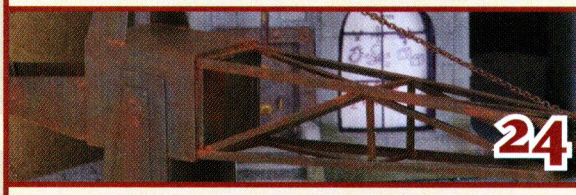
The Shae Mutiny 62
Read the beginnings of Phineas Shae and his Privateers in a tale of pirates and betrayal

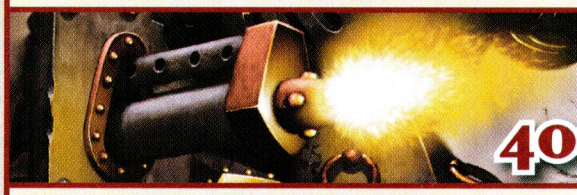
Guts & Gears 76
The Man-O-War and Warpwolf—one's fuzzy, one's not

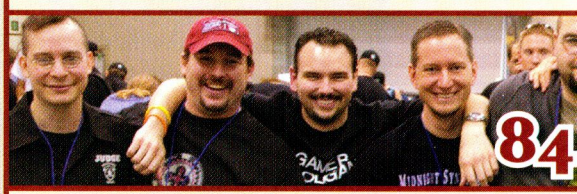
Trail of Champions 84
Get inside the brain of these WARMACHINE champions as they prep for the coming year of tournament play

Death and Diamonds 86
Get your pick, shovel, and pistol—we're going to Ternon Crag!

Drawn & Quartered/Player Gallery 95
Santa's coming to town and he's not who you think...







BOATSWAIN'S CALL

Got a cool landmark in your town? Send us pictures of your 'jacks AND warbeasts out on walkabout to **jackabouttown@privateerpress.com** If we like 'em, we'll print 'em.

Erich Schneider's Dire Troll Mauler Extreme goes for a troll stroll in Oak Creek Canyon, Arizona. Want your own Extreme Mauler to paint up and take on a field trip? It's available exclusively at store.privateerpress.com.

Beast about Town

LETTERS

With the release of additional paints in 2007 for the P3 line, can we expect to see, if even once, a No Quarter printed color swatch of the upcoming colors?

The long and short answer is: maybe. As you probably know, we're quite the perfectionists here at Privateer Press, especially when it comes to the Formula P3 paint line. The main reason we haven't printed a paint swatch of the Formula P3 line in the magazine is because of the variation between printing and the actual colors used in the paints—it's remarkably difficult (and expensive) to get an exact color match. We'd hate to put samples of the colors in the magazine, only to find out that they were not precisely 1 to 1.

That said, we're still printing a color swatch: the 2007 Catalog will include accurate sample of the entire Formula P3 paint line. Our goal is that what you see on the page is what you'll get with your paints and inks.

The year long Call to Arms League sounds fun. When can I play my HORDES faction in a league?

Very soon! We've got a special six week cross-game league planned for this summer that we are calling the **Summer of Rage.** Prepare to set your table-top ablaze with new rules and challenges that pit WARMACHINE and HORDES factions against each other. Our next issue will deliver you all the details on this conflict to determine the dominance of beast and machine.

For a taste of what's to come check out *Murder in a Circle of Crows* in this issue!

I've been buying your magazine since I started playing WARMACHINE about a year ago and I am the happy owner of every issue. However, during the last few issues, my LGS have had problems getting the magazine home on time, meaning weeks and weeks of waiting. NQ#9 only arrived maybe 2 weeks ago, during the first week of December, weeks after other "game-pushers" had received it here in Denmark.

My question now is whether you, after soon to be two years of making No Quarter, have you considered making subscription a possibility?

At this time, we have no plans to have No Quarter available by subscription. Honestly, we'd rather have you frequenting your local game stores to get your copy. This helps boost their sales, making the industry healthier on the whole and gets you in face-to-face contact with other players who are itchin' for a smack

down. If there isn't a game store in your area, each issue of No Quarter is available 30 days after the publication date on our website at store.privateerpress.com. Make sure you get your copy early, however, as NQ #1-3 are already sold out!

With the release of *WARMACHINE: Remix*, I'm in a quandary. Just what exactly am I supposed to do with my old copy of *WARMACHINE: Prime*?

We took a poll around the office and came up with some ideas for what you can do with your copy of *WARMACHINE: Prime* now that *WARMACHINE: Remix* has hit the shelves:

1.) "Accidentally" leave it on the gaming table in your FLGS while some patrons are playing some other miniatures game.

2.) Cut it up and make an extremely geeky center fold.

3.) Put it in a trophy case in your game room. Then, when your friends come over to play, you can put on a crotchety-old man voice and say things like: "Back in maahh day, yungin', we only had the one *WARMACHINE: Prime* book to fight over!"

And, of course, the most important:

4.) Give it to someone that doesn't have a rulebook at all and wants to learn WARMACHINE. Not only have you made a gamer for life, but he'll also owe you his eternal soul.

Caption Contest Winner!

Here's the winning caption from the contest from NQ#9

"No...really, I just found him like that. Do I have to sign something?"

Official Grind Errata

The following is considered official errata for use when playing Grind, which premiered in No Quarter #10:

- **Mercenary Ashlynn D'Elyse has a cost of 43 points.**
- **All normal mercenary warjack restrictions apply. In other words, Rhulic 'jacks can only be used by Gorten and only Magnus can use his custom warjacks.**
- **Electric Charge and Stryker's Wrath are not boostable.**
- **Feora's Play should read "The first time an enemy warjack suffers damage this turn it suffers an additional unboostable POW 14 damage roll and fire..."**
- **The Avatar of Menoth cannot use Gaze of Menoth.**
- **Replace the text from the Flags section (page 23) with the following text: "When a warjack makes an attack that targets an warjack model not in control of the Grinder it receives a flag. Power attacks and bash attacks do not draw flags. Flags are given after the attack is resolved."**
- **The following maneuvers have a duration of one round: Enforcer, Fire Shield, Hot Route, Trash Talk, and Zone Defense.**
- **Victoria Haley's play, Downhill, only works on an uncontrolled Grinder.**

NQ #10 Corrections And Keelhaulings

We neglected to include Steve Saunders as the sculptor of the Dire Troll Blitzer's pyg ace buddy, manning the gun. Also, Sean Wales, creator of the Cultists of Cyriss models, was inadvertently credited as Sean Miles.

WARMACHINE THEMED TERRAIN!

We're excited to report that Gale Force Nine will produce unique WARMACHINE inspired terrain for your battlefield. Details on the final designs remain sparse at the time of this writing, but each piece measures roughly 10 x 10 inches and will completely immerse you in the world of WARMACHINE. GF9 made these terrain pieces out of a high quality resin to achieve the best quality models possible. The initial four terrain sets are planned for release this summer.

NEW RELEASES

MERCENARY WROUGHTHAMMER
ROCKRAM HEAVY WARJACK
SCULPTED BY: JEFF WILHELM
PIP 41037 $24.99

MARCH 2007

MERCENARY WARCASTER
DURGEN MADHAMMER
SCULPTED BY: PAUL MULLER
PIP 41035 $11.99

MERCENARY GRUNDBACK
BLASTER LIGHT WARJACKS (2)
SCULPTED BY: JEFF WILHELM
PIP 41036 $15.99

MARCH 2007

TROLLBLOOD PYG BUSHWHACKERS UNIT BOX

SMALLEST OF ALL TROLLKIN, PYGMIES ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR DEXTERITY, THEIR CUNNING, AND THEIR ABILITY TO LAY COMPLEX AMBUSHES AND COOPERATE TO BRING DOWN LARGER PREY. NOW THEY HAVE GUNS. WHAT THEY LACK IN DISCIPLINE THEY MORE THAN MAKE UP FOR IN ENTHUSIASM AND LETHALITY. MOVING AHEAD OF TROLLBLOOD FORCES, BUSHWHACKERS LAY TRAPS THAT CAN END A BATTLE BEFORE IT BEGINS.

SCULPTED BY: ARAGORN MARKS • PIP 71015 $24.99 • PIP 71016 (2) $7.99

NEW RELEASES

Legion Warmongers Unit Box
Sculpted By: Steve Saunders
PIP 73013 $39.99 •
PIP 73014 (1) $12.99

Skorne Venators Unit Box

Venators have mastered the unique firearm called the reiver. These horrific weapons fire bursts of iron needles that shred their targets. Larger creatures only suffer more from these attacks. With a lethal swarm of concentrated fire, Venators tear into the most imposing targets, making them among the most valued specialists in the Army of the Western Reaches.

Sculpted By: Adam Clarke • PIP 74015 $32.99 • PIP 74016 (2) $10.99

Circle Tharn Bloodtrackers Unit Box

No less savage than other Tharn, the female Bloodtrackers stalk their prey from the cover of forests and slay them with a hail of barbed spears. Like living incarnations of the hunt itself, these savage killers move unseen and strike their chosen targets with incredible power.

Sculpted By: Kev White • PIP 72013 $32.99 • PIP 72014 (2) $10.99

MARCH 2007

MARCH 2007

MARCH 2007

NEW RELEASES

APRIL 2007

Cygnar Long Gunner Unit Attachment

Earning their commissions in bullets and blood, long gunner lieutenants lend tactical expertise to any riflemen lucky enough to serve with them. Able to suppress areas of the field, the lieutenant can control the flow of battle. The accompanying standard bearer ensures that his comrades keep a stout heart and allows them to reposition in the face of imminent threats.

Sculpted By: Adam Clarke
PIP 31045 $11.99

APRIL 2007

Cygnar Journeyman Warcaster Alternate Version

Sculpted By: Steve Saunders
PIP 31049 $8.99

Protectorate Paladin of the Order of the Wall Alt. Version

Sculpted By: Steve Saunders
PIP 32048 $9.99

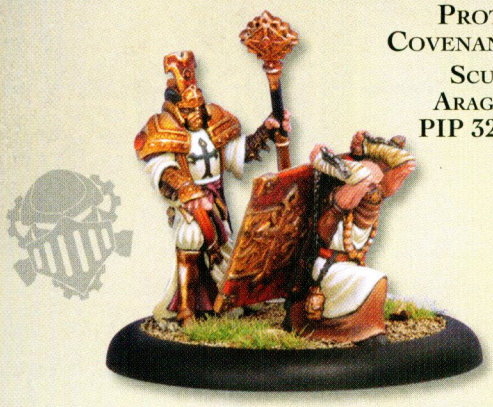
APRIL 2007

Cryx Black Ogrun Boarding Party Unit Box

Barbaric even by the standards of the Sharde Isles, the black ogrun conduct expert, brutal boarding actions. They use harpoon guns to pull targets closer or rip them apart and then set upon any survivors with a variety of cruel blades. The survivors are taken into slavery and bound for the black steel foundries of Cryx.

Sculpted By: Felix Painiagua • **PIP 34046 $35.99 • PIP 34047 (1) $11.99**

NEW RELEASES



PROTECTORATE
COVENANT OF MENOTH
SCULPTED BY:
ARAGORN MARKS
PIP 32045 $16.99

KHADOR MANHUNTER
ALTERNATE VERSION
SCULPTED BY: STEVE SAUNDERS
PIP 33052 $8.99

CRYX PISTOL WRAITH
ALTERNATE VERSION
SCULPTED BY: JEFF GRACE
PIP 34053 $9.99

KHADOR WINTER GUARD
FIELD GUN CREW
SCULPTED BY: BOBBY JACKSON & JEFF WILHELM
PIP 33051 $19.99

OUT NOW! • OUT NOW! • OUT NOW! • OUT NOW!

ONLINE EXCLUSIVES!

DIRE TROLL
MAULER EXTREME!
SCULPTED BY: JASON HENDRIKS
PIP 71900 $49.99

THE GRINDER
SCULPTED BY: BEN SAUNDERS
PIP GR01 $14.99

OUT NOW! • OUT NOW! • OUT NOW! • OUT NOW!

APRIL 2007

APRIL 2007
APRIL 2007

EVOLVE or Die!

HORDES: Primal *laid the foundation for monstrous miniatures combat, bringing four unique and distinctly ruthless factions to the table.* Evolution *is going to tear your preconceptions apart, providing a huge variety of new tools and formidable weapons.* Evolution *promises to be our most packed miniatures book ever, full of enough feral goodness to please any HORDES player, including warbeasts, units, solos, and more. The drama of HORDES and its characters advances as the shadow wars take on renewed intensity and purpose.*

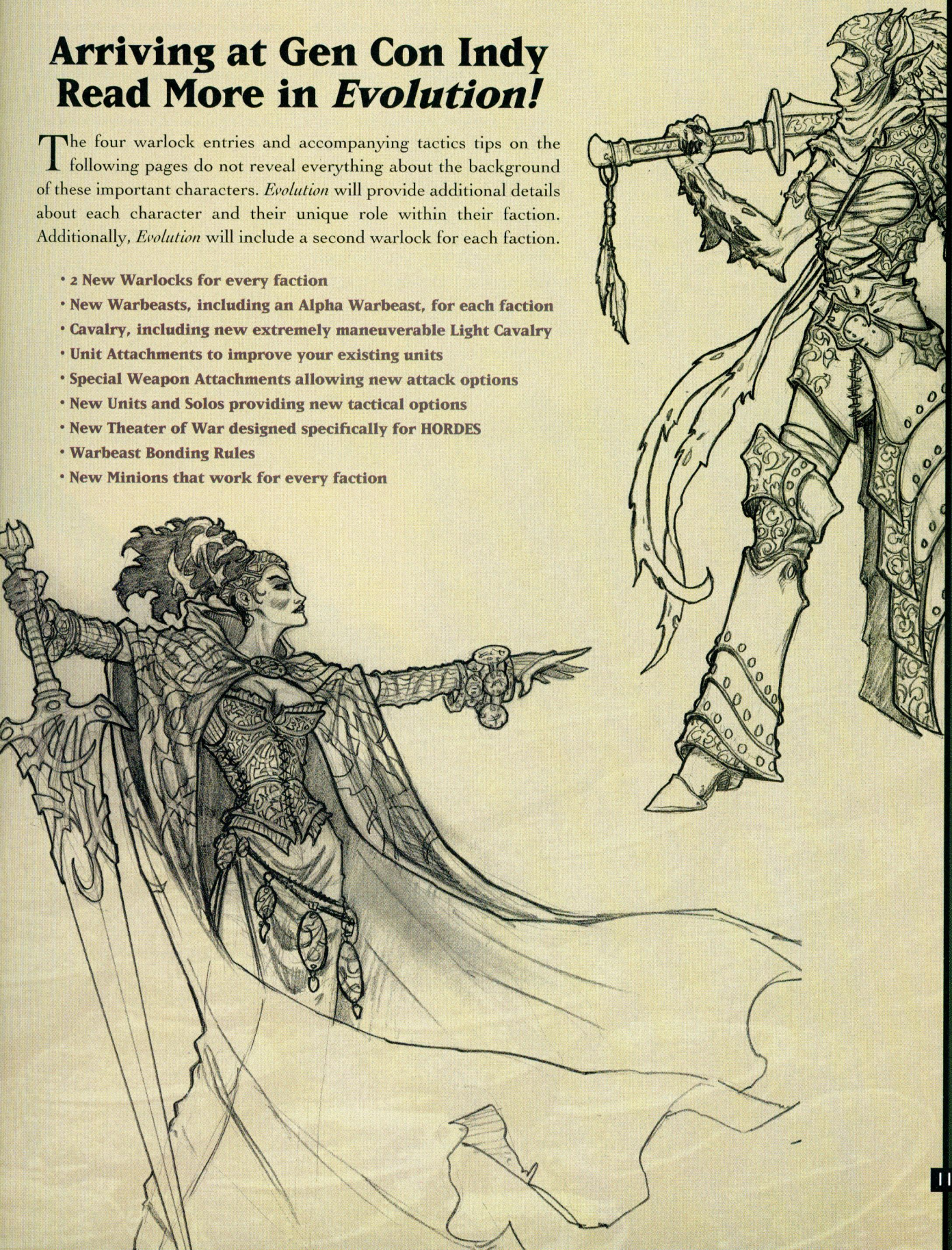
By the **Privateer Press Staff** · Art by **Eric Deschamps, Matt Dixon, Brian Valenzuela, Karl Richardson, Andrew Trabbold, Andrea Uderzo, Eva Widermann**, and **Matt Wilson**

A Sneak Peek of *HORDES: Evolution*

Arriving at Gen Con Indy Read More in *Evolution!*

The four warlock entries and accompanying tactics tips on the following pages do not reveal everything about the background of these important characters. *Evolution* will provide additional details about each character and their unique role within their faction. Additionally, *Evolution* will include a second warlock for each faction.

- **2 New Warlocks for every faction**
- **New Warbeasts, including an Alpha Warbeast, for each faction**
- **Cavalry, including new extremely maneuverable Light Cavalry**
- **Unit Attachments to improve your existing units**
- **Special Weapon Attachments allowing new attack options**
- **New Units and Solos providing new tactical options**
- **New Theater of War designed specifically for HORDES**
- **Warbeast Bonding Rules**
- **New Minions that work for every faction**



Grim Angus, Ex-Bounty Hunter

Trollblood Trollkin Warlock Character

Grim learned to hunt and stalk his prey amidst the dank wooded swamp of Wythmoor, raised by a kriel of trollkin closely related to those dwelling further east in the Thornwood. While born an albino and a sorcerer, Grim had a unique talent for tracking and eschewed his inborn powers to focus on his love of the hunt. Such skills learned among the boggy moors served him well when he left the secluded kriel, becoming a warrior-for-hire and eventually a bounty hunter in human lands. Grim has traveled widely, capturing or slaying wanted men across Ord, southern Khador, and northern Cygnar. He's earned a name as a tracker whose quarry never escapes. Even the rumor of Grim Angus on a man's trail has prompted outlaws to surrender themselves immediately to the nearest authorities.

His familiarity in difficult environments was complemented by his growing power as a sorcerer and warlock, tapping into the power of full-blood trolls to expedite his hunts. The dangers that threaten the trollkin kriels prompted him to put aside human friendships and abandon his former employers. Returning to aid the warriors of his youth, he brings his rifle to bear against the enemies of the united kriels, drawn together by Madrak Ironhide and Hoarluk Doomshaper.

Using Grim Angus

Grim Angus can grant some amazing table control, so you'll get to decide where the fight will happen. His spells and abilities let you influence just how your opponent advances and where he ends up. With Grim on the table, there's nowhere your opponent can run or hide.

500 points

With Grim's ranged weapons it's wise to include a Troll Impaler in your army, even if only for its Far Strike animus. After increasing your range use Headhunter against your opponents warbeasts or warlock. This will allow you to stack Bait the Line with the Troll Axer's Rush animus, granting one of you warbeasts a charge at SPD +7". Alternatively if a threat is bearing down on you hit it with the Snare Gun to Tether it to the ground while you reposition. For the rest of the army utilize Cross-Country on your Scattergunners or Pyg Bushwhackers to eliminate some of those trees you might encounter. When it comes to up close and personal action, try casting Return Fire on Trollkin Champions, run them into combat, be certain to stay in base-to-base contact so that your Champions will gain +2 DEF against melee attacks. This will force your opponent to choose which way he gets cut down. They can try attacking 14 DEF Trollkin Champions that swing back when missed, disengage and suffer free strikes, or they can sit there and do nothing. Any way you slice it, it's good for you.

1,000 points

When we jump things up to the 1,000-point level hit an enemy with Grim's Man Trap or Lock the Target, and then let Madrak's Thrown Axe fly. Be sure to utilize Madrak's Sure Foot with Grim's Return Fire spell as well. The combination of these two spells can affect any model or unit in your army and the brutal combinations are only as constricted as your own strategies. Add the Sure Foot to your Trollkin Champion, Return Fire combinations for 16 DEF Champions that cannot be knocked down. Combining with Doomshaper instead you could use Fortune with Lock the Target to really increase your chances of hitting your enemies. These are only a few of the numerous combinations that Evolution warlocks will be bringing to the battlefields.

Tactical Tips

RETURN FIRE - The attack generated by Return Fire can be melee or ranged, and it may target any eligible model.

SPECIAL RULES

FEAT:
SPREAD THE NET

Grim Angus is a tenacious huntsman, a tireless stalker, and a master of traps and ambush. He provokes his adversaries into the killing lane and then unleashes his sorcerous power in a net of unseen bonds to hold them fast and prevent any escape. Death comes quickly in the end, whether by the explosive report of his rifle, or the guns and axes of those who follow his lead.

Grim Angus' controller selects a point in Grim Angus' control area. Enemy models currently in Grim Angus' control area cannot end their movement further from this point than they began. Spread the Net lasts for one round.

GRIM ANGUS CMD 8

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	7	6	7	16	15

HEADHUNTER

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
13	1	—	13

SNARE GUN

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
8	1	—	—

GUNBLADE

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	5	12

FURY	6
DAMAGE	17
FIELD ALLOWANCE	C
VICTORY POINTS	5
POINT COST	76
BASE SIZE	MEDIUM

GRIM ANGUS

Alchemical Goggles - When declaring charges or resolving attacks, Grim Angus ignores Camouflage, cloud effects, Concealment, Invisibility, and Stealth.

Crack Shot - Grim Angus' targets do not benefit from being screened.

Eagle Eye - Grim Angus' LOS is not blocked by forests.

Pathfinder - During his activation, Grim Angus ignores movement penalties from, and may charge across, rough terrain and obstacles.

Tough - When Grim Angus suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, his controller rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, Grim Angus is knocked down instead of being destroyed. If Grim Angus is not destroyed, he is reduced to one wound

Trail Blazer - Friendly models ignore movement penalties from rough terrain while within 3" of Grim Angus but cannot charge, slam or trample across rough terrain.

HEADHUNTER

Bait the Line - Enemy models damaged by Headhunter suffer Bait. Friendly Trollblood warbeasts charging a model suffering Bait gain +2" of movement. Bait lasts for one turn.

SNARE GUN

Cumbersome - Grim Angus cannot make ranged attacks with the Snare Gun and Headhunter during the same activation.

Tether - Enemy models hit suffer Tether. Grim Angus' controller selects a point up to 2" away from the affected model. The model cannot move or be placed more than 2" from this point. Tether lasts for one round. This attack causes no damage.

SPELL	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
CROSS COUNTRY	2	6	-	-	X	

Target friendly Trollblood model/unit gains Pathfinder and Eagle Eye.

MAN TRAP	3	10	-	13		X

A model damaged by Man Trap is knocked down.

LOCK THE TARGET	2	10	-	-	X	X

Target enemy model/unit suffers –2 DEF and loses Camouflage, Incorporeal, Invisibility, and Stealth. An affected model does not gain a DEF bonus for concealment or cloud effects. Cloud effects and forests do not block LOS to an affected model.

RETURN FIRE	2	6	-	-	X	

Target friendly Trollblood model/unit gains Return Fire. When a non-stationary model with Return Fire is missed by an enemy melee or ranged attack, it may make a melee or ranged attack after the missed attack is resolved.

Morvahna the Autumnblade

Circle Orboros Warlock Character

Morvahna is well known among the upper echelon of the secretive Circle Orboros, as a woman of singular intelligence, ambition, and persuasive charm. Morvahna rose effortlessly to the rank of potent, biding her time, eliminating or discrediting lesser rivals, and sees her eventual assumption to omnipotent as a foregone conclusion. She demonstrates none of the seething impulsiveness or arrogant wrath of her most active rival, Kruegar the Stormwrath. Yet for all her political cunning, Morvahna wields indisputable power, drawing on lore she considers superior to the blunt instrument of storm.

Morvahna controls life itself, manipulating its energies and threads, as adept at pruning the living as restoring the dying to full vigor and vitality. Her strength is rooted in the earth, ancient harvest rites, and linked to the forests that spring from fertile soil. From her fingertips springs terrible powers made possible by this inexhaustible wellspring of life's essence. She is the Autumnblade, her arrival portending the dark turning of that season, withering the enemies of Orboros to bring their plans to ruination. No druid willingly earns her enmity, and all seek her favor; hers is a strength that cannot be opposed by the living.

Using Morvahna

Morvahna allows the Circle to play attrition games and win. Her troops survive until she decides they can die, and she grows stronger the closer she gets to the enemy. You can run with a bare minimum of warbeasts and never want for fury. Morvahna's army can out-maneuver nearly every other warlock in the game and is extremely tough on her own.

500 points

If you like building Circle armies that run warbeast light, Morvahna may be the warlock for you. Both Revivify and Harvest allow her to generate fury in other ways. Relying on generating fury from enemy models destroyed within her control area requires you to be offensive and keep up the pressure on your opponent. Using Tharn Bloodtrackers and Ravagers are two great units to help in your harvesting endeavors. The Bloodtrackers can kill their prey from range and if you are worried about losing them to enemy fire, upkeep Regrowth to keep them around even longer. On the flip side Tharn Ravagers can take center stage once things get personal. Revivify can increase their ARM while Eruption of Life provides fruit tokens to heal them on the go.

1,000 points

While playing with 1,000 points, Kaya's Spirit Fang combined with Wurmwood can soften up hard targets before your troops descend upon the opposition. You can run Kaya close so that your warbeasts can take full advantage of the Pack Hunters ability after the Spirit Fang, Wurmwood combo. One of the great things that Morvahna brings to the table for use with Baldur is Eruption of Life. While it can be a devastating spell by itself, it can be an amazing tool for a very aggressive Baldur. When you run any warlock up front and swinging things can become dangerous quite fast, even for Baldur. Just keep in mind the Eruption of Life AOE is a forest. Not only will Baldur be able to Forest Walk into the AOE, but he'll be able to use the delicious fruit tokens to heal himself. Now, with Morvahna typically lending herself to more models in an army anything that can help them across the battlefield must be good. This is where Krueger comes into play. Lightning Tendrils is great to increase effective threat ranges and Wind Storm's +2 DEF/+2 ARM can stack with the +2 ARM from Revivify, granting a model/unit +2 DEF/+4 ARM against ranged attacks.

Tactical Tips

Eruption of Life - All models destroyed by Eruption of Life are removed from play, including the model directly hit by the attack.

Harrowing - Morvahna can transfer damage to any enemy model damaged by Equinox, including wild warbeasts and those with a number of fury points equal to their fury stat.

Except for where specified, damage transferred by Harrow follows the normal rules of transference. The model to which the damage is transferred suffers all damage from the attack instead of Morvahna. Transferred damage exceeding the model's wounds is applied to Morvahna and cannot be transferred again. Morvahna is considered to have suffered the damage even if it is transferred.

Offering - Except for where specified, damage transferred by Offering follows the normal rules of transference.

SPECIAL RULES

Feat: Seeds of Destruction

No one better understands how life is linked to death than Morvahna the Autumnblade. She has the insidious power to reap a terrible harvest of her allies by utilizing their vitality as a weapon. She imbues in them a kernel of power that germinates explosively when and where she wills. An eruption of thorny branches and blood-soaked leaves blasts apart those she deems expendable. They become her sacrifice, shred any enemies in the vicinity, and leave behind a glade of trees hungry for the taste of flesh.

While in Morvahna's control area this turn, friendly non-warlock Circle models may forfeit their actions to use Seeds of Destruction. When a model uses Seeds of Destruction, center a 3" AOE template on it and remove it from play. This template is a forest that stays on the table for one round. Enemy models in the template when it is put in play suffer a boosted damage roll equal to the STR of the model using Seeds of Destruction.

Morvahna

Pathfinder - During her activation, Morvahna ignores movement penalties from, and may charge across, rough terrain and obstacles.

MORVAHNA	CMD 9				
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	5	6	4	15	13

EQUINOX		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	7	12

FURY	7
DAMAGE	14
FIELD ALLOWANCE	C
VICTORY POINTS	5
POINT COST	68
BASE SIZE	SMALL

Equinox

Harrow - Enemy models damaged by Equinox suffer Harrow for one round. Immediately after suffering damage from an enemy attack, Morvahna may spend a fury point to transfer the damage to a model suffering from Harrow. After transfering damage via Harrow, Morvahna cannot transfer damage via Harrow again until after her controller's next turn.

Offering - Immediately after suffering damage, Morvahna may spend a fury point to transfer the damage to a friendly Circle non-warlock warrior model in her control area.

Reach - 2" melee range.

SPELL	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
Eruption of Life	4	10	-	13	X	X

Target living enemy model directly hit and destroyed by Eruption of Life explodes. Place a 4" AOE template centered on the destroyed model. Enemy models in the AOE when it is placed suffer a POW 13 damage roll. The AOE is a forest that stays on the table as long as upkeep is paid. Enemy models entering or ending their activations in the AOE suffer a POW 13 damage roll. Place a delicious fruit token on the AOE each time a living model is destroyed by this spell. A delicious fruit token may be spent instead of spending a fury point to pay the upkeep of Eruption of Life. Friendly living Circle models ending their activations in the AOE may spend one or more delicious fruit tokens. For each delicious fruit token spent this way, remove d3 damage points from the model. Models destroyed by Eruption of Life are removed from play.

Harvest	3	Self	CTRL	-	X	

Morvahna may gain one fury point each time an enemy model is destroyed in her control area. Morvahna's fury point total cannot exceed her current FURY as a result of Harvest.

Regrowth	4	6	-	-	X	

Target friendly living Circle unit gains Regrowth. After upkeep is paid during Morvahna's controller's Control Phase, she may spend one or more fury points to return models that were destroyed since her controller's last turn to the unit with Regrowth. Return one destroyed model for each fury point spent this way. The model may be placed anywhere in Morvahna's control area within 3" of another model in its unit. Returned models are reduced to one wound. The unit loses any benefits or effects it received from the original destruction of the returned model. The model may activate normally with its unit this turn.

Revivify	2	6	-	-	X	

Target friendly Circle unit gains +2 ARM. At the end of Morvahna's controller's Control Phase, remove one damage point from her for each affected model within 1" of her.

Wurmwood	2	12	-	11		X

Models damaged by this spell suffer Wurmwood. When attacking a model suffering Wurmwood, friendly Circle models gain +2 to melee damage rolls.

Tyrant Xerxis

Skorne Warlock Character

Every great warlord requires a general to serve as an extension of his will on remote battlefields. While Vinter Raelthorne counts Archdomina Makeda as his foremost vassal, the Archdomina herself relies on the skorne's greatest warrior and cruel champion, the Tyrant Xerxis. Arising from the cataphract tradition, this leader is unrivaled in the Army of the Western Reaches in his mastery of the arts of war. Nothing better demonstrates the futility of opposing the skorne than the crushed and shattered remains left in the wake of Xerxis and his perfectly disciplined army.

Xerxis is a cruel taskmaster, forcing his soldiers to drill day and night beyond exhaustion, mastering intricate formation drills and maneuvers until they advance like a single body. Xerxis is a student of all warfare and an expert at determining the correct timing for the perfect application of force to shatter an enemy line. Xerxis is a true terror when leading the charge, as unyielding and imperishable as an ancestral guardian. When Xerxis finally meets his end, it will be in the midst of battle and he shall join his exalted ancestors, for they alone are worthy of his company.

Using Xerxis

Xerxis makes an already powerful army better. He grants the Skorne a degree of flexibility they never enjoyed before, and possess a synergy with troops that none of his fellow warlocks can match.

500 points

Even with 5 Fury , Xerxis is a warlock your opponent must take seriously or they won't know what hit them. Martial Discipline is an amazing ability and lets friendly living troops move and shoot through other friendly living troops. This allows models to form tight formations without any loss of mobility. If you screen units with Cataphract Cetrati in shield wall, the end result is a wall of high armor protection that will help you to deliver the optimum attack of your choice. Additionally, Merciless Assault is a great spell for anything with multiple attacks. If you cast it on a Bronzeback Titan and Enrage it with paingivers you'll get six attacks—four at P+S 19 and two at P+S 18, all of this before spending a single fury point. And after generating a bunch of fury with you can cast Armor of Karrak to jump up the Bronzeback's ARM. Now if that's not enough, try Merciless Assault with Praetorians, a full unit will have upwards of 40 attacks, yes you read that correct, it is 40! Of course they all have to live to have those 40, but you can always put them behind Cetrati in shield wall.

1,000 points

At 1,000-point games the pain just intensifies for your opponent as Xerxis can create a solid wall for other Skorne warlocks to freely maneuver through. The combinations that can be unlocked with Xerxis and any of the other Skorne warlocks are so numerous we can only hope to jump-start your imagination. We already covered Merciless Assault combined with the paingiver's Enrage ability. Now you can add Morghoul's Abuse spell to the mix, giving you a warbeast with seven additional inches of movement, +4 STR, and an additional attack per weapon. Who in their right mind wouldn't want a warbeast with all that? The synergy between Morghoul and Xerxis doesn't end there, but you get the idea. With Makeda the combos can be taken to a whole new level. Between her Carnage spell and Xerxis' Inspire ability you can give a good number of Skorne warriors +4 to melee attack rolls that turn. Add this bonus into any number of effects and be amazed at the agony you can deliver.

SPECIAL RULES

Feat: Total Annihilation

At his powerful bellow the Tyrant Xerxes can rally his soldiers to one great final charge, bringing ruin and annihilation to any foolish enough to stand against him. Following the orders of the Tyrant, his soldiers fight with renewed vitality and skill. They leverage deadly strength into every blow while parrying attacks which would otherwise bring death to their comrades in arms.

Friendly Skorne warrior models currently in Xerxis' control area gain Annihilator for one round. Models with Annihilator that make charge attacks gain an additional die on all melee damage rolls made during their activations. While in base-to-base contact with one or more other friendly Skorne models, affected modes gain +2 ARM.

Xerxis

Chain Attack – Stagger - If Xerxis hits with either a Combo Strike or both of his initial Pillar of Halaak attacks against the same target in the same activation, after resolving the attacks he may immediately make an additional melee attack against the target without spending fury. If the attack succeeds, the target model suffers no damage but loses its initial attacks for one round.

Heel - When a frenzied friendly Skorne warbeast charges Xerxis, it immediately ends its activation once Xerxis is in its melee range. After a frenzied friendly Skorne warbeast ends its activation in Xerxis' command range, Xerxis' controller may choose to have the warbeast lose all fury points on it.

Inspire - When Xerxis hits an enemy model with a charge attack, friendly Skorne warrior models/units currently within 6" of him gain +2 to melee attack rolls this turn.

Martial Discipline - While in Xerxis' command range friendly living Skorne small and medium-based warrior models benefit from Martial Discipline. A model benefiting from Martial Discipline may ignore friendly Skorne warrior models when drawing LOS. During its activation, an affected model may move through other friendly Skorne warrior models in Xerxis' command range if it has enough movement to move completely past the models' bases. Affected models may make melee attacks through other friendly Skorne warrior models in Xerxis' command range.

Tough - When Xerxis suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, his controller rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, Xerxis is knocked down instead of being destroyed. If Xerxis is not destroyed, he is reduced to one wound.

XERXIS					CMD 9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	8	8	4	13	17

PILLAR OF HALAAK		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	5	13

PILLAR OF HALAAK		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	5	13

FURY	5
DAMAGE	19
FIELD ALLOWANCE	C
VICTORY POINTS	5
POINT COST	76
BASE SIZE	MEDIUM

Pillars of Halaak

Combo Strike (★Attack) - Xerxis can make Pillar of Halaak attacks separately or he may make a special attack to strike with both clubs simultaneously. Make one attack roll for the Combo Strike. Add Xerxis' STR once and the POW of both Pillars of Halaak to the damage roll.

Critical Back Breaker - On a critical hit targeting a warbeast, fill in the remaining damage circles on the last branch damaged. On a critical hit targeting a warjack, fill in the remaining damage boxes on the last column damaged.

SPELL	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
Armor of Karrak	2	6	-	-	X	

Target friendly Skorne warbeast gains a cumulative +1 ARM for each fury point on it.

Merciless Assault	3	6	-	-	X	

Target friendly Skorne model/unit may make an additional melee attack with each of its melee weapons during its combat action without spending fury or being forced.

Petrify	3	10	3	13		X

Each enemy model in the AOE must pass a command check or forfeit its movement or action during its next activation.

Rhyas, Sigil of Everblight

Legion of Everblight Blighted Nyss Warlock Character

In the dark hours during the subjugation of the Shard Spires, Thagrosh chose from among the doomed Nyss those few who would serve as his lieutenants. It was by Vayl, the Disciple of Everblight, that Thagrosh learned of a pair of beautiful and deadly twins among the remote Shyvess shard. Twins of every species are sometimes born gifted with extraordinary powers and sorcerous sensitivity. This pair proved the equal of any that had come before. Rhyas was the most bold and brutal of these physically identical sisters, as powerful and swift with a blade as her sister proved with chanted syllables of arcane power.

Rhyas is now among the upper tier of Everblight's chosen, obeying the dictates of his Prophet. Thagrosh has sent her far to the south, alongside her sister, to pave the way for his coming. She is the Sigil of Everblight, her blade carving runes of blood across the flesh of her enemies. The dragon speaks through her in battle, the tip of her sword being more eloquent than words to demonstrate His blighted superiority over lesser creatures. In combat, she is as elusive as a shadow, striking when and where she wills. His Sigil is the screams of the dying and fountains of blood spraying from the necks of her decapitated victims.

Using Rhyas

Rhyas is a killing machine on her own, but with an army of melee infantry, she's a true force to be reckoned with. Rhyas can get her units past the enemy's lines and into their chewy, nougat center with greater ease than any other warlock, and do it while they still have attacks to spend. She's designed to hit an army, slice it up, and keep going.

500 points

Rhyas excels with Swordsmen and Warmongers. Use swordsmen as the first wave and clean up with Warmongers under the effects of Dash to keep up with the pace. With Dash working for the infantry check Rhyas' other spells. Rapport is spectacular on any Legion warbeast, especially a Carnivean. Every enormous, fire-breathing dragonspawn should have MAT 7 and RAT 6. Mind Ripper does more than damage a model—it gives you a degree of psychological control over your opponent. They must now carefully consider how much fury to have, and on which models. It also works against warcasters camping focus. As for Rhyas' Tide of Blood feat, you'll want to run with a decent number of models to get maximum effect, the more the bloodier.

1,000 points

While she works very well with Saeryn, her twin sister, Rhyas brings some much-needed close combat punch to other warlocks like Lylyth and Vayl. Rhyas with warmongers can form the army's hard center, while Lylyth and her striders maneuver around. Lylyth's Blood Lure will ensure the warbeasts get in the fray, and the combination of their feats, Field of Slaughter and Tide of Blood will wreak havoc on any army. If Vayl is more your speed, use Cat & Mouse to position your army perfectly before popping Rhyas' Tide of Blood. Between these two you can also utilize Rapport with a well-timed Incite from Vayl to give a particular warbeast an effective 9 MAT and 8 RAT. Of course if you are more the run through your opponent's gut type, try out Thagrosh in conjunction with Rhyas for some more nasty combos.

SPECIAL RULES

Feat: Tide of Blood

Rhyas has refined her fighting prowess to its keenest edge, gaining preternatural grace and an endless killing thirst. In the heat of battle she can unleash a blighted tide of infectious frenzy, inspiring her followers to strike and kill as swiftly and elegantly as Rhyas herself. Riding a tide of blood, the Legion sweeps across the battlefield striking from every direction at once.

Friendly Legion models currently in Rhyas' control area gain Blooded for this turn. Models with Blooded may make an additional melee attack during their combat actions. After determining damage for a melee attack made with a melee weapon targeting an enemy model, an affected model may be placed anywhere in base-to-base contact with the model hit. There must be enough room to place the affected model's base. If the model hit was destroyed by the attack, it is now removed from the table.

RHYAS					CMD 8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
7	5	7	6	16	14

ANTIPHON		
SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	7	12

FURY	5
DAMAGE	16
FIELD ALLOWANCE	C
VICTORY POINTS	5
POINT COST	61
BASE SIZE	SMALL

Rhyas

Acrobatics - Rhyas may move through other models if she has enough movement to move completely past the models' bases. Rhyas cannot be targeted by free strikes. Rhyas ignores intervening models when declaring a charge.

Empathy - While Saeryn is in Rhyas' control area, Rhyas gains Redirection and Antiphon gains Wraith Bane.

Perfect Balance - Rhyas cannot be targeted by combined melee attacks, combined ranged attacks, or free strikes. Perfect Balance negates back strike bonuses against Rhyas. When knocked down, Rhyas may stand up during her activation without forfeiting her movement or action.

Psychic Link - If Saeryn is in Rhyas' control area, Rhyas may use Saeryn as a conduit for her spells. When Rhyas casts a spell, the spell's range may be measured from Saeryn instead of Rhyas. Rhyas must have LOS to her target. All modifiers are based on Rhyas's LOS.

Riposte - When Rhyas is the target of an enemy melee attack that misses, she may, if able, immediately make a melee attack targeting the attacking model if it is within her melee range.

Swordmaster - Rhyas may make one additional melee attack.

Weapon Master - Rhyas rolls an additional die on her melee damage rolls.

Antiphon

Critical Decapitation - On a critical hit, damage exceeding the target's ARM is doubled. A model suffering sufficient damage to be destroyed by this attack cannot make a Tough roll. When this attack destroys an enemy model, friendly Legion models currently in Rhyas' command range gain an additional die on melee attack rolls this turn.

Death Shadow - If Rhyas destroys an enemy model with Antiphon during her activation, she may immediately end her activation to gain Invisible for one round. While invisible, Rhyas cannot be targeted by ranged or magic attacks, cannot be charged or slammed, and gains +4 DEF against melee attacks. While invisible, Rhyas does not block line of sight or provide screening.

SPELL	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
Dash	2	Self	CTRL	-		-

Friendly Legion warrior models/units currently in Rhyas' control area gain +1" of movement and cannot be targeted by free strikes. Dash lasts for one turn.

Mind Ripper	2	10	-	8		X

A model hit suffers an additional d3 damage points for each fury or focus point on it.

Rapport	2	6	-	-		X

Target friendly Legion warbeast may use Rhyas' current MAT and RAT in place of its own. Rhyas may transfer damage to this warbeast even if it is not in her control area. Rhyas may transfer damage to this warbeast once per turn without spending a fury point.

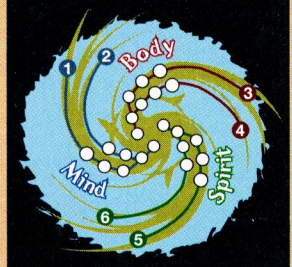
Winter Troll Trollblood Light Warbeast

WINTER TROLL					CMD 6
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	9	5	4	12	16

HD	ICE BREATH			
	RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
	SP	1	—	12

LFT	CLAW		
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S
	—	2	11

RT	CLAW		
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S
	—	2	11



FURY	3
THRESHOLD	9
FIELD ALLOWANCE	U
VICTORY POINTS	2
POINT COST	75
BASE SIZE	MEDIUM

SPECIAL RULES

Winter Troll

Chain Attack - Ice Breath - If the Winter Troll hits with both its initial Claw attacks against the same target in the same activation, after resolving the attacks it may immediately make an Ice Breath ranged attack targeting the model hit by the initial Claw attacks. The Winter Troll is not considered to be in melee when resolving Chain Attack - Ice Breath attacks, nor are the targets of those attacks considered to be in melee with Winter Troll. The Winter Troll does not gain the aiming bonus during this attack.

Regeneration [d3] - The Winter Troll may be forced to remove d3 damage points from anywhere on its life spiral once per activation. The Winter Troll cannot regenerate during an activation it runs.

Rime - The Winter Troll may be forced to gain Rime for one round. While the Winter Troll is affected by Rime, non-Winter Troll models that hit it with a melee attack become stationary for one round immediately after the attack is resolved unless the Winter Troll is destroyed or removed from play by the attack.

Ice Breath

Critical Frost - On a critical hit, target model suffers Frost. A model suffering Frost must forfeit its movement during its next activation.

ANIMUS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
Freezer	2	6	-	-		

Enemy models ending their activations within 2" of target friendly Trollblood model become stationary for one round. Freezer lasts for one round.

Trollblood warlocks have at last goaded the winter trolls from their remote lairs. Long feared by all who dwell in the frozen northern regions, this fierce creature demonstrates the adaptability of trolls, shedding the quills common to trolls of warmer climes to grow thickened fur that insulates against even the most bitter winter wind. This troll happily endures cold extremes that would slay most living things. It can harness the raw power of ice and snow, breathing tremendous gusts of frozen air to rip through its foes and choke the breath from their lungs. Even striking a winter troll's flesh prompts a backlash such intense cold, the muscles of its opponent become paralyzed, making it vulnerable to the winter troll's claws.

Using the Winter Troll

The Winter Troll's attacks are on par with other unarmed trolls, but their abilities let you influence your opponent's actions more than usual. With Critical Frost on its Ice Breath and its Freezer animus your opponent won't want to get too close to the Winter Troll until they are certain they can put it into the ground. Use this to your advantage and run it around a unit of infantry or another warbeast. Liberal use of Freezer on your advance models will force your opponent into some tough choices. While on the offensive Madrak's Guided Hand is a perfect spell to combine with the Winter Troll's Ice Breath.

Tactical Tips

Chain Attack - Ice Breath: Through clever positioning of your Winter Troll, you can ensure that the chain attack hits multiple enemy models with its spray template.

Pureblood Warpwolf

Circle Orboros Heavy Alpha Warbeast

The favored warpwolves of the Circle are those born to their state, needing no elixir to awaken their inner fury. Generations of breeding among their own kind has given rise to a few born free of the taint of man. These Pureblood Warpwolves bear with them great power drawn from the primal source and able to join with the rage of the Devourer, possessing a control over their form so complete they can provoke sympathetic warping in others of their kind. Lesser warpwolves seek to join them in moonlit hunts, following their lead to battle. These creatures retain an intelligence uniquely their own, freed of the restraints of conscience, yet still cunning beyond any simple beast. They are counted among the greatest bestial guardians of the Circle Orboros.

Using the Pureblood Warpwolf

While every heavy warbeast can clean house on its own, the true power of the Pureblood Warpwolf is its incredible influence over other warpwolves. With the ability to steal enemy animi and the different Warp Spasms it can pass along, you've got a new world of combos. Try this one on for size. Use Controlled Warping to give a Warpwolf +2 ARM, then affect it with Spurs, Baldur's Stone Skin spell, and the Gorax's Primal animus. This gives a Warpwolf with 21 ARM, 14 STR, and the ability to use that 14 STR to damage anything that can't hurt the warpwolf. Just imagine what you could do with your enemy's animi.

Tactical Tips

Blood Ties - Remember, the Pureblood Warpwolf cannot have more fury points than its current FURY stat, so if it has a number of points equal to its FURY, it cannot use Blood Ties.

Devour Spirit - Yes, a friendly warlock can cast animi gained by Devour Spirit.

SPECIAL RULES

Pureblood Warpwolf

Blood Ties - When the Pureblood Warpwolf suffers damage, it may transfer the damage to another friendly Warpwolf within 6". When the Pureblood transfers damage, place a fury point on it.

Devour Spirit - If the Pureblood Warpwolf destroys an enemy warbeast with a melee attack, it gains that warbeast's animus for the rest of the game. Replace references to a specific faction with references to the Circle.

Reactive Warping - When the Pureblood Warpwolf suffers damage, its controller chooses which branch takes the damage.

Regeneration [d3] - The Pureblood Warpwolf may be forced to remove d3 damage points from anywhere on its life spiral once per activation. The Pureblood cannot regenerate during an activation it runs.

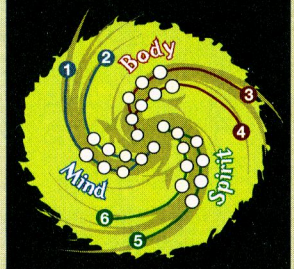
Warp Spasm - At the start of the Pureblood Warpwolf's activation, its controller may choose to have it affected by one or more Warp Spasm effects. Place one fury point on the Pureblood Warpwolf for each effect chosen. At anytime during its activation the Pureblood Warpwolf may be forced to affect a friendly Warpwolf within 2" with a Warp Spasm effect. Warp Spasm effects last for one round.

- **Ferocity** - Affected model may re-roll failed attack rolls. Each failed attack roll may only be re-rolled once.
- **Spurs** - Affected model gains +1 ARM and if it is hit by a melee attack but not damaged, the attacking model suffers a damage roll equal to the current STR of the affected model.
- **Spirit Hunter** - Affected model can damage models with its melee attacks that are only affected by magic attacks . During the affected model's activation it cannot charge, or slam, cannot be targeted by free strikes and may move through any terrain, obstacles, or obstructions without penalty.

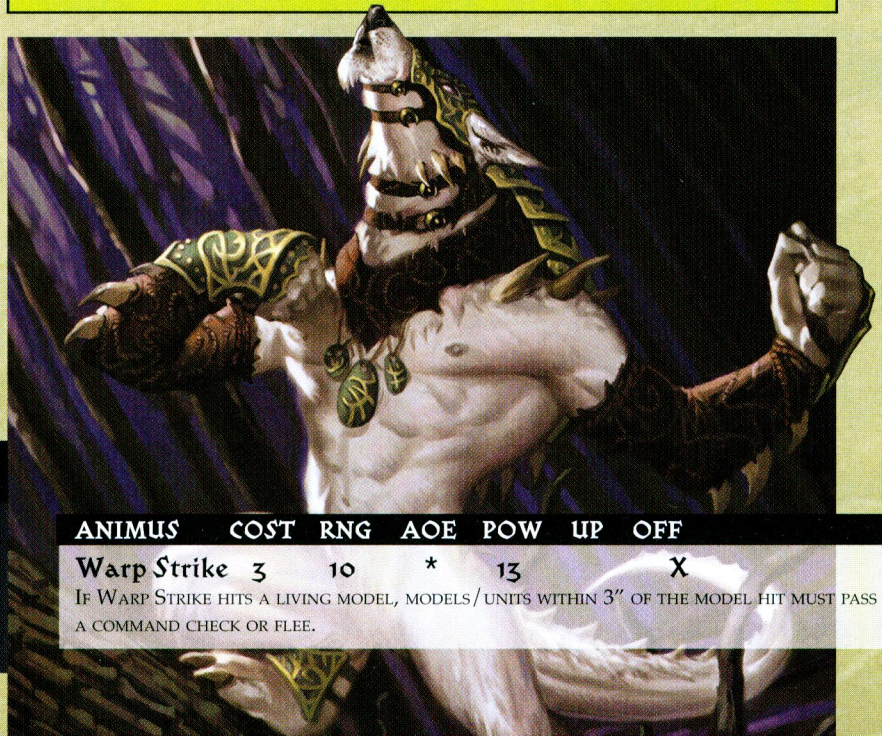
PUREBLOOD WARPWOLF CMD 7

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	10	6	3	14	17

		SPECIAL	POW	P+S
HD	BITE	—	5	15
LFT	CLAW	—	4	14
RT	CLAW	—	4	14



FURY	5
THRESHOLD	11
FIELD ALLOWANCE	2
VICTORY POINTS	3
POINT COST	124
BASE SIZE	LARGE



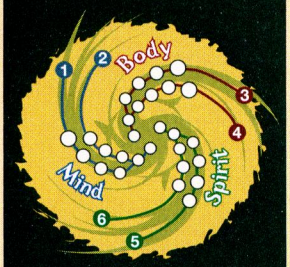
ANIMUS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
Warp Strike	3	10	*	13		X

If Warp Strike hits a living model, models/units within 3" of the model hit must pass a command check or flee.

Bronzeback Titan Skorne Heavy Alpha Warbeast

BRONZEBACK TITAN CMD 6					
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
4	13	6	3	11	19

HD	TUSKS		
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S
	—	3	16
LFT	WAR GAUNTLET		
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S
	Claw	4	17
RT	WAR GAUNTLET		
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S
	Claw	4	17



FURY	5
THRESHOLD	9
FIELD ALLOWANCE	2
VICTORY POINTS	3
POINT COST	121
BASE SIZE	LARGE

SPECIAL RULES

Bronzeback Titan

Bull-Headed - When the Bronzeback Titan frenzies, if it would normally charge a model, it slams that model instead. If the Bronzeback Titan cannot slam that model, it frenzies normally.

Herd Patriarch - Friendly non-Bronzeback titans that are within a number of inches of the Bronzeback Titan equal to its current CMD benefit from Herd Patriarch. An affected model gains +2 to melee attack rolls, +1 THR, and when it frenzies it never selects a friendly titan to attack. If it begins its activation with the Bronzeback Titan in LOS, it gains +2" of movement if it advances or runs.

Massive Tusks - The Bronzeback Titan gains +3 to slam damage rolls.

Rancorous - If a friendly titan is destroyed within the Bronzeback Titan's LOS, the Bronzeback Titan gains an additional die on melee damage rolls for one round and must make a threshold check during its controller's next Maintenance Phase. If the check fails, the Bronzeback Titan frenzies.

Stampede - When the Bronzeback Titan frenzies, friendly Titans within a number of inches of it equal to the Bronzeback's current CMD that have not activated this turn must immediately make a threshold check. If a Titan fails the check, it immediately frenzies.

War Gauntlets

Claw - The Bronzeback Titan's War Gauntlets have the abilities of Claws.

Great herds of titans roam across the vast savannas of the skorne lands. Rising to prominence among them are the great Bronzebacks, who take leadership of these herds, enforcing their dominance by brutal displays of strength and physical might. Such powerful beasts cannot be raised in captivity, and must be captured in the wild by skorne paingiver beast handlers, who endure great peril to whip them into barely restrained subjugation and outfit them for war. Responding to ancient instinct, other titans immediately respond to the sight of a Bronzeback, fighting with renewed tenacity and capable of extraordinary feats while following its lead.

Using the Bronzeback Titan

This king of all titans not only turns the bad guys into sticky paste, it can influence other titans around it, making them more mobile and tractable. With Morghoul's Abuse spell and the paingiver's Enrage, a Bronzeback has an 11" charge or slam, with a P+S 20 hit from the tusks and 21 from both war gauntlets. For true devastation, use a couple of Titan Gladiators with the Bronzeback, keep them close enough to gain +2 to melee attack rolls, and see what happens under Makeda's Carnage spell.

Tactical Tips

STAMPEDE - If a warbeast frenzies due to Stampede, do not make another threshold check for it during its controller's Control Phase, because the warbeast has already activated this turn.

ANIMUS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
Rampage	3	6	-	-		

TARGET FRIENDLY SKORNE WARBEAST MUST SLAM DURING ITS ACTIVATION THIS TURN WITHOUT BEING FORCED. AFTER MOVING THE SLAMMED MODEL, BUT BEFORE DAMAGE IS DEALT, THE AFFECTED MODEL MAY MOVE UP TO THE DISTANCE THE SLAMMED MODEL WAS MOVED DIRECTLY TOWARD THE SLAMMED MODEL.

Nephilim Soldier

Legion of Everblight Light Warbeast

Everblight has never ceased to adapt, utilizing both ancient tools and newly forged weapons of ingenious design. It is his capacity for invention that separates Him from other dragons, clearly evident in the recently spawned Nephilim. Based on research gathered as he lurked below Issyrah, the Nephilim is the realization of Everblight's twisted experiments, Nephilim combine the essence of elven flesh with dragon blight to birth this new form. This species of dragonspawn is capable of independent thought, no longer soulless, and nearly as intelligent as the elves whose stolen essence created them. Considered a horror to mortals, to Everblight, the Nephilim are beauty and perfection, the fruit of centuries of refining the blight and its progenitive potential.

SPECIAL RULES

Nephilim Soldier

Eyeless Sight - The Nephilim Soldier ignores Camouflage, cloud effects, concealment, forests, Invisibility, and Stealth when declaring charges or slams or making attacks.

Glide - When the Nephilim Soldier charges, it charges at SPD +5" and may move through models other than its target if it has enough movement to move completely past the models' bases. The Nephilim Soldier cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement.

Hyper Senses - At the start of the Nephilim Soldier's activation, before its normal movement it may turn to face any direction. When the Nephilim Soldier destroys a model with a melee attack, it may immediately turn to face any direction. When an enemy model ends its normal movement with the Nephilim Soldier in its melee range, the Nephilim Soldier may immediately turn to face the model directly.

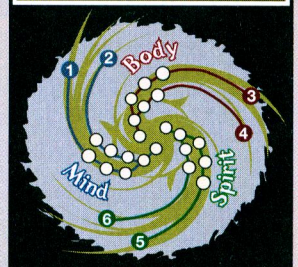
Two-Handed Sword

Reach - 2" melee range.

NEPHILIM SOLDIER CMD 8

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	9	6	3	13	16

–	TWO-HANDED SWORD		
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S
	Reach	5	14



FURY	3
THRESHOLD	9
FIELD ALLOWANCE	U
VICTORY POINTS	2
POINT COST	71
BASE SIZE	MEDIUM

Using the Nephilim Soldier

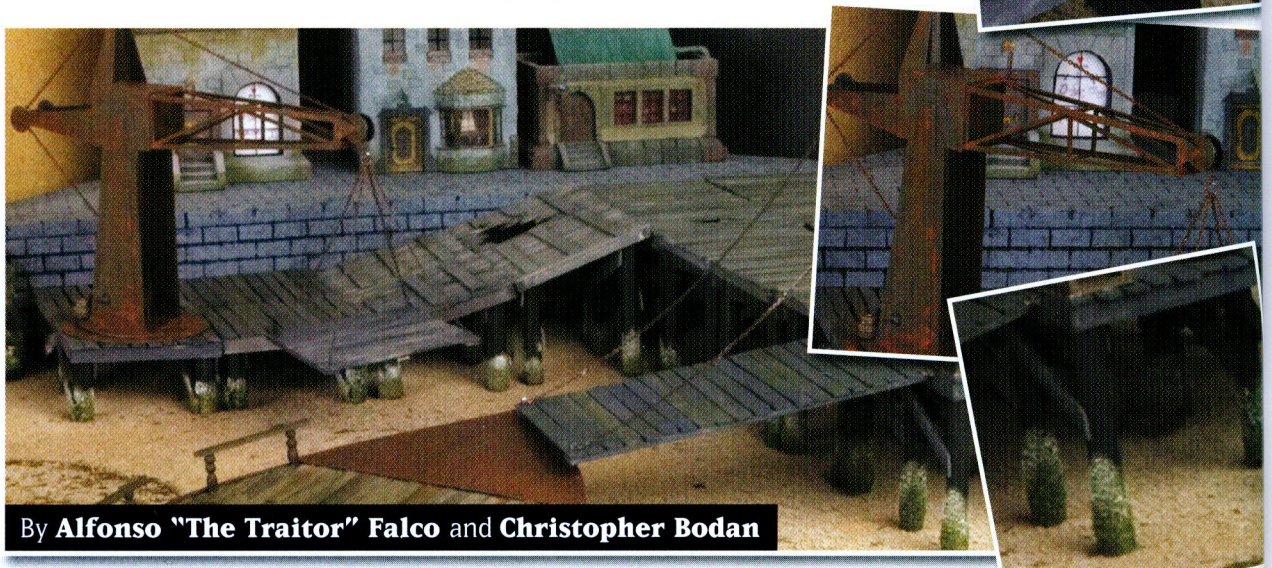
These 'beasts serve equally well as front-line fighters or as assassins, laying in wait for the precise moment to strike. Glide lets you ignore your enemy's expendable troops and get in combat with valuable targets. Once surrounded by enemies, Heightened Senses allows the Soldier to pick and choose its victims, even when looking the other way. If worse comes to worse, you can Glide a near-death Soldier where you need it. Use Thagrosh to destroy and replace it with Mutagenesis, then the pain truly begins as he goes to work. With its stats and abilities, the Nephilim Soldier is a warbeast that enemy warlocks cannot overlook.

ANIMUS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
Massacre	2	6	-	-		

TARGET FRIENDLY LEGION MODEL MUST CHARGE DURING ITS ACTIVATION THIS TURN. THE AFFECTED MODEL CHARGES WITHOUT BEING FORCED OR RECEIVING THE CHARGE ORDER. WHEN THE AFFECTED MODEL DESTROYS AN ENEMY MODEL WITH A CHARGE ATTACK, IT MAY IMMEDIATELY MOVE UP TO 2" AND MAKE AN ADDITIONAL MELEE ATTACK. MASSACRE LASTS FOR ONE ROUND.

LOW TIDE AT THE DOCKSIDE

Alfonso heads to the docks, with a bottle of rum and a keen eye for making your own pier battlefield. He'll show the steps for creating sectional (read: destroyable) docks, booms, steam-powered gangplanks, and steam cranes!

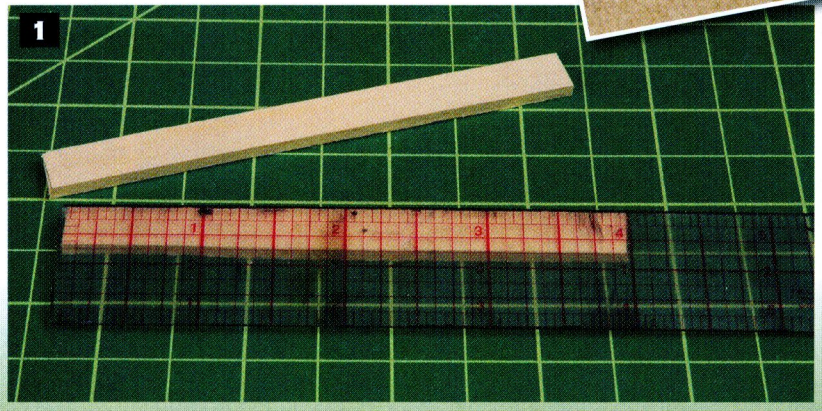


By **Alfonso "The Traitor" Falco** and **Christopher Bodan**

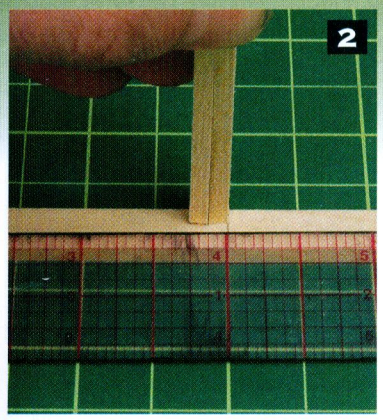
SECTIONAL DOCKS

We're going to be making sectional docks. Not only does this let you make the dock any shape you want, but you can also destroy them in-game, with all sorts of cool effects (see the New Dock Feature Rules sidebar at the end of this article).

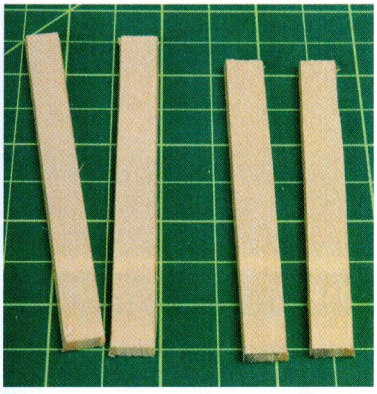
Building docks is a challenging, but not truly difficult project. I used bass and balsa wood for the dock frames.



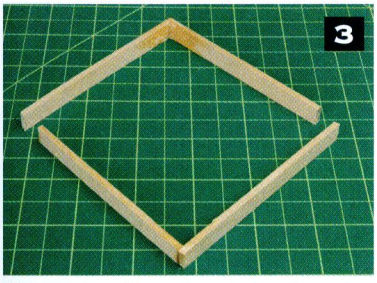
Take a 3/8th" thick bass wood strip and cut two 4" long strips.



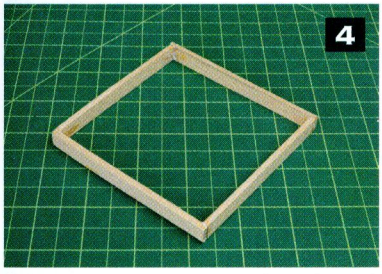
Measure out one 4" strip. Now, take your two 4" strips, place them together, and mark your new cut line.



This is an easy way to make squares. You now have two of each size strip.



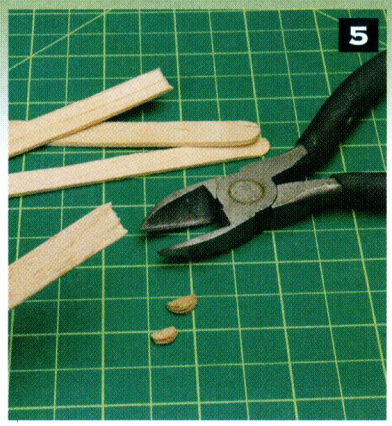
Take your smaller strip and glue the end to the side of the 4" strip.



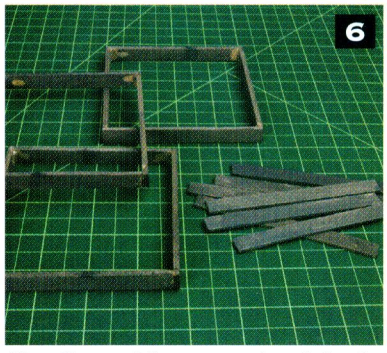
Repeat Step 3 with your two right angles and you have another square. I made twenty frames, but you can make as many as you need.

Alfonso says:

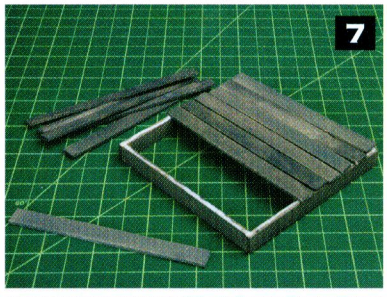
You can find popsicle or craft sticks at arts & crafts or dollar stores. If you get a bargain on them — say 1,000 for $6.00, like I did — don't sweat it. We'll be using craft sticks in future projects, so having a store of them on hand will serve you well.

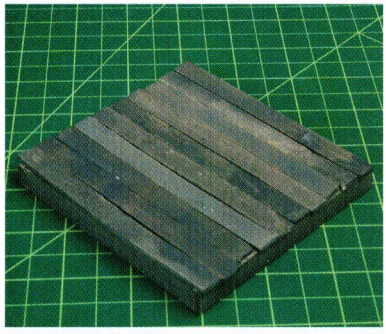


Prep your sticks by cutting off the round ends. Just cut the very tips of the craft sticks. The sticks I found are 4½" long, so I took roughly ¼" off each end. It's ok to cut some at a slight angle, giving them an old and battered appearance.

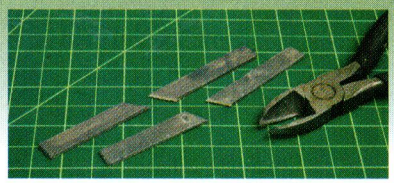


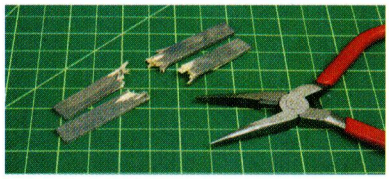
After all your sticks are cut and sanded, paint them and your frames to give a weathered look. I used a base of grey latex paint watered down to a near wash. Paint both sides of the sticks and every side of the frames. Lay them out to dry on a plastic sheet or garbage bag.

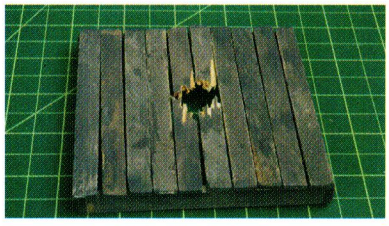




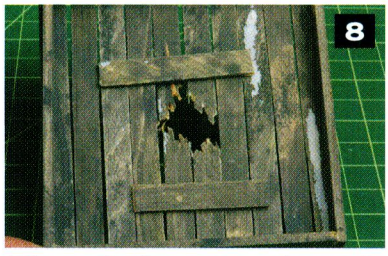
After everything has dried, glue the craft sticks to the frame with white glue. Be careful with your amounts: even though it dries clear you can easily get too much and have a blobby dock. Nobody wants that.



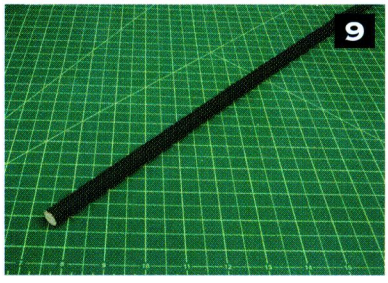




To make a damaged section, just put a few holes in the wood with a pair of pliers and wire cutters. This is a great look, not only for Cryxian terrain, but also for abandoned towns on the mainland, disused docks frequented by smugglers, or the aftermath of large battles.



Add a couple of supports to make sure the broken planks stay on the frame.



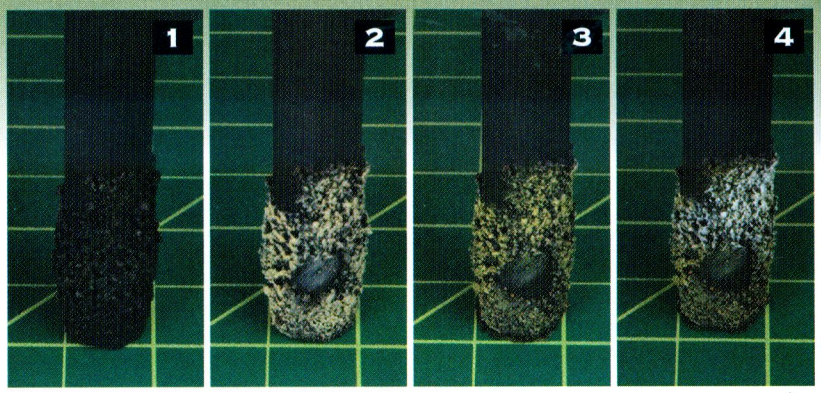
Now it's time to make the pylons. We'll use 7/16" x 36" wood dowels (or, if you've got appropriate materials lying around, you can use those and save a buck or two). First, paint them black.

Cut the dowels to whatever length you desire. I made 4" and 2" pylons. Keep both storage and transportation in mind when making this decision.

Paint the ends of your pylons black.

After the paint dries, glue the pylons to the frame. For this I used superglue and accelerator. I placed one drop on the pylon and one the plank.

Put on the cross supports. Once again, we turn to the trusty craft sticks and superglue. At this point, your dock could be considered complete. For added detail, see above for adding barnacles to your dock's legs.



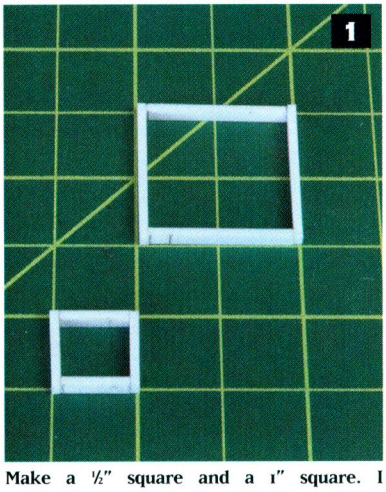
OPTIONAL: Barnacles. Don't worry, this is really easy. Paint the bottoms of the pylons with white glue over the areas you want covered in barnacles. It's important to keep the height of this area the same on all the pylons. Next, cover the glue in sand. Give it a few moments for the sand to set and then brush on a 50/50 glue-to-water wash. Set aside to dry.

1. Painting the barnacles. Completely cover the area with a black base coat.
2. Dry brush the sand with Moldy Ochre or 'Jack Bone.
3. Apply a wash using Traitor Green.
4. After the wash has dried, dry brush using Menoth White Highlight.

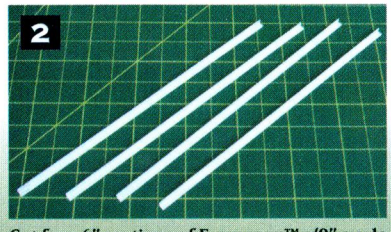
Now you have a finished dock. The sectional design allows you to make whatever shape of dock you would like or destroy portions of them during your game!

THE BOOM

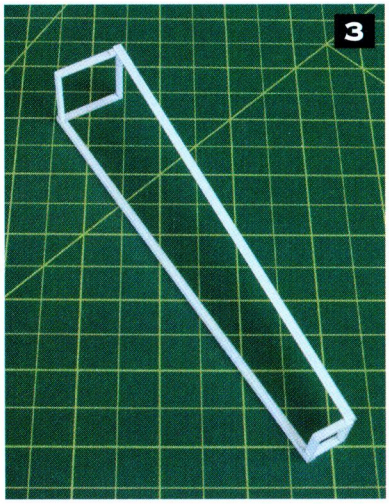
The Boom shown here is used in both the Crane and Steam-Powered Drawbridge projects described later on. I'm positive you'll find other applications for the Boom in other terrain pieces.



Make a ½" square and a 1" square. I used Evergreen Scale Model™ brand .060 x .100 styrene stock and followed the same techniques used to make the dock frame square. I used plastic solvent cement on the styrene, which comes from good hobby or model train stores.



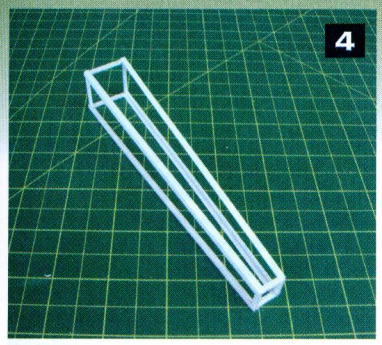
Cut four 6" sections of Evergreen™ 1/8" angle (item #294) strips.



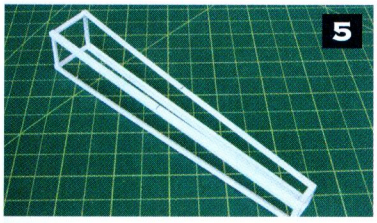
Glue on the 6" angle sections two at a time with plastic solvent cement. Start with the 1" square and use just the smallest amount of glue. Remember to glue the opposite corners of the 1" square. Next, take your ½" square and glue those corners the same way.

Alfonso says:

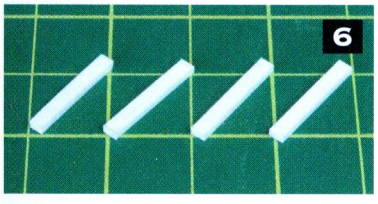
Put the glue on the angle sections rather than the square, thus reducing your chance of gluing your project to the table!



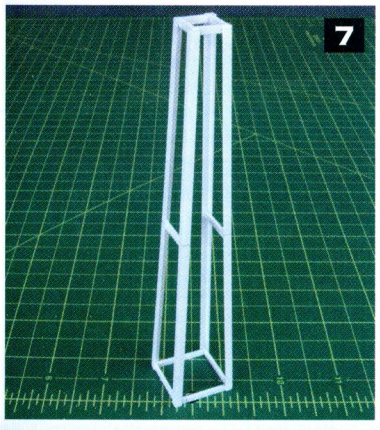
Using the same techniques, glue on the other 6" angle section. Now it's time to stand the boom upright and center the ½" square to the 1" square. I just looked down on the top of the ½" square, eye-balled it, and moved the boom around with my hand before the glue set.



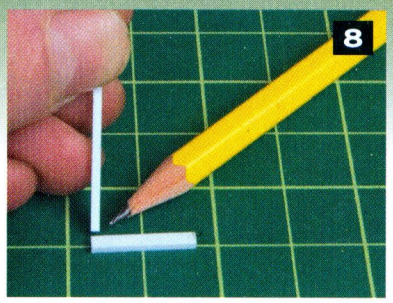
To make your middle support section, you need the correct measurements first. I took my ruler, measured down 3", and marked the 3" line on both sides. Then, I measured across along these two marks and subtracted for the thickness of the wall at the 90 degree angle. My measurement came out to ¾", minus 1/16" for the wall, which gave me 11/16". You need to make four of these support sections from the .060 x .100 stock. Check the first one you cut to ensure it fits before making the rest.



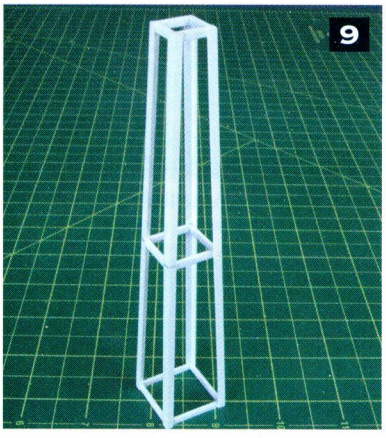
Everything fit? Great. Cut out the rest of your middle supports.



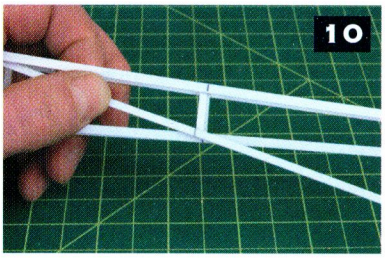
Glue the supports in place with the plastic solvent cement. Start by making those 3" marks mentioned above all around the boom. Then, glue in your first two supports on opposite sides of the boom, as shown.



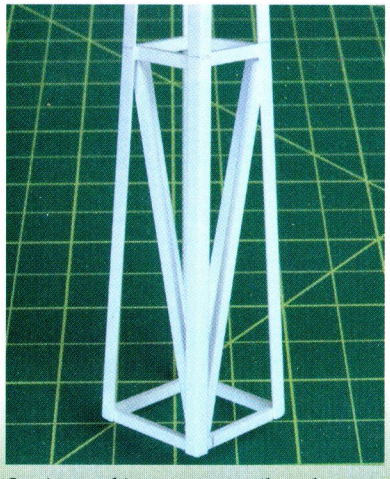
Learn from my mistake! I forgot to subtract the thickness of the first two supports from the last two supports. No problem. I repeated what I did on the dock frame, but this time I only used one (1) rod thickness to measure because I subtracted the 1/16" earlier.



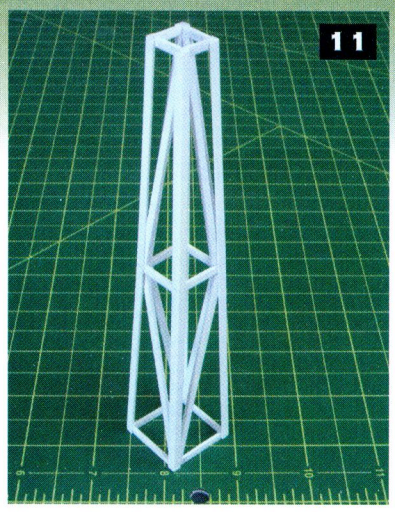
Glue in your (re)measured supports.



I measured out the cross supports from the 1" square to the 3" support. I eye-balled this mark, because an angle needs to go in at the 3" support.



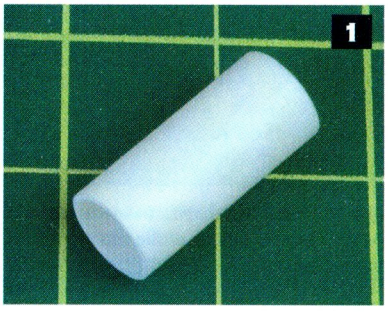
Continue making supports until you have four cross section. Glue them into place as you progress.



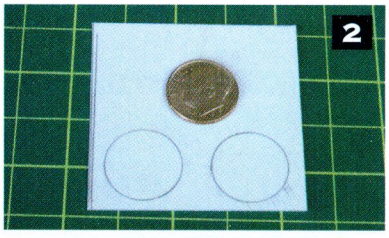
Measure from the 3" mark to the ½" square, as above. I have to admit that your last cross support is always the trickiest one to place. I would have some sand paper or an emery board handy.

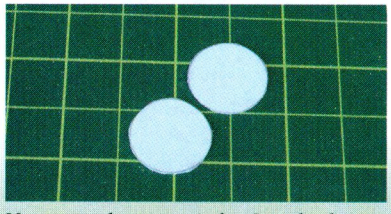
THE WINCH

Here is another example of getting more bang for your buck. By showing you how to make this one item, you're learning the tricks for building three other projects for this single table.

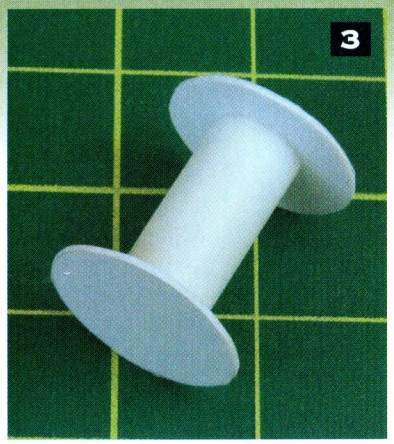


I made the winch wheel out of Evergreen™ plastic 11/32" tube (item #231) and .030" thick styrene (item #9104). Measure and cut the tube into a ¾" section.

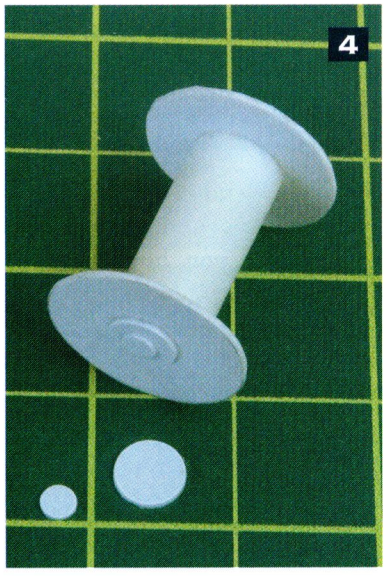




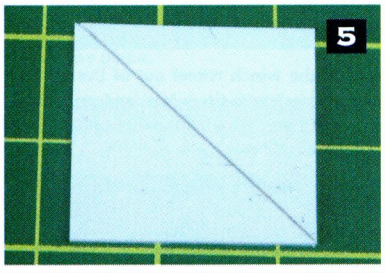
Measure and cut two circles. I used a dime as my template and scissors to cut them out.

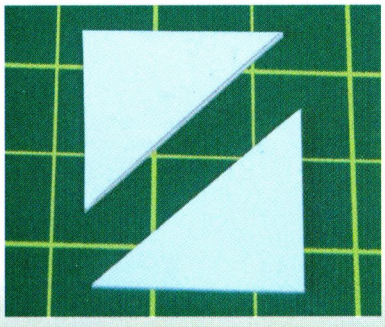


To make the spool, glue the circles to the end of the tube with plastic solvent cement.

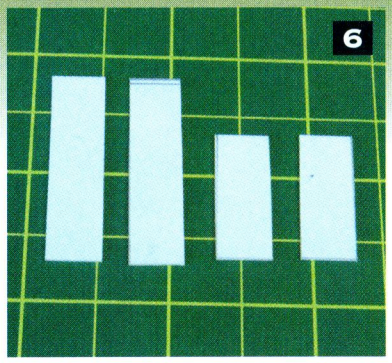


Glue ¼" and 1/8" chads (made with hole punches) to either side of the spool.

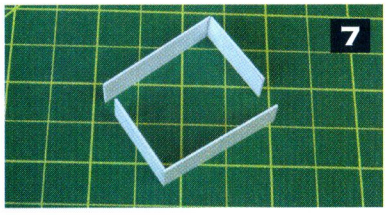




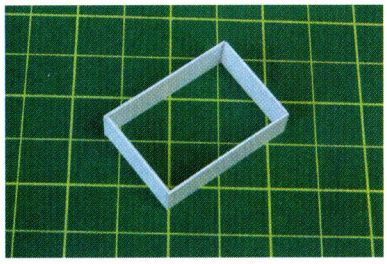
Measure and cut out a 1" square. Mark it on the diagonal as shown. Set this aside until you are done with the steam box.



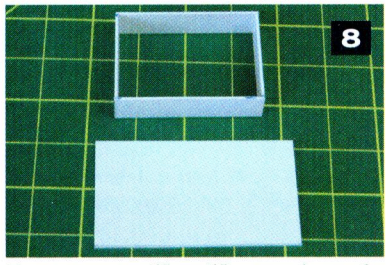
Now it's time to make the steam box frame. Using strips of .030 styrene, cut two 1" and two 1½" long rectangles.



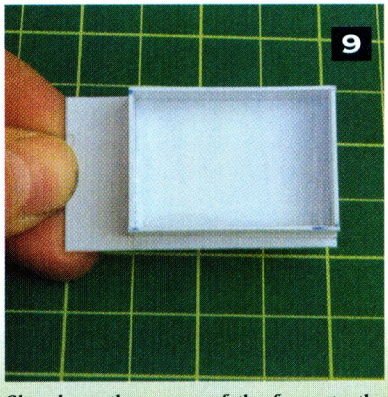
Glue one 1" section to one 1½" section to make a right angle...



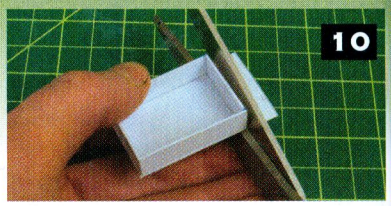
...then glue the two right angles together.



Measure out a 1¼" x 1¾" rectangle on the styrene sheet.

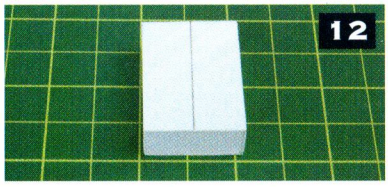


Glue down the corner of the frame to the corner of the rectangle and leave the other two sides to overhang.

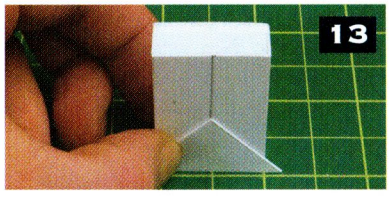


The glue should cure enough to take scissors to it after about five minutes. Trim the excess off of the rectangle and repeat the whole process for the top.

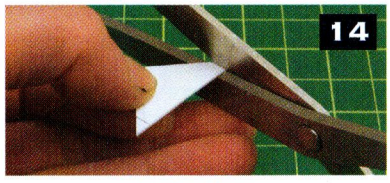
Sand your sides down smooth.



Remember that 1" square I had you cut diagonally and set aside? Now you need to cut them to fit on the steam box. Measure and mark a line ½" down on the box.

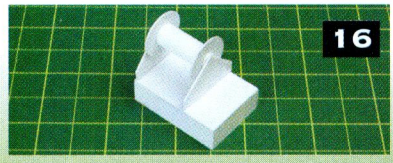


Take a triangle and place it up against the steam box and make sure that the top point meets up with that ½" mark. Repeat with the second triangle.

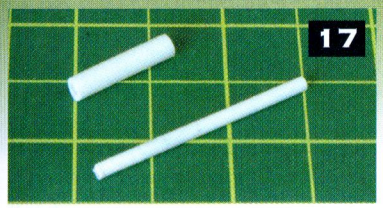


Mark and cut the excess on both triangles.

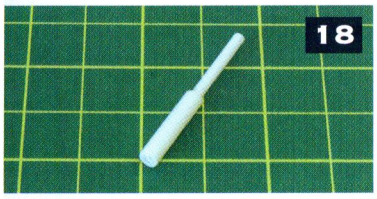
Glue both triangles to the spool with plastic solvent cement.



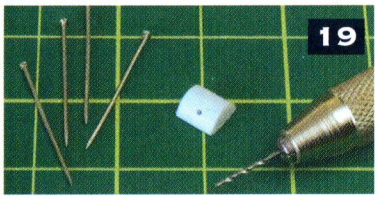
Glue the spool stands to the steam box.



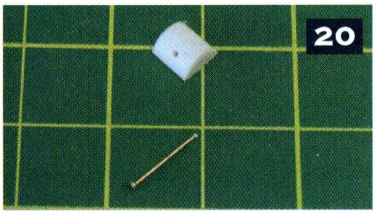
The smoke stack is just a ¼" section of 5/32" tube (item # 225) and a 1½" section of 3/32" tube (item # 223), both from Evergreen Scale Models™.



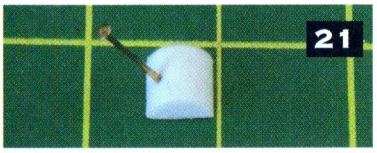
Glue the tubes as shown, and then glue it to the steam box.



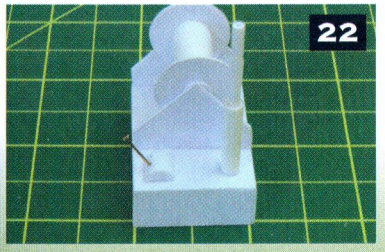
To make the lever, cut a ¼" section of half round stock (plastruck .250" #90887) and drill a hole for a pin.



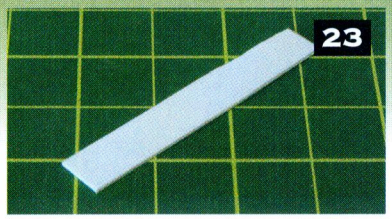
Cut a pin to ½", measuring down from the head. This will form your heavier handle.

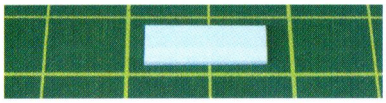


Glue the handle to the hole in the half round with Zap-A-Gap®.

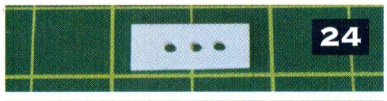


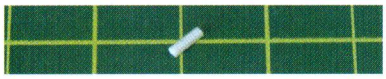
Glue the lever mechanism to the steam box.

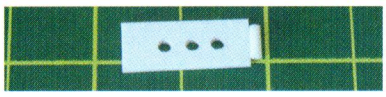




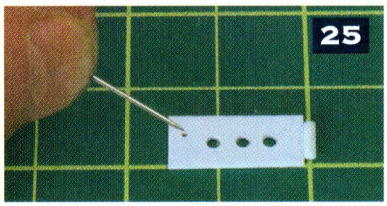
To make the door, measure and cut a 5/16" wide strip of styrene, then cut a ¼" long section.

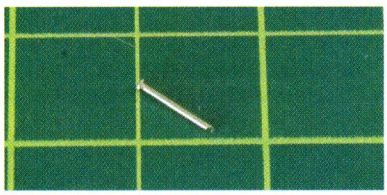




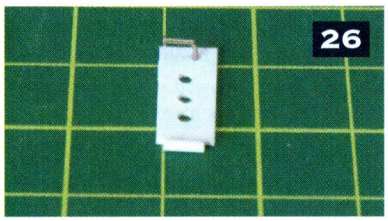


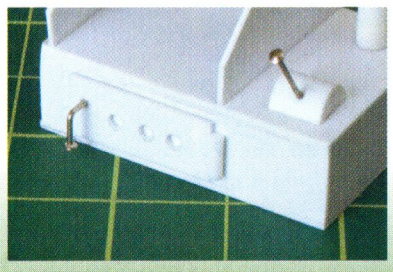
Drill three 1/16" holes in the door. The hinge is 1/16" rod stock from Evergreen Scale Models™ (item #222) cut to ¼" length. Glue the hinge to the door using plastic solvent cement.



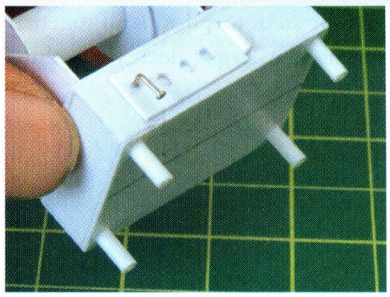


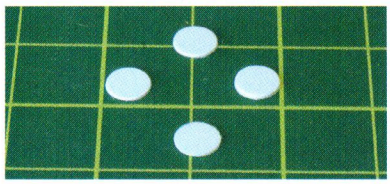
To make the door handle, drill another hole in the door to fit another pin. Cut a pin, measuring down ¼" from the head, then bend the pin to a 90 degree angle with a pair of needlehose pliers at the 1/8" mark.

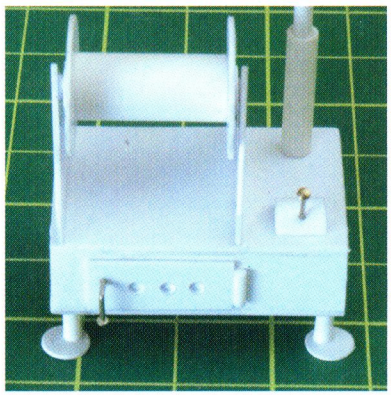




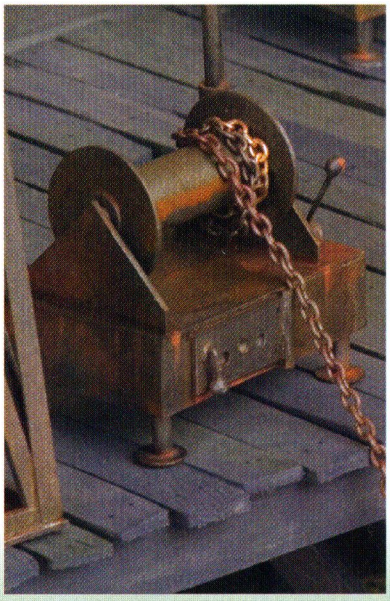
Glue the pin to the door, then glue the door to the steam box.







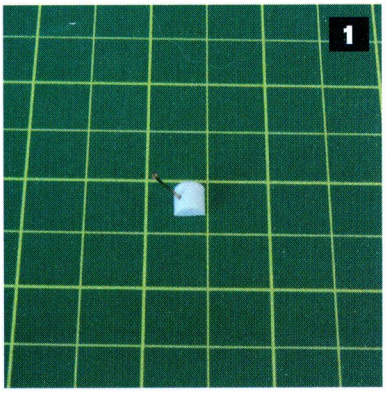
To make the feet, cut four ¼" long sections of the 5/32" tube and glue them to the bottom of the steam box. Next, glue on ¼" chads (remember your hole punch?) for the "Iron Kingdom look." Finally, glue the feet to the legs. There you have it, a steam-powered winch!



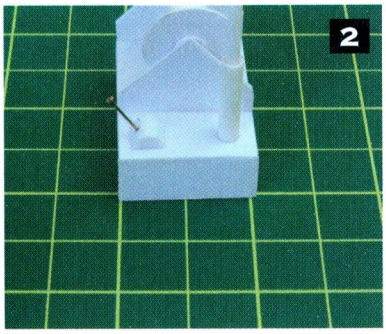
Steam Winch assembled and painted

STEAM-POWERED GANG PLANK

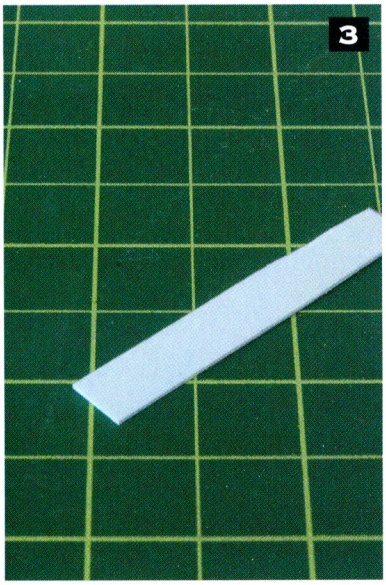
Let's try something bigger. To anchor all of this neat stuff together we need a larger dock, something on the order of 6" x 8".



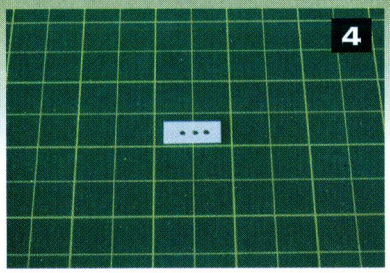
Start with a frame, as we did with the smaller docks, but this time we need to include three supports beams inside.



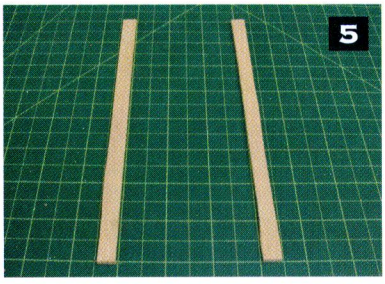
When you add the planks, lay them out as shown here.



Okay, I know I said to paint your frame and planks first. It turns out I got ahead of myself this time and I'm just going to have to deal with it. Learn from my mistake. Make the frame, lay the planks, and allow that to dry. Then go ahead and paint on your grey wash.



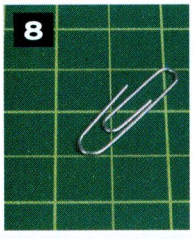
Add the legs just like the docks we made earlier. This time, though, we need nine legs instead of four. I would still pre-paint your cross sections, then glue them together like you did for the sectional dock.

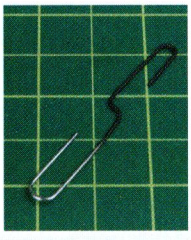


To build the gang plank, you will need two 8" sections from that 3/8" stock we used to make the dock frames.

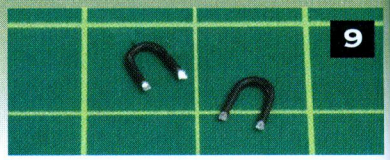
Place the two 8" sections 4" apart from each other and glue down your craft sticks to them.

Use grey wash followed with a green wash to weather the gang plank.

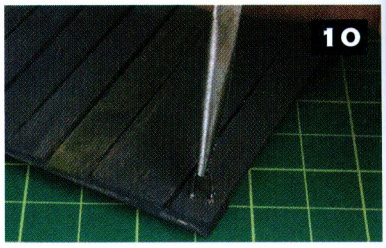




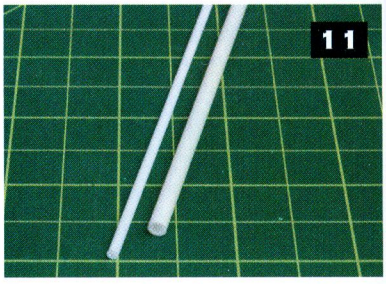
The half ring is the ring at the end of the draw bridge that secures your chain or rope to the gang plank. To make your half rings, start with two small paperclips and bend them as shown. Paint them black. Black primer works fine.



Use a pair of wire cutters to cut the curved ends off of the paperclips, creating your half rings.



Carefully drill holes into the wood the side width as the half rings. Do not drill too vigorously or you'll splinter the wood. When complete, use a pair of needlenose pliers to insert into the holes and glue into place.

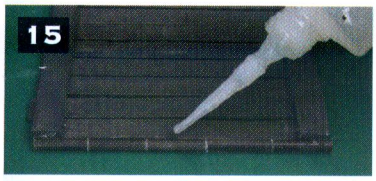


The drawbridge hinge is simply two different sized tubes, one of which slips inside the other. This is the same type of hinging I use on all my gates and drawbridges. Cut 4" lengths of Evergreen™ 3/32" and 5/32" tubing—the same kind used to make the smokestacks of the winch.

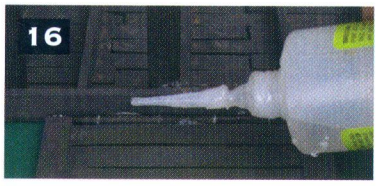
Paint the larger (5/32") outer tube black.

Divide the larger tube (5/32") into five sections 13/16" long. Don't worry if you have a little left over.

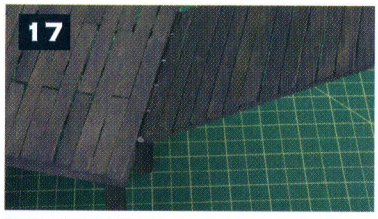
Thread the smaller (3/32") through the sections you just cut from the larger tube.

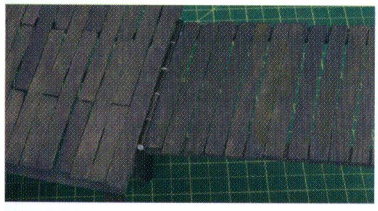


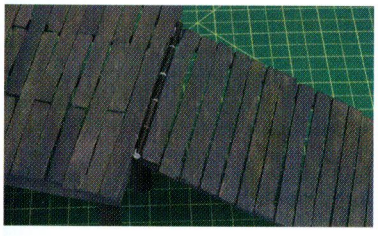
Using Zap-A-Gap® attach the hinge to the gang plank. Only glue the middle and outer two sections. You need just a drop of glue and if you think you need accelerator, use it, but be sure to read the entire warning label first and follow all the precautions.



When the glue has set, glue the other two sections to the dock.

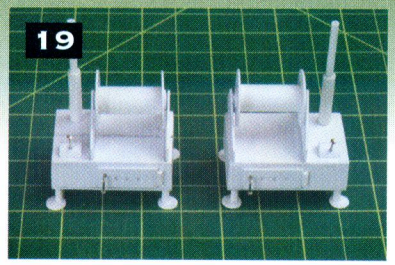




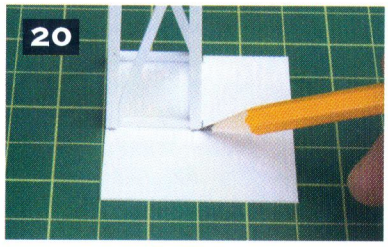


Gang plank goes up. Gang plank goes down. Gang plank goes up. Gang plank goes down...

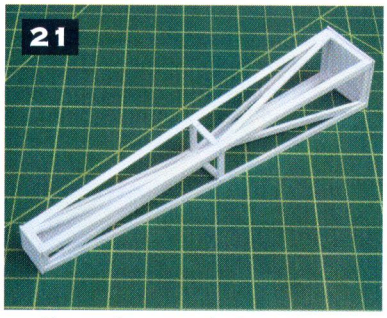
A drop of glue at the end of the hinge keeps the pin from coming out.



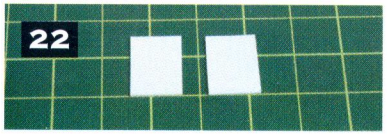
Next, you need to make two booms and two steam winches. For the steam winches I made mirror opposites. It's the same steam winch with everything on top of the steam tank, placed opposite from the original.



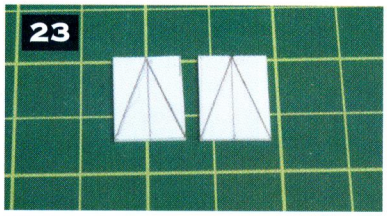
The booms need a little extra help. First, cap the top and bottom using the sheet styrene we used to make the steam winch. I just traced out the caps on the styrene, as shown.

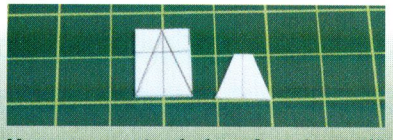


Glue on the caps with plastic solvent cement.



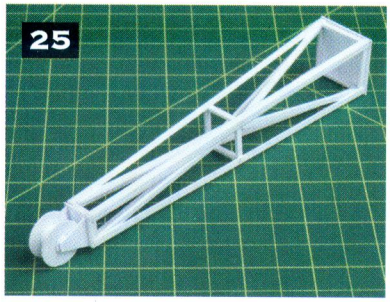
You need to make two spools, just like you did for the steam winch. This time, though, we'll use a tube cut to a ¼" section. The stand for this spool, however, is a smaller size, but uses the same technique to create. Measure and cut two ½" x ¾" styrene strips, and mark the vertical centerline.



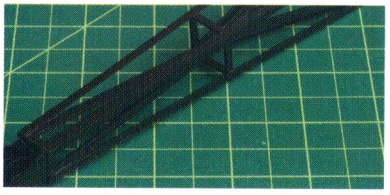


Measure out a triangle down from the top ¼" mark and cut.

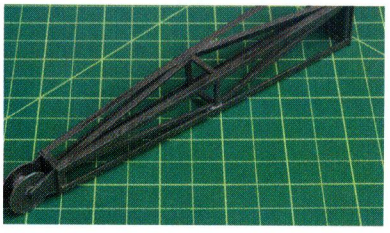
Assemble the spool and stand just like on the steam winch.



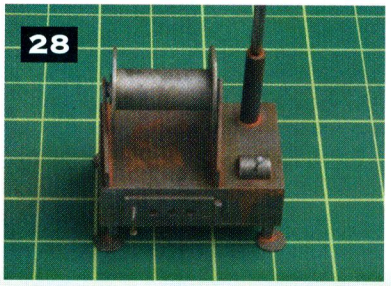
Glue the spools to the boom.



Base coat the boom and steam winch with black primer.



Drybrush with Pig Iron for a metallic look.

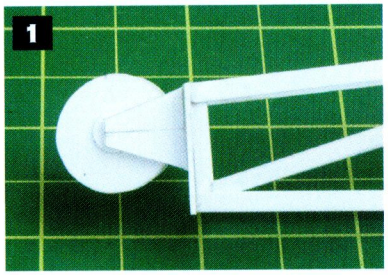


For the rust, start out with P3 Bloodstone and make a wash with 50/50 paint to water. Apply it all over the winch and let it dry.

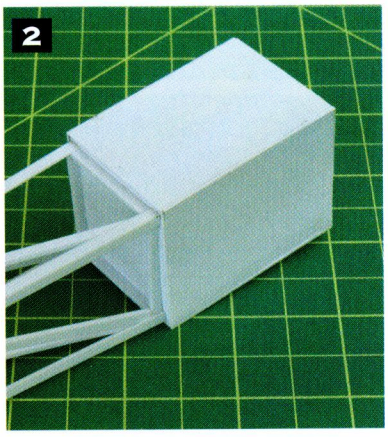
Assemble the boom and the steam winch into place.

STEAM CRANE

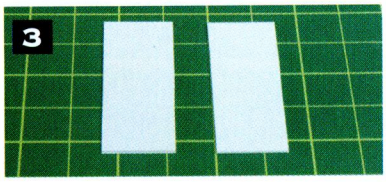
These ships don't unload themselves, you know! Here's a uniquely Iron Kingdom's bit of dock terrain that looks fantastic in play or in dioramas.



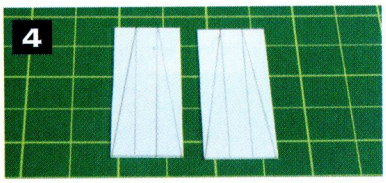
Make a new boom and cap it like you did for the gang plank. This time, though, when you put on the spool, place it as shown.



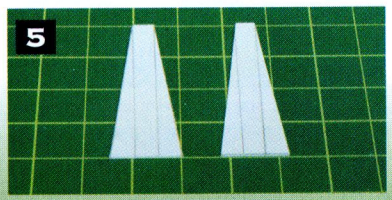
Make a 2" x 1½" x 1 6/16" box.



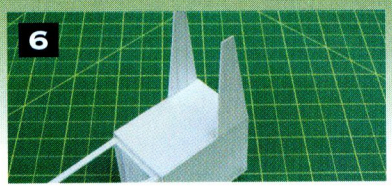
Measure and cut two 2" x ¾" sheet styrene sections. These are used to form your stands for the upper spool.



Now measure in from each 2" side and mark a line at ¼". From each ¼" make a diagonal as shown.



Cut out the diagonal marks.

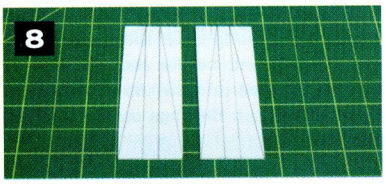


Glue the stand to the back of the box using plastic solvent cement.

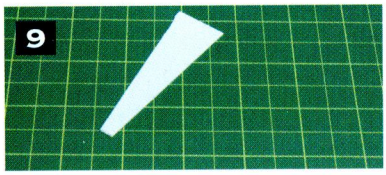
Glue on the spool. Bend in the stand until it meets the spool and glue into place.

Alfonso says:

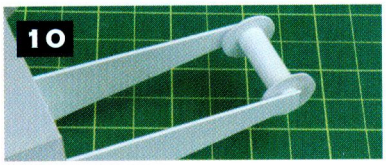
Hint: You may have to hold this in place for a few minutes. The join should then be stable enough to add Zap-A-Gap® for some added stability.



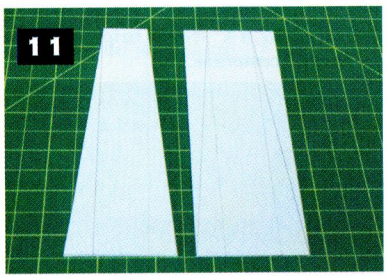
Now, make a stand using the same techniques, but with different measurements. Start with two 1" x 3" strips of sheet styrene. This time, measure in 3/8" from the 3" side , mark the measurement, and make the diagonal line.



Make the cuts as before.

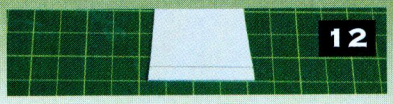


Glue them on the outside of your spool. This time the spool has a 1" wide tube.

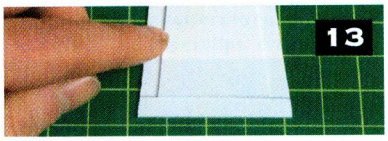


Cut out two 2" x 6" sheet styrene sections. Measure and mark ½" in on each 6" side and make a diagonal mark on two of them.

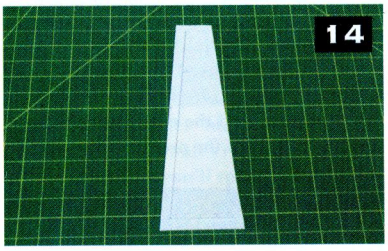
Next, cut out two sections of styrene at 1½" x 5½". Then, measure and mark in on the 5½" side and make your diagonal cuts just like before.



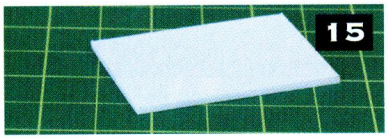
Measure and mark ¼" from the bottom of the two 6" stands.



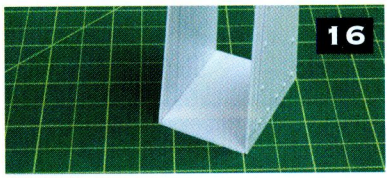
Glue the 5½" section on top of the larger. You may need to adjust it to get it just right.



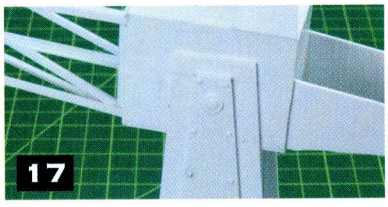
Apply lots of rivets.



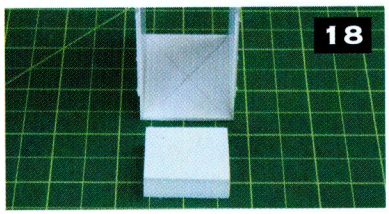
Measure and cut out two 1 3/8" x 2" rectangles and glue on top of each other. A sanding block or sandpaper can easily fix any overhang.



Glue your freshly painted stands to the 1½" x 2" base using plastic solvent cement.

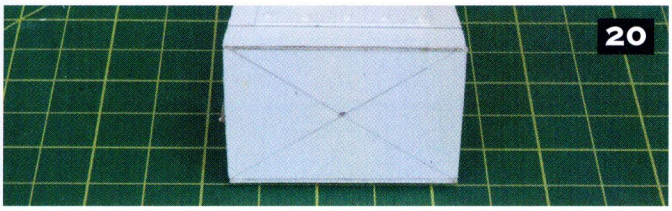


Glue the crane to the upper part of the stand.

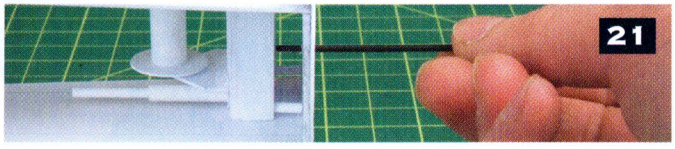


Make one last steam winch, which must fit between the stands on the crane. Start with the frame by using 3/8" wide styrene strips, but this time the frame will be 1" x 1¼", giving plenty of room to fit between the stands. If you wait about twenty minutes after gluing, everything should be dry enough to safely sand down any overhang.

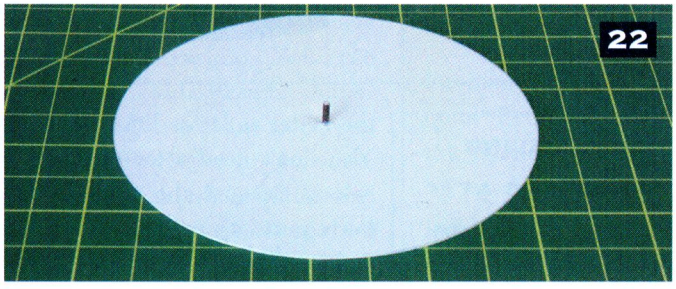
The stand is made the same way, but the length of the spool is only ¼" long. The door, smoke stack, lever, and legs are all the same.



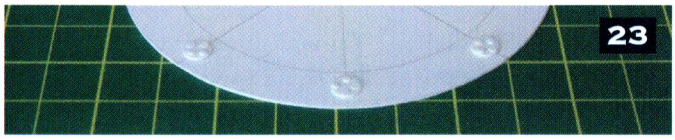
Make the base of the crane first. Start with the bottom of the stand by marking an 'X' from corner to corner and drilling a 1/16" hole at the center.



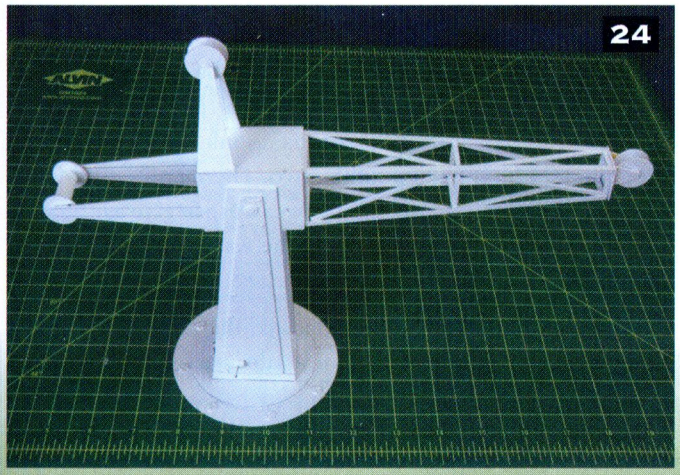
Mark and cut out two circles, one at 3" and the other at 4". Take the 3" circle and drill a 1/16" hole in the center. I used a compass to make my circles, so I simply drilled out the hole it made. Glue the 3" circle to the bottom of the stand as shown. Run a 1/16" rod through the two holes to make sure they matched up before the glue set.



Drill your 1/16" hold in the center of the 4" circle and glue a ¼" section of 1/16" rod in the hole you just made.



Put down some rivets.



The fully assembled Crane, ready for painting!

New Dock Feature Rules

Sectional Docks

Dock Sections

Each dock section has four (4) supports. Each support has ARM 12 and Damage capacity 5 (see Damaging and Destroying Structures in ***WARMACHINE: Prime Remix***, page 79). A dock section (rotting or otherwise) collapses when it loses 2 or more supports. When a dock section collapses all models under it suffer a POW 12 damage roll. Models on top of it fall to the ground below and are knocked down (see Falling in ***WARMACHINE: Prime Remix***, page 52). The area is now rough terrain.

Moving Across the Dock

Treat normal dock sections as open terrain. When a model moves over or is knocked down on a rotting dock terrain feature, there is a chance that the dock will not be able to support the model's weight and it will fall through. When a model moves completely onto a rotting dock terrain feature or if it begins its movement completely on a rotting dock terrain feature, its controller rolls a d6 for the model. A model with a small base falls through on a roll of 1. A model with medium base falls through on a roll of 1 or 2. A model with a large base falls through on a roll of 1 3 (see Falling in ***WARMACHINE: Prime Remix***, page 52).

Cranes

Crane

The crane was designed specifically to load and unload ships and only has limited reach. The Crane Area is the area between 4" and 8" measured directly away from the crane tower.

A warrior model controls the crane controls if it ends its normal movement within 1" of the crane controls. Only one model may control the crane controls.

A model controlling the crane may make the following special action and attacks.

Hoist (★Action) – Place one model/unit already in the Crane area anywhere else within the Crane Area. All models in a unit must be in the Crane Area for it to be affected by Hoist. There must be room for placed models' bases in their new location. Units must be placed in formation.

Drop (★Attack) – Place a 3" AOE completely in the Crane Area. All models under the AOE suffer a POW 12 damage roll. Models damaged by this attack are knocked down.

Drawbridges

Drawbridge

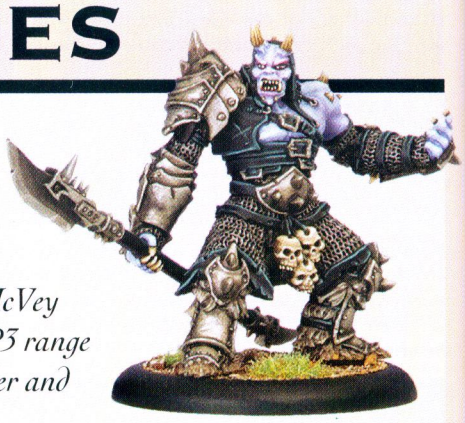
A warrior model controls the drawbridge controls if it ends its normal movement within 1" of the drawbridge controls. Only one model may control the drawbridge controls. The drawbridge cannot be damaged.

A model in control of the drawbridge may raise or lower it as a special action. Models on the drawbridge slide off the bridge when it is raised. Move the sliding model the shortest path that will take it to the base of the bridge. If other models are in the way, they are also moved to make room. Move the models closest to the base of the bridge first. Models cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement.

Modeling and Painting

By **Mike McVey**, Miniatures Director,
Privateer Press

Formula P3 Inks and Washes



Inks and washes, if used correctly, can be one of the most valuable weapons in a painter's arsenal and benefit beginners and experts alike. They make quick and effective shading easy, imbuing colors with depth and richness with a few simple glazes.

This month Privateer Press Miniatures Director Mike McVey introduces us to the addition of inks and washes to the Formula P3 range and how to apply them to make your miniature painting life easier and the results better.

Ink

Ink appears in many varieties, but in miniature painting terms it's a brightly colored liquid with a consistency closer to water than paint. There are a few important things that any inks you use on miniatures must have. The first is that they must be waterproof, meaning once it's dry, the ink won't re-wet with the application of paint or more ink. Second, it needs to be fade-proof. Some traditional artist inks can fade and yellow over time when exposed to light. This doesn't happen instantly, but I have seen beautifully painted miniatures turn to sepia tones after a couple years. Ink colors should have bright, pure pigments so you can thin them down. It's easy to make a pigment weaker by adding water. It's impossible to make it stronger, however, so the brighter the better as far as I'm concerned. You don't need a lot of different colors. Because the pigments are fairly pure, it's easy to intermix to make different colors with just a basic selection.

FIND MORE MODELING AND PAINTING TIPS AT WWW.BRUSHTHRALLS.COM

The armour and weapons were given a base coat of Pig Iron.

The next step was to wash with Armor Wash.

The highlights were applied with Pig Iron.

Wash

In miniature painting, a wash is a liquid applied to the miniature to create shading. The wash is generally thinner than paint so that it flows over the surface better and collects in the recesses and creases to bring out the details. You can create washes by thinning down paint, using ink, or a combination of the two. There are also additives that you can use to give a little more flow to the wash or make it adhere to the surface better.

Most of the time you will just mix a wash yourself, but there are a couple of washes that we use in the Privateer Press studio over and over again. So we decided to include these – for flesh and armor

The face is the focal point of the miniature - the place to where your eye is automatically drawn. This stage by stage is a great example of how you can use Flesh Wash to define the features and bring some depth to the shading. In this example it has been painted to a display standard, but you could easily just add the eyes in at stage 4 and the results would still be great.

The base coat is a mix of Midlund and Iosan Flesh.

Flesh Wash is applied.

First highlight is the same as the base color.

The highlights are built up by adding Ryn Flesh to the base color.

The lips and eyes are added.

The last stage is to paint the pupils and add a highlight to them.

– in the P3 range. I really think that these two colors are so useful that they will be amongst the most popular in the line! It's also really easy to tweak them a little to create different effects.

USING INKS

So inks are great for glazing, but what else? Well, one of the most useful things you can use ink for is shading your miniatures by applying washes. You can either wash with straight ink or you can add it to paint to deepen and intensify the color. It works particularly well on heavily textured surfaces like hair, fur, or armor. It's not so great for large smooth areas like warjack armor plates. You are likely to get a patchy finish if you apply a wash to those areas.

One very useful tool when mixing washes is matte medium. This is basically an acrylic paint that contains no pigment. It's available from art stores and can be a great for adjusting the consistency of a wash. There are times when you want to make a wash just a little thicker than usual, making it adhere better to the surface of a miniature, and a drop of matte medium can be great for this. Both of the pre-mixed Formula P3 washes have been thickened a little with matte medium to give them just the right consistency. It's worth saying here that you need to give the washes a good shake before using, as the different components do tend to separate. Make sure the lid is tightly screwed on before shaking them though!

Ink is also great instead of water for thinning paint without losing any of the coverage. In fact, ink can boost the strength. This becomes really useful if you are painting detail or freehand designs, when you want the color to flow off the brush tip freely but still cover well.

I like to have separate palette for inks; I change my ink palette quite frequently (as opposed to my painting palette which I use for years and just let the layers of paint build up). The reason for this is that working over a clean white surface it makes it easier to see exactly what color and consistency you have. If you are mixing ink on a palette covered in dry paint, the transparency makes it difficult to see exactly what you are doing. I use sheets of really thin white plasticard for palettes, because it's cheap and easy to cut to just the size you want to fit your paining area. You will also find that the ink doesn't flake off plasticard when it's dry as it does if you are using a ceramic surface, which can lead to little dry flakes in your washes.

The Formula P3 range only includes six inks, but you should find that's all you need. The colors are: Red, Yellow, Blue, Green, Brown, and Turquoise. The last may seem like an odd choice, but I have to say that I use it all the time. It's great for shading the electrical components of Cygnar figures, but it's also really useful for other things. Gold and bronze metals can be given a great aged look with turquoise ink glazes. It's also perfect for a shading wash on Circle armor, giving that distinctive verdigris weathering effect. As mentioned before, because the pigments in ink are quite pure, they can easily be intermixed without the colors turning muddy. Need a bright orange? Just add a spot of red to yellow. Warm green? A little yellow mixed with standard green. It's really easy to get the colors you need from a small range. Don't be afraid to experiment. Inks can also be added to the washes to alter them slightly. In fact, we designed every component in the Formula P3 line to intermix. If you want the Flesh Wash to be a little deeper, try adding a spot of Brown Ink. Want a rusty wash for old beaten armor? Just add a spot of Bloodtracker Brown to the Armor Wash. We purposely kept the whole line compact, as I firmly believe that it's better to mix the exact color you want then try and make every decision for you.

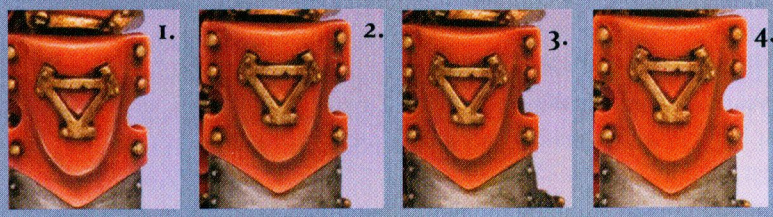
GLAZING

Glazing is a technique that lays down thin, transparent, layers of pigment to build up the depth and intensity of the color. It

Wash - The armor on this war priest has been given a wash of Brown and Yellow Ink over a Rhulic Gold base coat.

Highlighting - Highlights are built up with Rhulic Gold and Solid Gold, and finally Quick Silver is added.

is a technique that the Old Masters (like Rembrandt) used on their work. They would apply multiple thin coats of oil paint to give a sense of depth to a painting. On miniatures, glazing employs ink instead of oils but the technique is basically the same. You can use thinned paint for glazing, but the effect is quite different and you don't get the depth and intensity that inks give you, as the pigments just aren't as strong or liquid. It's simplicity itself to mix a glaze; you simply add water to ink, so there was little point in selling pre-mixed glazes. We also made sure that Formula P3 inks had really good flow, and this makes them ideal for glazing. To judge how good the flow is on an ink, just add some water and brush it out on a clean sheet of plasticard. If it collects together and forms into little droplets, it's not going to be very good for glazing. If it creates a smooth even layer over the surface, it will be ideal. When glazing you are aiming to lay down a completely smooth and even layer of color, with no patchiness, so if the ink flows out easily that will be a huge advantage.



The highlights on the shield make the shield appear a little pale. The first glaze is Yellow Ink with just a spot of Red Ink added. The glazes are built up gradually to deepen the color. Red Ink is worked into the shadows to give them a rich finish.

One important note: let each glaze dry before applying the next. A hair drier can be useful to help this along.

Another use for glazing is to smooth out the finish and help to hide any differences that might be apparent from the layers of highlighting. Once you are proficient with glazing, you'll find it a great way of creating a very smooth graduation of color.

USING WASHES

The two washes in the Formula P3 line are really useful, and as I just mentioned you can add different things to them to make them even more versatile. You will find that the consistency is somewhere between an ink and a paint, but definitely on the thin side. If you do want a little more 'body' to them, just add a little spot of matte medium. This will not affect the color, just the way they flow on the surface of the miniature. The medium will make them a little more viscous and cling to the surface more easily. If you want the opposite effect, so that they flow off the surface and into the recesses more, just add a little water to the wash. One of the tricks in using the washes is knowing how much to apply to the miniature. This is a difficult one to answer in a magazine article. You need to apply enough to flow over the

One of the most common mistakes people make when glazing is to rush. It's much better to lay down five or six really thin layers rather than one strong one. The difference between each glaze should be barely noticeable. After a few layers, however, the depth and intensity will start to build.

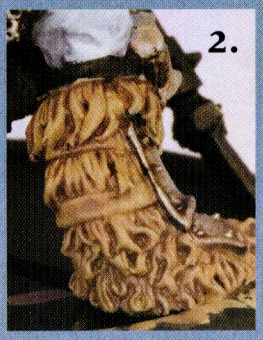
Base Coat - The metal areas were base coated with Molten Bronze.

Wash - The shading wash was a mix of Armor Wash, Turquoise Ink, and just a Spot of Meredius Blue

Highlighting - The details were picked out with Molten Bronze

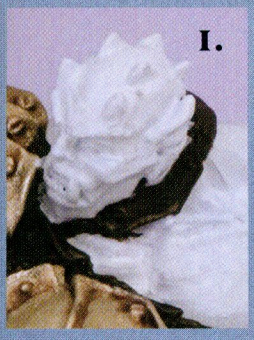
The Warmonger has plenty of areas that can benefit from shading washes. There are the obvious areas like the chainmail and boot fur which are heavily textured, but also the skin and armour plates can be defined and given depth with a carefully applied wash. On the larger smooth surfaces, it's good to add just a spot of matte medium to to the wash some body and stop it all running into the recesses.

The fur boots were given a base coat of a mix of 'Jack Bone and Thamar Black.



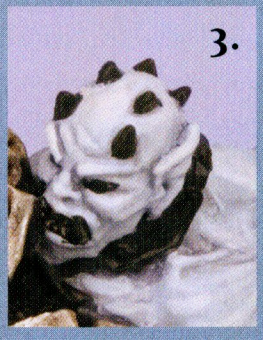
The fur area is washed over with a mix of Armor Wash, Brown Ink and matte medium.

The fur was highlighted with the base color first and then with 'Jack Bone.



The skin was given a base coat of Frostbite.

The skin was washed with a mix of Frostbite, Brown and Blue Ink with just a little matte medium.



The skin was highlighted with Frostbite, and then Frostbite and Morrow White.

The armor on the Warmonger was given a base coat of Radiant Platinum.

The shading wash is a mix of Armor Wash, and Brown Ink, with just a spot of matte medium added as the armor plates are large and smooth. The wash for the chain mail areas was a mix of Armor Wash and Thamar Black.

The armor was highlighted with Radiant Platinum.

surface of the area you are shading, but not so much that it flows onto adjoining areas of the miniature. Use the stage-by-stage photos shown in this article as a guide. After that,it's a case of a little trial and error. You will find that as the wash dries most of it will evaporate from the surface and the coverage will shrink back. Quite often when you think you have applied too much you'll find it will be just right once it's dry. When you first start it's a good idea to practice on some old miniatures. Base coat some areas with one of the flesh tones (Midlund or Khardic) and have a go with the Flesh Wash. Maybe try adding a little Brown Ink if you are shading over Khardic Flesh as it's a little deeper.

Shading armored areas is just the same as flesh. Base coat an old miniature with either Pig Iron of Cold Steel and give it a coat of Armor Wash. If it's armor on a character or troop miniature there is usually plenty of texture on the surface to hold the wash. The smooth mechanical areas on a warjack might need a spot of either paint or matte medium to hold the shading better on the larger areas. You can even use Armor Wash to shade gold or bronze metallics, perhaps with a little brown ink to make the color closer, or as I mentioned before, a spot of turquoise to give it a weathered look. Once the wash color dries, you can just highlight up as you would do normally and leave the shading color showing in the recesses. You obviously need to let the wash dry thoroughly before re-applying paint though. Experiment until you find an effect that you are happy with. There is a wash that is appropriate to any sort of armor or flesh color.

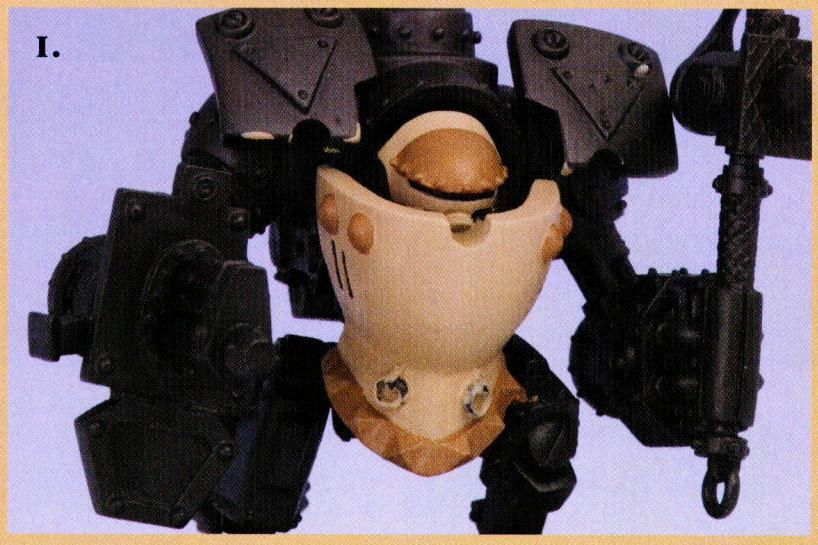
Inks washes and glazes may be totally new to you, but with a little practice you will soon find that they become indispensable to your painting.

MODELING AND PAINTING Extra!

By **Ron Kruzie**, Staff Painter,
Privateer Press

TIPS FOR PAINTING RHULIC WARJACKS

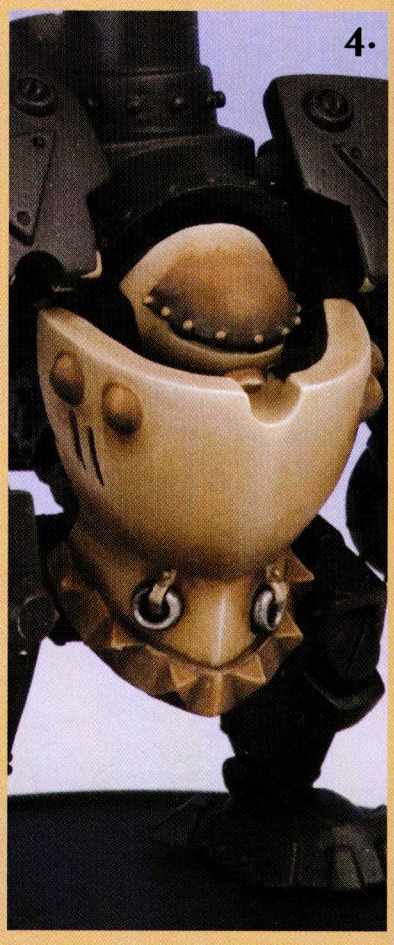
Staff Painter Ron Kruzie shows a step-by-step on how to make your Rhulic warjacks look like they just walked off the battlefield. Ron takes a Wroughthammer Rockram and explains the best way to paint the damage, grime, and punishment that only a dwarven 'jack can take.



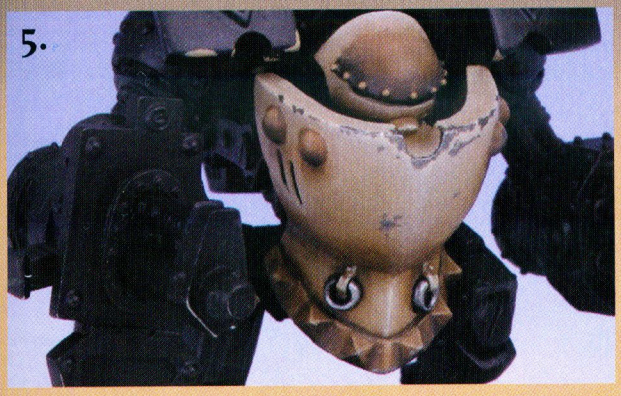
Base Coats: Over a black undercoat, put down a base of first Hammerfall Khaki then Gun Corps Brown. It's better to put these colors down in this order so that the Brown, acting as a trim, can clean the mess made by the Khaki.

First Shadows: Shadow the Hammerfall Khaki with a blend of Hammerfall Khaki and Gun Corps Brown. Then blend a mix of Gun Brown and Thamar Black into the shadows of the Gun Corps Brown.

Full Shadows: Add Thamar Black to the previous mixes to fully shadow the Hammerfall Khaki and Gun Corps Brown.

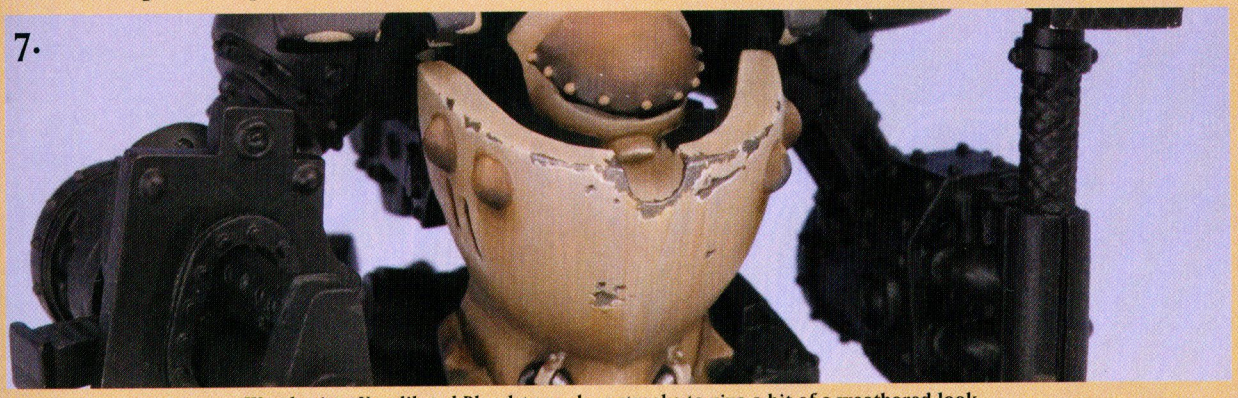


Full Highlights: Highlight the Hammerfall Khaki by mixing Menoth White with Hammerfall Khaki. Continue to add Menoth White to the mix for layers of successively lighter highlights, finally finishing with pure Menoth White. To highlight the Gun Corps Brown, mix Hammerfall Khaki with Gun Corps Brown, and finish with pure Hammerfall Khaki.

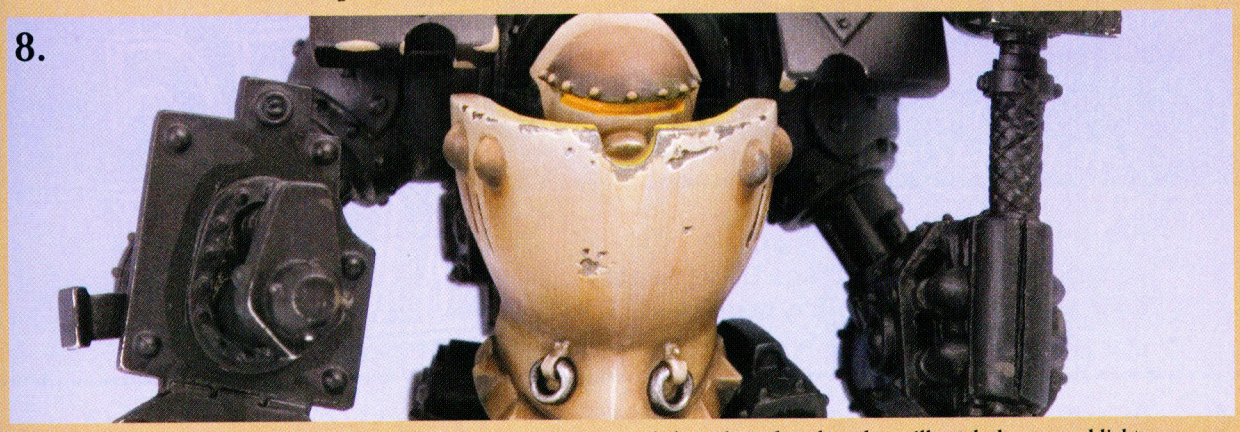


Chips: Placement is key. Use just pure Pig Iron and underline the chips with Menoth White to give them depth. Precision makes this effect work.

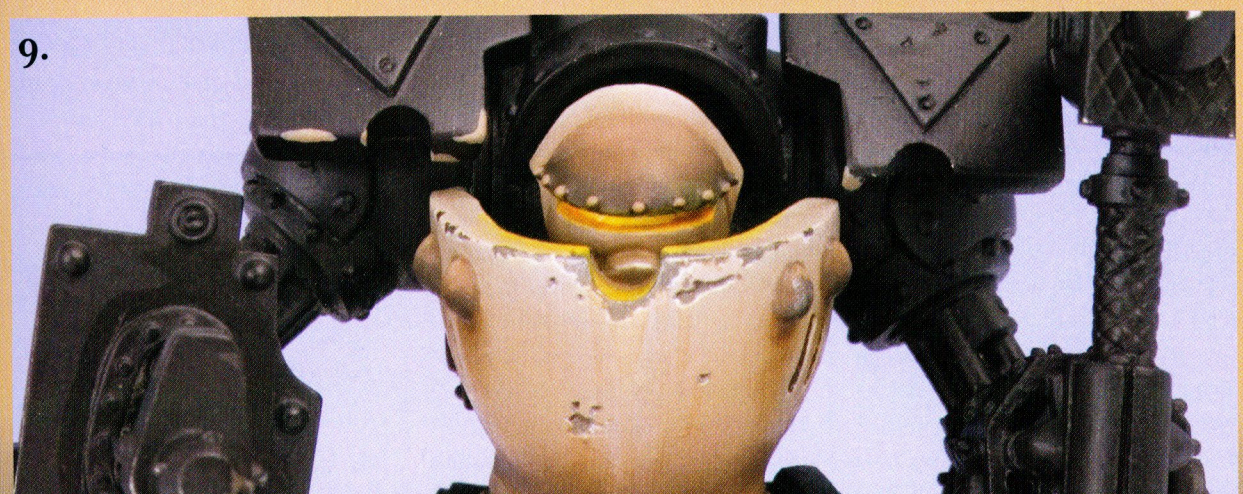
Underline the chips with Menoth White Highlight, then shadow the upper part of the chip with black for shadow.



Weathering: Use diluted Bloodstone glaze streaks to give a bit of a weathered look.



Yellow glow base: Start with a base of Heartfire in the visor and glaze along the edges that will catch the sourced light.



Inked white glow: Painting a line with Menoth White in the center of the visor and then glazing it with yellow ink gives the visor an electric glow. Inks are good for this effect.

POWDER KEG

A Two-Player WARMACHINE Scenario

Story by **Doug Seacat**
Scenario by **Kevin Clark** and **Doug Seacat**
Art by **Franz Vohwinkel**

Gorten Grundback knew he had to work fast to get this handled before the maniac arrived and killed everybody. He fumed that the necessities of finance that had forced him into this ridiculous position. Working alongside Madhammer on the Searforge Commission payroll had proven more trying than he had expected. Now he found himself inside a condemned mine trying to drill through a cave-in to get to the miners trapped on the other side before Durgen came on the scene.

"Wait, wait!" Gorten mentally clamped down on the Driller to his left, which obediently backed away with its drill still spinning. Gorten directed it to the left, away from the rotted wooden support beam, which did not look like it could bear much more. He wished he was on a battlefield somewhere, busting heads with Forgefather. But every now and again, moans and shouts drifted from the other side of the collapsed shaft to reminder him of the stakes.

He had just gotten into a proper frame of mind and made some definite progress, when he heard an alarmed voice echoing from up near the mine entrance. "He's arrived! Gorten, get out here!" Gorten recognized Herne Stoneground shouting. He had left Herne and his partner Jonne up top to keep an eye out. Shortly thereafter, the entire cave trembled. Dust and rocks fell onto his head from some explosion up topside. Gorten held his breath until he felt sure the ceiling would not collapse.

"Of all the bloody stupid, gorax-minded..." Followed by two Drillers, Gorten stomped back up the cave, cursing the entire way.

●●●

Madhammer watched with wide eyes and a gleeful cackle as one of the surface outbuildings exploded and burned. He took a few moments to enjoy the

flames and the artful descent of falling rubble before he turned back to bark more orders at the nearby members of the 33rd Highshield Corps, who looked decidedly pale. They continued to haul up more explosive kegs and position them where directed as Madhammer mentally inventoried their quantity and gauged their placement. A number of significant outlying structures remained, but he decided he had better take care of the mine shaft first. "Should have brought more powder," he mumbled in a sad voice, causing Arquebus Jonne, standing not far away, to snort in surprise and amazement. Powder kegs, enough to supply a small army for a month, littered the grounds around the mine.

Gorten Grundback stormed out of the mine entrance, gesticulating wildly and shouting something incoherent. Madhammer eyed him with wary annoyance. "Didn't expect to find you here. This is my job, Gorten. Don't try to steal it. I defer to you when it comes to digging holes, but demolitions is my field. Unless you're here to help move powder kegs..."

Gorten shouted back, "Madhammer, you idiot! We've got miners trapped below, lay off the explosives!"

Madhammer frowned coolly, having had about as much as he could take of being talked down to by a dwarf who clearly did not know the proper way to speak to his superior. "My job is to demolish this mine. I wasn't told anything about any miners."

"The same people hired us, you fool. They sent me to get those miners out before you blow the place to pieces!"

"No one mentioned this to me." He paused only a moment, his expression turning callous. "My instructions are clear." He spoke to the gunners assisting him, "Continue placing the kegs where I instruct. We must demolish that mine entrance immediately."

Gorten raised his hammer, eyes red with anger. "Back away from those explosives or I'll cave in your skulls!"

The gunners of the 33rd looked back and forth between the two warcasters with awe, fear, and disbelief. Meanwhile the warjacks attached to each of them had gathered on either side. Madhammer had a Wroughthammer Rockram in addition to several Grundback Blasters, while Gorten had his Drillers. One of their sergeants tried to intercede with Durgen, "Look here, sir. Maybe we should look inside, see if there's anything we can do..."

"Silence!" Madhammer shouted. "Listen to me, sergeant, I have worked in mines for decades, my family for centuries. Cave-ins happen. Sometimes people die. It isn't the end of the world. We have a job to do, and a bonus if we do it quickly." He pointed at the sergeant with his oversized hammer Leveler. The sergeant and the dwarves with him began to glow with a reddish hue. Their skin turned intensely hot, and a sense of anxiety and urgency filled them. "You and your men will do as I say, or you will explode. Remove these obstacles from our path!" The gathered members of the 33rd looked conflicted. The ones under Madhammer's spell faced off against those standing nearer to Gorten. Neither side looked eager to pull triggers, but both held their guns ready.

Madhammer turned back to peer at Gorten and his 'jacks with an appraising eye, deciding which shell would work best. He settled on a "Case Cracker" and expertly loaded it into his underslung cannon.

Herne Stoneground sidled up and whispered in Gorten's ear. "Don't kill him. He gets like this sometimes. Knock him out and we'll tie him up. He'll be better in a few hours, I reckon..."

Gorten grumbled back, "I won't try to kill him. But if he dies, I'm not going to his funeral."

The booming eruption of Madhammer's cannon, Buster interrupted their conversation. Gorten instinctively called upon his power to surround himself with an aura of stability and protection. This did not particularly help the target of the cannon. The huge armor piercing round penetrated straight through the thickened iron shielding of the driller on his right. Gorten watched in disbelief as its drill arm sheered clean off and landed heavily on the ground. Madhammer cackled again, and loaded a different round into his cannon.

"That does it! All bets are off." Gorten drew his double barreled pistol and took aim.

Powder Keg Scenario

"The proper use of explosives is most certainly a science, as fine and precise a field as any. The proper manipulation of such energies requires unflinching courage and a mind as sharp as a razor."

—Durgen Madhammer

Description

Battle has been joined outside a treacherous mine where explosive powder kegs have been strewn about the field. One side intends to destroy the mine by annihilating the entrance, while the other is rushing desperately to prevent this, trying to save the lives of innocent miners trapped within.

Dwarf vs. Dwarf Explosive Action!

This scenario is particularly entertaining if played with Gorten Grundback on one side and Durgen Madhammer on the other, but it can also be played with any faction and any warcaster. If either side is utilizing mercenaries, Gorten Grundback and Herne & Jonne must play on the side of the Defender, while Durgen Madhammer must play on the side of the Attacker. Otherwise there are no unusual restrictions for army composition.

Special Rules & Set Up

The battlefield is continuously suffering random detonations throughout the game. At the end of each players' Control Phase, his opponent designates three (3) points on the table outside either player's deployment zone. Center a 3" AOE template d6" away from each point nominated in a direction determined by a roll on the deviation template. Models in an AOE suffer POW 7 blast damage. Completely resolve each blast before moving on to the next.

Players determine which player will be the attacker and which player will be the defender with a starting game roll.

See map. Place the Mine Entrance in the center of the defender's deployment zone touching the rear table edge. The Mine Entrance is a 4" tall 3" wide stone doorway. The Mine Entrance has ARM 18 and 30 damage points (See Damaging and Destroying Structures, Prime Remix, pg.78).

Player now take turns placing eight (8) powder kegs anywhere on the table outside of the deployment zones. Powder kegs can be up to 1" in diameter. A powder keg cannot be placed within 4" of another powder keg.

A melee attack targeting a powder keg automatically hits. Powder kegs have DEF 5 when targeted by ranged or magic attacks. A magic attack only does its normal damage to a powder keg. Ignore a spell's special rules when it targets a powder keg. Powder kegs have ARM 14 and will explode if they take one or more damage points. Powder keg's are not structures and can be damaged by any attack regardless of the POW of the attack. When a powder keg explodes, center a 3" AOE on the damaged powder keg. All models in the AOE suffer POW 8 blast damage and are knocked down, the keg is then removed from the table.

A warjack with a functional Open Fist or a warbeast with a Claw within 1/2" of a powder keg may make a special attack to pick it up and throw it. The throw is a POW 16, 3" AOE ranged attack with a RNG equal to half the attacking models STR +1.

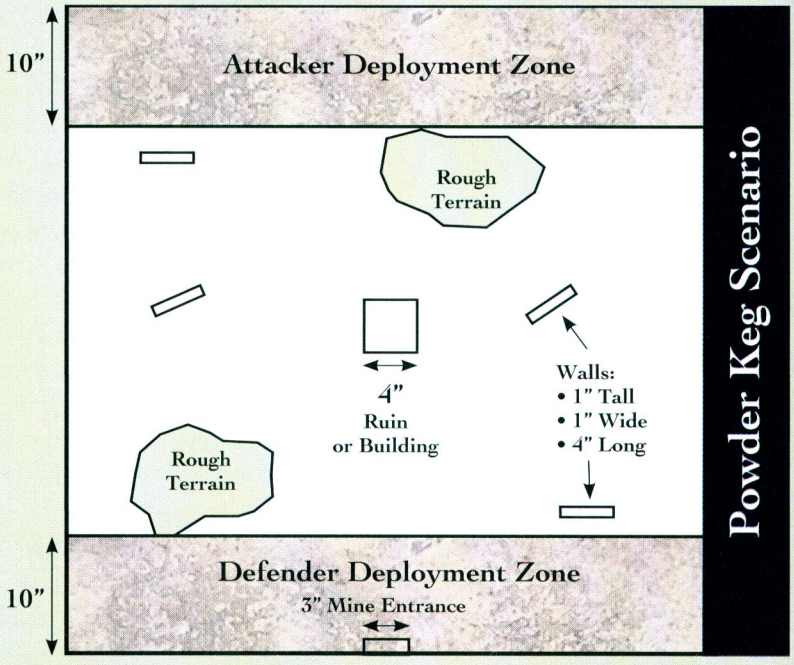
Beginning

The Attacker deploys first and takes the first turn. Players are allowed to place their forces completely within 10" of the table's edge.

Victory Conditions

The Attacker wins if the Mine Entrance is destroyed before then end of the 6th game round.

The Defender wins if the Mine Entrance is not destroyed by the end of the 6th game round.



MURDER IN A CIRCLE OF CROWS

Story by **Doug Seacat** · Scenario by **Kevin Clark** · Art by **Andrew Arconti, Chippy & Brian Snoddy**

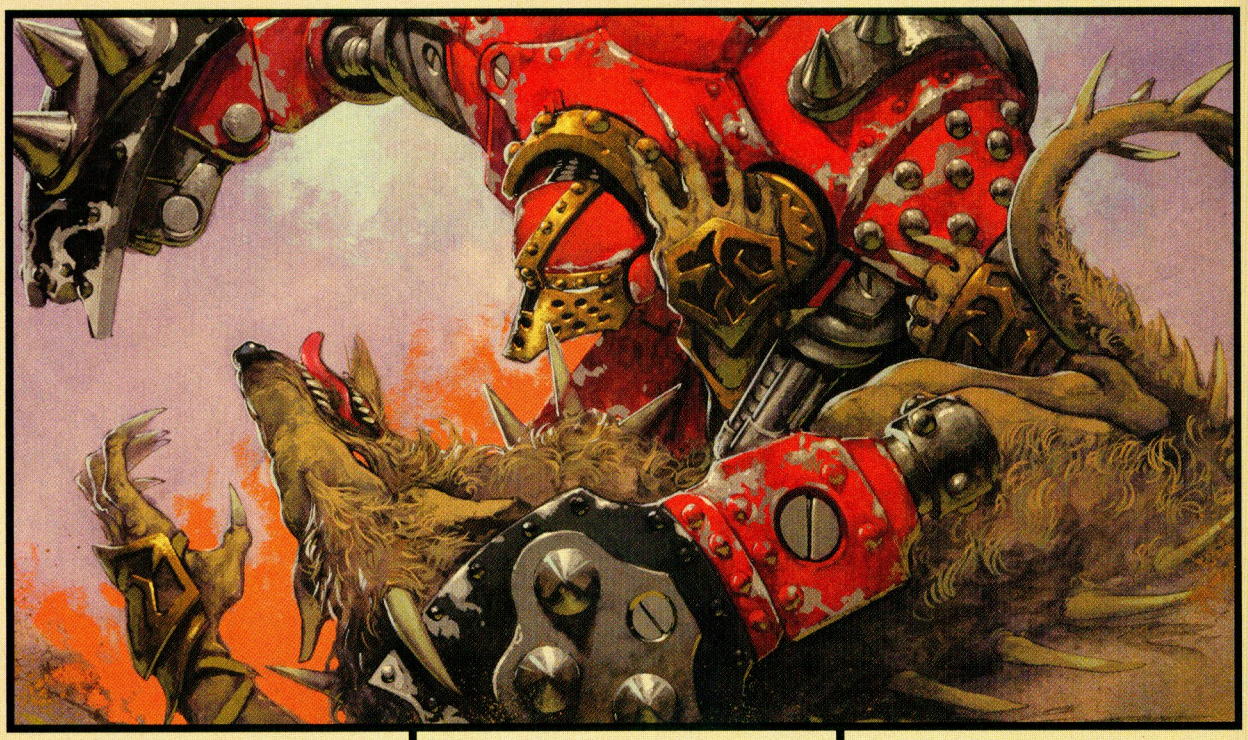
A Two-Player HORDES vs. WARMACHINE Scenario

I am certain. They march on the stones at Shadoweald, straight from Vladovar at a speed which seems unnatural. I could not discover what aids them." The young warder bowed deeply with respect, and his hooded frame trembling from exhaustion.

Krueger the Stormwrath scowled, and the night sky above seemed to quiver and darken with his mood. "Khadoran warjacks? Absurd. There is no way their army knows the location of those stones." He brooded as he listened to the younger druid's description. He then turned to address a shadowed figure almost invisible against the trees. "This must be a mistake."

The cowled druid spoke in deep voice, thick with the accent of the northern lands. "No. An old foe stirs. We cannot lose that site."

Krueger crossed his arms, "There are other sites at risk. The



trollkin kriels have assaulted several regions of my domain. I am needed there, not here."

Omnipotent Dahlekov, one of only three who could make demands of the Stormwrath , shook his head. "The only others of sufficient power are occupied in the east, near Scarleforth. You will handle this directly."

Krueger seethed with resentment. "I have no forces here for this. Send a wayfarer to distract them."

"No. This battle is yours. Take this warder and his wilders. Rosvon will join you. I will open the way." Dahlekov turned his back to vanish into the trees like a ghost.

The hulking form of a fierce and powerful guardian stepped from the shadows of the moonlit sacred glade. This singular warpwolf of snow-white fur, garbed in armor marked with the sigils of Orboros, had an unusual glint of awareness and keen intelligence in its red eyes. It offered a respectful nod in the way of its kind to Krueger. Behind it followed a warpwolf of more typical appearance with its ears back and its posture demonstrating subservience to the first. The one in armor spoke in a growling rumble which made the words difficult to discern, "Rosvon." This was its name, an introduction, as it held its clawed fist to its chest. "Our strength to you."

The Stormwrath ignored these pleasantries. Nothing about this pleased him, and he barked orders, trying to organize this motley force. Still scowling, he led them toward the great shifting stones, knowing he must make haste to arrive in time for the battle ahead.

●●●

The crone waited for them, staff in hand, in their place of power. The ground was wet with fresh blood, and shrieking cries filled the air as crows gathered in increasing numbers. The rumbling of steam engines surrounded her from her ancient, cobbled together warjack and two more modern machines well crafted by the sons of the Motherland. An old Juggernaut, well seasoned by many battles, stood beside a pristine Kodiak, its armor gleaming imperial red in the colors denoting the new empire, fresh from the factories of Korsk. Its presence amid this company would have puzzled any Khadoran kommander, although they would know better than to ask. The crone gazed upon these machines fondly, as if they were living things she had personally bred for war.

The defenders advanced in haste through the forest. She could smell and hear them. It amused her to listen to them rushing fervent and alarmed across ground they thought their own. She bent down to one of the nearest corpses and her clawed hands separated its head at the neck. She idly peeled off the skin of its face as another might prepare an apple. It went into a bag at her waist.

They were quiet and graceful, moving through underbrush that parted for them. Some small part of her felt a glimmer of admiration for them, but eclipsed quickly by amusement and disdain. She could feel them gathering power and stirring a breeze that ruffled the fallen autumn leaves.

One walked behind them, arrogant with the vitality of their kind. He was slender and bald, holding a spear of power in his hands. This druid stopped short at the sight of her and her machine escort. "You!" he said with venom. She was amused to be recognized, although she was certain she had never spoken to this one before. He did not walk often across the roots of her land. "Begone, hag!" Behind him towered muscled creatures of sinew and flesh that walked like men yet bore the fangs and claws of wolves. She sensed great power in one of them. Lesser mortals stood behind them, druids barely awake to their power and men with forked spears. They barely rated notice. Her own lesser children circled unseen behind them, Kossites as comfortable in the forest as any tree walker.

She sucked her teeth and shook her head, wiping bloody claws on her ragged apron to leave red trails behind. "You are too late. Vee have zis place now. Vee let you borrow it for a little while. That time is past."

Above them the clouds had begun to swirl in a gradually accelerating spiral, turned dark and thick with rain. The storm vortex overhead centered over the black-robed man who faced her, but she showed no reaction to such displays. What was air but a path for the crows? Her power came from this soil, wherever the sons of the north were born and bled.

"Our fight is not with you, crone. Our enemy is the same. Maggots of the dragon pick apart your northern villages while you waste time here." For all his bold defiance the witch found a pleasing uncertainty in his eyes.

The bird screams increased in volume, sensing a great feast to come. Her voice carried over them. "No bloodshed is vasted time, young crow. Come into the center vith me. Your suffering vill not be long." Her smile was ghastly.

These words just left her lips when the imperial-red Kodiak's boiler screamed with pressurized steam and it leapt forward without warning. The Juggernaut was just a moment behind, its movements more ponderous but its weight imposing to behold. Just as quickly the warpwolves sprang toward them with howls of rage, their bodies twisting as muscles and sinew shifted and bonelike spikes and spurs burst forth. The warjacks and warbeasts collided with a resounding crash and an unholy sound of metal meeting flesh.

Murder in a Circle of Crows Scenario

Find the greatest asset of your enemy and then destroy it as he watches, helpless to prevent it.

—Zevanna Agha's advice to King Levash Tzepesci, the Tormentor

Description

In this battle both sides rush to control the center, desperate to quickly and decisively destroy the greatest weapons of their adversary: their 'beasts or 'jacks. In this clash of warbeast against warjack, whichever side can deprive the other of these weapons of war will likely emerge victorious.

Special Rules and Setup

Mark a 12" diameter ring in the center of the table. Players then alternate placing three (3) moderate terrain features. Players cannot place terrain within their opponent's deployment zone. Terrain features must be placed at least 3" from another terrain feature. Terrain features may be placed on hills.

This scenario is designed to be played with one HORDES player and one WARMACHINE player.

Finishing Moves

If warjacks and warbeasts meet the proper conditions during the scenario, they can make a Finishing Move. A Finishing Move is not an attack and does not require a warjack to spend a focus point or a warbeast to be forced. A warjack or warbeast may continue its combat action after performing a Finishing Move.

Skull Crusher Finishing Move

When a warjack destroys an enemy warbeast with a melee attack it may make a Skull Crusher Finishing Move. The warbeast's death is so sudden and violent its life essence slips away before it can be reaved. If the warjack performs a Skull Crusher Finishing Move, fury points on the warbeast cannot be reaved.

Scattered Wreckage Finishing Move

When a warbeast destroys an enemy warjack with a melee attack, it may make a Scattered Wreckage Finishing Move. Having broken the warjack into a twisted wreck, the warbeast scatters the pieces. Models within 4" of the warbeast's front arc suffer a damage roll equal to half the warbeast's STR. The totaled warjack is removed from the table and is not replaced with a totaled warjack wreck marker.

Beginning

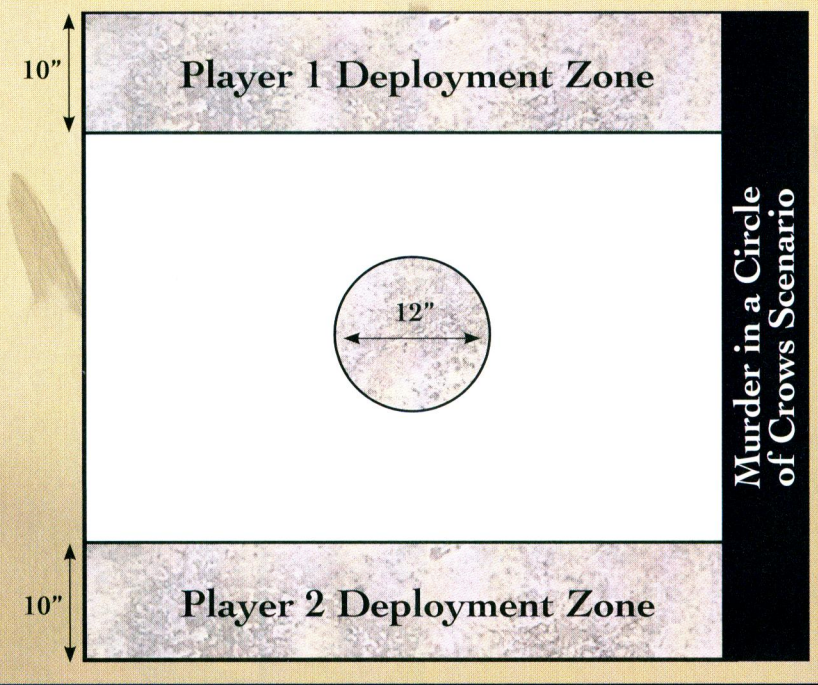
Determine the first player with a standard starting roll. Players deploy their forces up to 10" from the table edge.

Victory Conditions

After the end of the second round, a player ending his turn with one or more of his warjacks/warbeasts in the ring in the center of the table, while none of his opponent's warjacks/warbeasts are in the ring, wins. Wrecked or inert warjacks and wild warbeasts are not counted when determining whether or not a player has won the scenario.

Also, the first player to eliminate all of their opponent's warcasters or warlocks wins the game.

If time runs out before one player has won, the player with the most Victory Points wins. When comparing Victory Points at the end of the game, a player scores one (1) additional Victory Point for each enemy unit left on the table that has lost half or more of its starting number of troops.



IN A RING OF STONE & BLOOD

A *HORDES: EVOLUTION* BATTLE REPORT

By **Chris Bodan**, **Kevin Clark**, & **Brent Waldher** • Art by **Andrew Arconti & Brian Snoddy**

War washes over the peoples of western Immoren, both civilized and wild, like a great flood, and they must adapt to survive. Stagnation is death, whether in the life of a nation or the plans of a warlock. Everyone must make greater sacrifices and compromises as ever more savage and obscene beasts stalk the killing fields. The changing face of war in the wilds calls for new tactics and magic. Those who choose wisely among the paths ahead and master the new techniques, not only survive, but triumph. The wars are changing and so are the warriors fighting them.

As a sneak peek at some of the goodies in *HORDES: Evolution*, releasing this August, we decided to take 750 points of the models you know from Primal and match them up with two of the new warlocks previewed here this month. Kevin Clark, our rules thrall and all-around curmudgeon, decided to take the consummate Skorne warrior and melee master Tyrant Xerxis. Brent Waldher, Privateer Press' Contract and Licensing Manager and legal totem hunter, chose Morvahna the Autumnblade of the Circle Orboros. We did not tell either player the identity of their opponent, what army they would fight, or which scenario they would play. They generated solid, well-rounded army lists, and chose Mosh Pit, one of the new Steamroller 3.0 scenarios. Given the versatility of the two warlocks, the skill of the players, and the brutality of the scenario, everyone looked forward to an excellent match.

Mosh Pit

A bitter and disorganized brawl, Mosh Pit uses a 20" diameter ring in the center of the table. At the end of the second round, any player who ends his turn without any models inside the ring loses the game. Of course, killing the enemy warlock also ends the game. Victory Points determine the winner if time runs out.

Brent Waldher

I started playing with Legion of Everblight, so the mobility of the Circle might seem like a natural choice for me. But I shied away from them for the longest time because I like to run up into my opponent's grill, rip his warbeast's arm off, and beat his army to death with it. The Circle didn't seem built for that to me. Then I saw Morvahna. Here was a Circle warlock who could not only get her whole army across the board nearly intact, but just got stronger the closer she got to the

Circle

Circle Army List

Morvahna the Autumnblade (M)
68
Warpwolf (WW)
108
Bloodtrackers x 10 (BT)
96
Tharn Ravagers (6) x2 (T1) (T2)
220
Druids of Orboros (BC)
84
Wolves of Orboros x 7 (W1)
59
Wolves of Orboros x 8 (W2)
67
Alten Ashley (AA)
32
Gobber Bellows Crew (GB)
15

749 Points

bad guys. About the only limit on the Circle's mobility is the lack of All Terrain on their warbeasts. They can get around this several ways, but Morvahna deals with it by not needing a lot of warbeasts. I couldn't resist a chance to put a literal horde of troops on the board, get in the other guy's face a fast as I could, and start tearing into him.

The Warlock

Morvahna the Autumnblade is an older member of the Circle, an influential potent and rival of Krueger, who focuses heavily on troops over warbeasts. She works quite well with 'beasts—she is a warlock, after all—but her spells and abilities let her run with very few of the furry fiends and make full use of the amazing troops the Circle can field. She can keep her army strength up and has multiple ways to generate fury without leaching it.

The Army

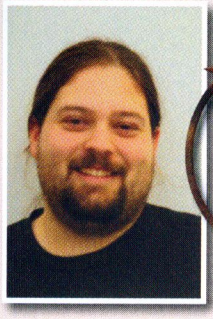
Knowing Morvahna's abilities, I decided to limit myself to only one warbeast. I chose the Warpwolf because it can absorb plenty of damage, heal itself with Regeneration, has a fantasticaly high fury, and is a pipe-hittin' mother in melee.

Two full units of Tharn Ravagers form the business end of this army, and a unit of Druids and 10 Tharn Bloodtrackers provide serious supporting fire. I went with two smaller units of Wolves of Orboros rather than one full unit because I wanted the flexibility to put wolves where I needed them.

I chose the Gobber Bellows crew because I knew I would lead off with the Ravagers and the Gobbers' ability to grant a unit concealment would combo with the Ravagers' Camouflage ability to push their defense way up. Alten Ashley, of course, made it in because his ability to knock out a warbeast with one bullet is never bad. Even if he only got off one or two shots, Alten would be worth it to force my opponent to activate his warlock first to heal the warbeast.

Throwdown!

Skorne Unit Key



Kevin Clark

I'm a Trollblood player and proud of it. The main reason is that I saw the synergy in their armies, especially the way the warlocks interacted with their troopers, and I love stacking bonuses on top of de-buffing my opponent. I didn't see that same interaction in the Skorne. Most of their troops are excellent—in some cases amazing—serving as stand alone units that support the combos between the warlocks and warbeasts. Then we created Xerxis. Suddenly, there was a warlock that not only synergized with his troopers; he did it by playing to all of the Skorne's strengths. Many players treat melee focused warlocks or warcasters as the point of the army and the rest of models become a warlock delivery system. Anyone doing that with Xerxis is selling him and themselves short.

The Warlock

The biggest benefits Xerxis brings to the table aren't spells or his feat, they're just things he does. Martial Discipline is powerful when combined with the lethality and staying power of the Skorne. He can run warbeasts hot without fear of the consequences of frenzy, help an already skilled army hit better, and absorb an incredible amount of punishment. Short, direct spells are often the most powerful and Xerxis has a whole list of those.

The Army

I wanted a list that balanced ranged and melee hitting power backed up by Xerxis and one or two heavy warbeasts. I chose two Titan Gladiators as the armored fist to accompany Xerxis. I originally had a Cyclops Savage as well, but further consideration, and discussion with Adam Johnson at the front desk, convinced me that the Basilisk Krea would suit the list better.

Xerxis shines with troops, and with 750 points, I had a lot of potential choices. The trick was avoiding picking up too many different troops and diluting my strength. I needed to focus on excellent melee ability with strong ranged support and protection to get in combat. That meant Cataphract Cetrati and Venators. I considered Arcuarii, for both Hog Tie and Weapon Master, but the Cetrati had the combination of protection and hitting power I needed. I toyed with two short units of Praetorians to take advantage of Merciless Assault, but that cut troops from my solid core so I opted for one full unit. And, of course, I threw in Beast Handlers to get the most out of my warbeasts.

Skorne

Skorne Army List

Tyrant Xerxis (TX)
75

Titan Gladiator x2 (TG)
218

Basilisk Krea (BK)
64

Venators x10 (V)
114

Praetorians x10 (P)
85

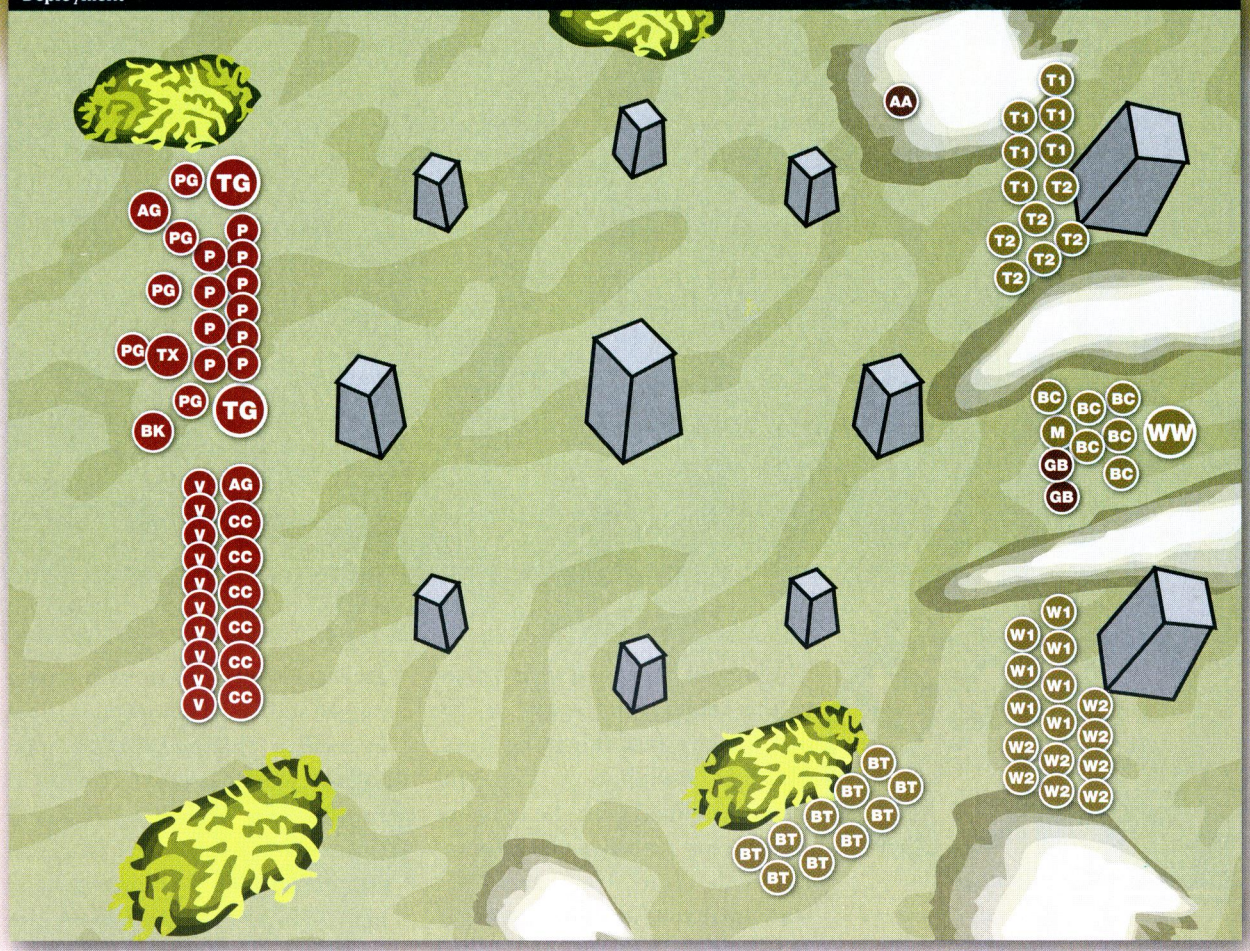
Cataphract Cetrati (6) (CC)
92

Paingiver Beast Handlers (5) (PG)
45

Ancestral Guardian x2 (AG)
56

748 points

Deployment



Morvahna

THE AUTUMNBLADE

Kevin and Brent are housemates, a situation that has been known to cause problems for everyone involved, as well as smart, competitive players. Seeing them discover that they would fight each other, using factions new to both of them, in a scenario neither had ever played, proved a source of vicious amusement for the rest of us. They read the scenario, inspected the table, and shook hands like gentlemen—albeit gentlemen preparing to beat each other's brains out. Brent won the roll and opted to take first turn.

Circle Orboros—Brent

Even though I have to put enough troops in the center to stay in the game, the Circle needs room to maneuver. Kevin will aim to secure the scenario objective with something hard and then spend his time trying to kill my warlock with the rest of the army. My best bet is to get as many troops in the ring as I can, keeping the lighter stuff on the sides to move around his line. If I can turn a flank, I can roll him right out of the ring, but I must engage him fast and hold him on the edge. Morvahna needs to make trees happen with Eruption of Life whenever possible, as Skorne have little in the way of getting through difficult terrain. He can play an attrition game and I can't, so I need to be eliminating his troops as fast as I can. I'll deploy Alten Ashley on this rocky outcropping here for purely aesthetic reasons. Honest.

Skorne—Kevin

Speed is the key. If I don't move into the ring fast and form a solid line with the Cetrati, Brent will race across the table and pin me against the stones. On the other hand, if I can anchor the Cetrati line against the stones, with Venators providing covering fire, I can keep him contained and chew him up. With the Krea there to put up Paralytic Aura, they should be able to hold their own and grind him down. This brick goes opposite the lighter flank with his Wolves and Bloodtrackers.

End of Round 1 - Skorne

Tyrant Xerxis

The Praetorians screen Xerxis, the Ttitans, and the Ancestral Guardians on the other flank. This side will drive up my left towards his Ravagers. If I can break them, his army loses a lot of its power and I can just roll him up. Yeah. I like that plan.

Round 1

Circle Orboros Turn

I thought hard about choosing the Prey for my Bloodtrackers, ultimately settling on the Praetorians. Sure they were on the opposite side of the table, but they're the unit I had the best chance of killing. So the tharn ladies took off running. The two units of Ravagers run to get as close to center as possible and spread out into lines. Morvahna moves up behind the Ravagers, casts Revivify on the Druids, Regrowth on the Ravagers to her left, riles the Warpwolf for 3 fury and sends it drifting left. I make sure that I position at least three of the Druids within 1" of Morvahna. Both units of Wolves move up, one unit behind the Bloodtrackers and the other sprints outside the ring along the left side.

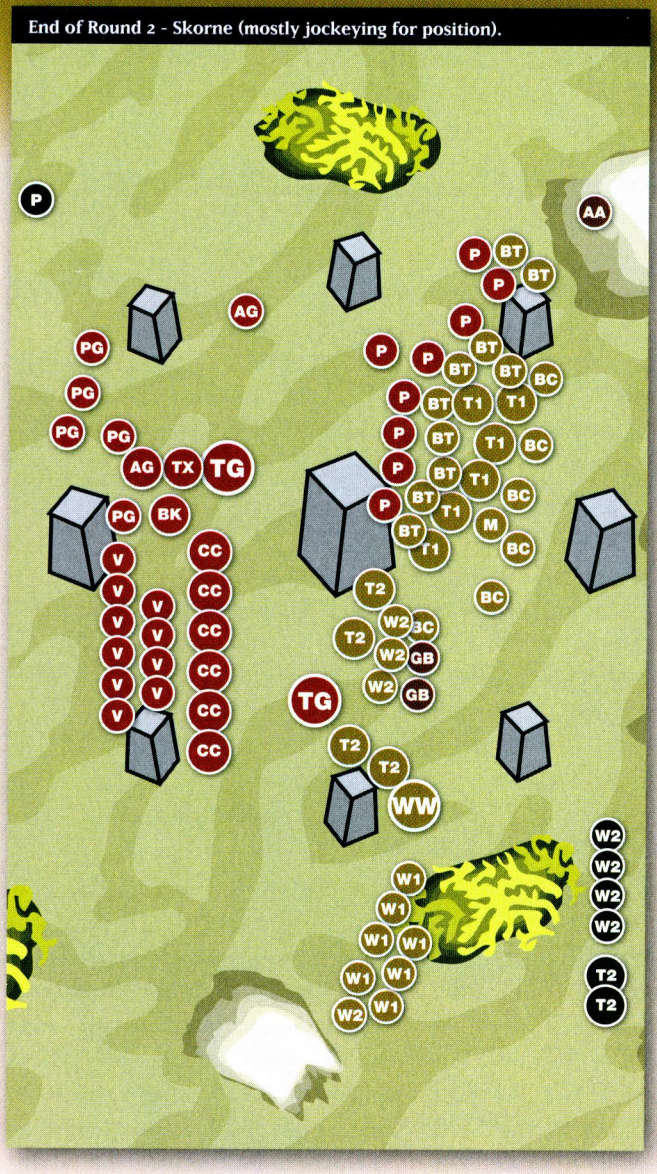
Skorne Turn

I advanced the Cetrati around the near stone and into a shield wall. The Venators fall in behind them and came up just short of range on the Bloodtrackers. The Krea joined them behind the Cetrati. On the far left, the Ancestral Guardian advanced and waited for souls. The right side Titan ran to get a lane on the Ravagers. "Turnabout is fair play," Kevin said, running the Praetorians outside the circle up the left flank. Xerxis advances, cast Merciless Assault on the Praetorians, and Armor of Karrak on the Titan who had run. The other Titan runs and Kevin riled it. The Paingivers advance to keep up and the last Ancestral Guardian moves after Xerxis.

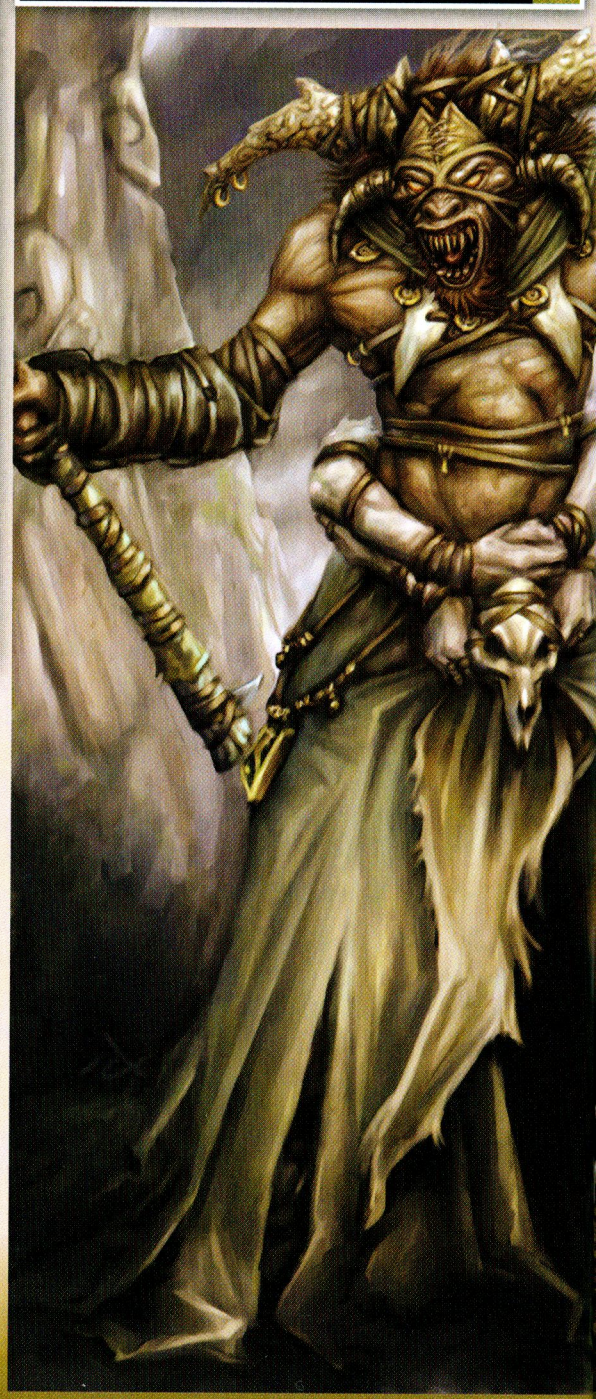
Round 1 Summary—Brent

First turns are all about positioning and I needed to reposition. The Praetorians have to die, especially with that spell up that turns them into blenders. I want to draw Xerxis and his Titans closer to

End of Round 2 - Skorne (mostly jockeying for position).



Kevin's Cataphract Cetrati shield their Venator comrades.



Alten Ashley anyway. I had hoped the Bloodtrackers' movement would draw the Venators away from the shield wall but no such luck. The Ravagers need to chew on the Cetrati and I want the Wolves in position to support, and then flank, the brick. Morvahna needs to get in close and start making trees. Alten continues to enjoy the view with his rifle in hand.

Round 1 Summary—Kevin

The flanking Wolves on the left took me by surprise, but I'm not worried—the Cetrati and Venators can hold them. I got my Titans in the ring before trees started going up, so I'm pleased about that. Now I just have to keep the warbeasts clear of Alten's ridiculously good position. Going to have to do something about the monster hunter. The Praetorians are close. I wonder if Alten Ashley likes swords…

Round 2

Circle Orboros Turn

Morvahna puts her engine into motion. With a fury point on her from the previous turn, she leaches three fury from the Warpwolf (suffering three points of damage), bringing her total fury to seven. She upkeeps Regrowth on the Ravagers and Revivify on the Druids. At the end of Brent's Control Phase, however, the effects of Revivify kicks in and she healed all three damage points for being within one inch of three Druids. The Bloodtrackers run instead of trying

to hit Praetorians on the edge of Ambuscade range. The enchanted Ravager unit runs to a point opposite the Cetrati and forms line of battle. The smaller unit of Wolves moved into line behind the Ravagers, and the Gobbers moved up to give those Ravagers concealment. The other Ravagers advance tight behind the Bloodtrackers, staring down Xerxis and his titans. Morvahna activates, moves closer to the Ravagers on the right to catch as much of the field as possible in her control area and cast Harvest. The Druids now spread out to back the entire line, keeping two of their models close to Morvahna, and cast Counter Magic. Only the flanking Wolf unit falls outside their influence. These Wolves advance slightly, keeping an eye on the Cetrati brick. The Warpwolf runs left and gets riled for a total of three fury. Finally, Ashley sights carefully and caps the one Praetorian who drifts too close.

Skorne Turn

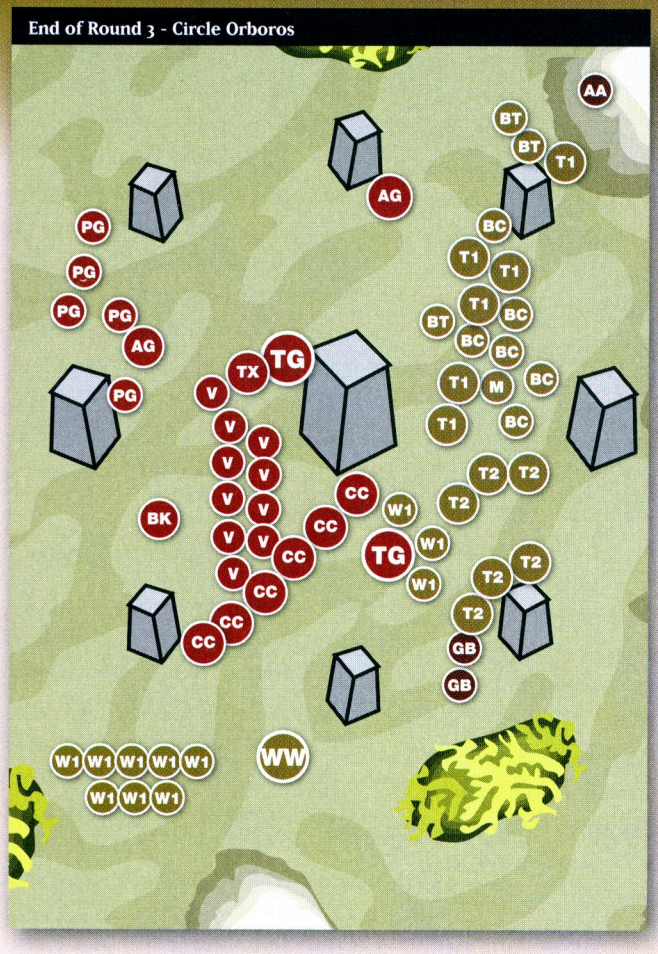
Kevin thanks Brent for the soul token, placing it on his Ancestral Guardian. Kevin upkeeps everything and uses Xerxis' Martial Discipline to walk his Venators through the Cetrati line, then launches combined ranged attacks on the leading Ravagers, killing one. The Paingivers move up and Enraged the Titan with Armor of Karrak on it. Xerxis advances beside that titan, using Martial Discipline to walk through the Paingivers, and shed his remaining fury. The Enraged Titan slammed as only a pissed-off pachyderm can and obliterated (15 points of damage over ARM) the leader of the Ravager unit that had just denied the Venators. The Ravager's body flew back and killed four of the Wolves. Fortunately for Brent, they passed their command check. The Titan added insult to injury by putting up Subdue to deny the Tharn the charge. The Ancestral Guardian burned a soul token for Spirit Driven and moved closer to the action. The other Titan advanced to screen Xerxis. The Cetrati advanced through the Venators and into a full line of shield wall. The Krea repositioned closer to Xerxis. The Praetorians ran full out to engage the Bloodtrackers before something worse happened to them. The last Ancestral Guardian advanced behind Xerxis.

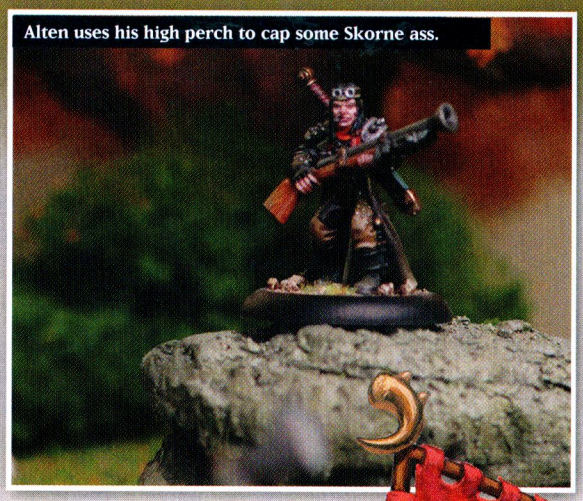
Round 2 Summary—Brent

I feel pretty good about that turn, especially the movement. I thought repositioning the army happened pretty easily and am pleased about having them where they are, especially having those super Tharn in front of the Wolves like that. I'm not as happy about the slam, but those Ravagers aren't going anywhere but into Kevin's grill. I'm actually pleased with the Praetorians rushing up to engage, since I forced him to do it and it keeps them from charging. Dice willing, none of them will get a chance to do any damage. I'm fairly sure I can clear a lane for the Bloodtrackers to Ambuscade either the Titan or one the Ancestral Guardian. I'm feeling pretty confidant, actually. However, it has dawned on me that I can't force him out of the ring. To win the scenario I'm going to have to kill him to a man.

Round 2 Summary—Kevin

Brent forced me to commit the Praetorians, and, while they weren't critical to my plan, I hate having the other guy play my game for me. The slam worked out well for me, and that Titan having Armor of Karrak on him and Subdue up means he'll survive whatever the Tharn can throw at him. He's basically holding that flank by himself. My left flank is in good shape, too. The Praetorians keep the Bloodtrackers honest, who, by their positioning, block the Ravagers. With the second Titan, two Ancestral Guardians and Xerxis over there, I'm not too concerned. What does trouble me is how mobile he is. I haven't played against the Circle in a while, and I was running Trollbloods who have ways of increasing their mobility. Xerxis' speed has forced me to change my plans. I need to tie him up in combat and that should slow him down.





Round 3

Circle Orboros Turn

Morvahna's fury engine continued to run smoothly. She leached three from the Warpwolf, took two damage points to get full fury, upkeeps three spells, healed two points of damage from Revivify, and paid two fury to return the two dead Ravagers with Regrowth. Brent made a point of bringing the Ravagers back away from the Titan. Alten took careful aim at the Praetorian leader, and blew his head off. Brent then activated the Ravager unit behind the Bloodtrackers. He moved them up to exploit gaps between the smaller models using the Ravager's Reach and managed to kill four Praetorians—the unit then failed its command check. The Bloodtrackers, who now had a clear shot, Ambuscaded the Ancestral guardian with the rest cutting down the remaining Praetorians. The

Druids moved up to target the titan with The Devouring. The attack roll came up a hard '8', which knocked down both the Titan and Xerxis. The Gobbers gave the flanking Wolves concealment and the decimated Wolf unit moved to tie up the Titan, carefully positioning to provide minimal targets. The Ravager unit on the left regrouped, while still keeping models around the Titan. The undamaged Wolves ran to flank the Venators, and the Warpwolf, riled for three fury, moved left to support them. Finally, Morvahna activated. She kept the Warpwolf on the edge of her control area. Morvahna then cast Regrowth on the Bloodtrackers. Brent smiled. Kevin frowned. The last bit of amiability went out of the game.

Skorne Turn

Kevin went to work, making Xerxis leach from the Titan in the woods and upkeep his spells. The damaged Ancestral Guardian used Spirit Driven again to reach the closest Bloodtrackers, and slaughtered four of them including the Huntress. The Venators advanced through the Cetrati and shot three more Bloodtrackers dead. This forced a command check, which the Bloodtrackers passed using Morvahna's CMD. The Titan tied up by the Wolves closed the gap on the Ravagers around it, killed one of the Wolves, and, finally, put up Subdue. The Cetrati advanced to the right, forming a line against the Warpwolf, flanking Wolves, and the edge of the Ravagers, and went into Shield Wall. The Krea moved to the right and put up Paralytic Aura to protect against the Wolves. The Titan screening Xerxis stood up, advanced, and activated Subdue. The Ancestral Guardian behind him moved to support Xerxis. The warlock himself stood and advanced, shedding all of his remaining fury. The Paingivers moved up last.

End of Round 3 - Skorne

Round 3 Summary–Brent

That could have gone better. I collapsed his left flank by killing the Praetorians. Unfortunately, he had much harder models behind them. I put Regrowth on the Bloodtrackers, so at least I'll get them back. That nearly invulnerable Titan is going to be serious trouble. I really need to break into those Cetrati, but I have this much bigger problem in front of them.

Round 3 Summary–Kevin

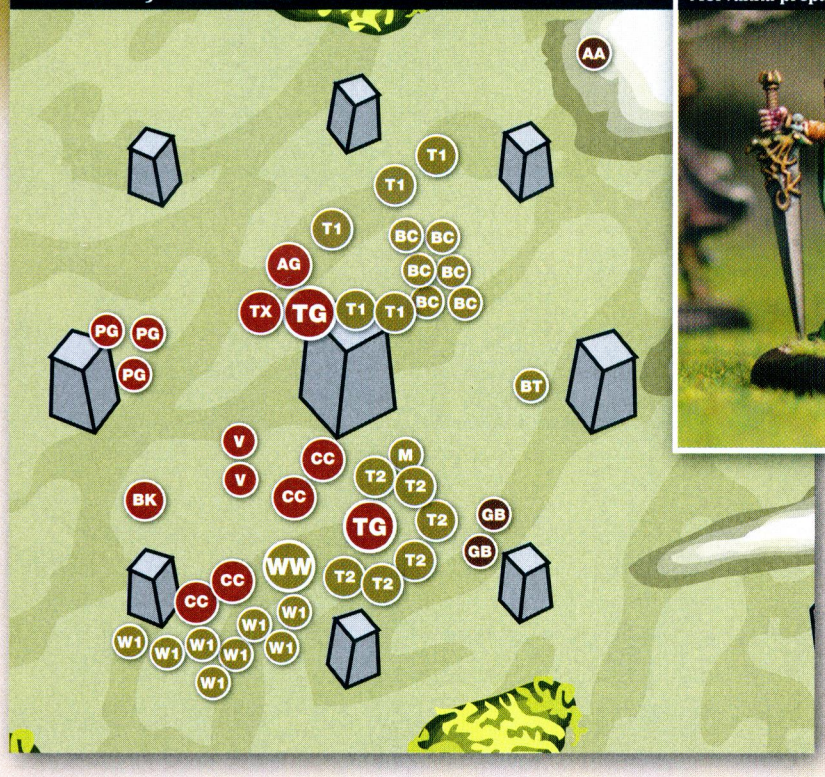
I'm going to miss those Praetorians. I had them there at least partially to fuel the Ancestral Guardians, but that doesn't mean I didn't have other plans for them. My right is holding up, but the real hammer hasn't fallen there yet. If I can keep the Venators in the game, and he has no easy way to get to them this turn, I can pick apart the Wolves and Tharn. It's also the best way I have to kill the Druids when they get close.

Round 4

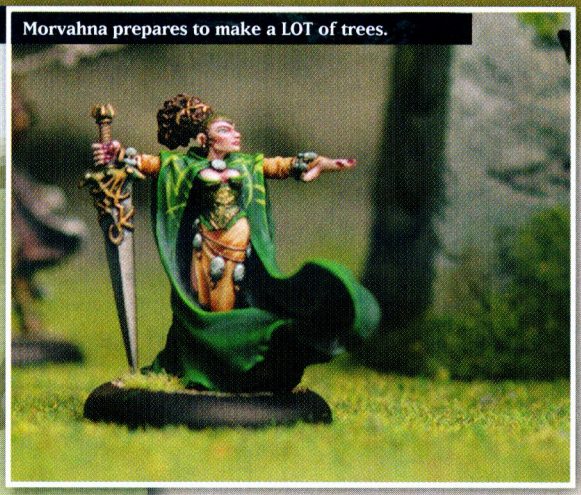
Circle Orboros Turn

Brent thought hard about his Maintenance and Control Phases. He leached all he could from the Warpwolf, hurt Morvahna for the rest, and upkeep Harvest and Regrowth, dropping Revivify. His plan became clear when he used her five remaining fury to bring back five of the dead Bloodtrackers. Brent daisy-chained them through Kevin's lines, past the Titan, around the Venators, and even next to the Paingiver Tormenter. Ashley took out the spirit on the Titan screening Xerxis. The Warpwolf advanced to rip the leader and another model apart. The flanking Wolves then took on the Cetrati. They split into two groups of four, but the dice turned against Brent and the Wolves killed nothing. Morvahna activated and used her feat. The Bloodtrackers from the original unit moved to

End of Round 3 - Circle Orboros



Morvahna prepares to make a LOT of trees.



regain formation and stand next to the damaged Ancestral Guardian. Then, every model except the leader used Seeds of Destruction. A line of forest appeared through the middle of the table, annihilating all but two of the Venators, damaging the Krea and both Ancestral Guardians, and refilling Morvahna to seven fury. The Ravagers on the right charged and killed the badly damaged Ancestral Guardian. The remaining Guardian took some damage but its Retaliatory Strikes killed one Ravager and nearly destroyed the Beast Lord. This brought the Ancestral Guardian down to two wounds. The Druids carefully maneuvered to drop a full Devouring on the Titan, missed, and deviated into a Ravager, a Paingiver, and the Ancestral Guardian, which reduced it to only 1 damage point. The last two members of the depleted unit of Wolves moved to either side of the Titan near Morvahna and exploded with Seeds of Destruction to trap the 'beast in trees yet again. Finally, the Ravagers on the left moved in to attack the trapped Titan and either missed it or did no damage against its enhanced armor.

Skorne Turn

With fewer options, Kevin's choices are much clearer. Xerxis leaches from the trapped Titan and the Krea. The other Titan frenzies and kills a Ravager. Xerxis activates, casts Merciless Assault on himself, and uses his feat, Annihilation. Then he stepped up and killed the Beast Lord. The surviving Ancestral Guardian inched through the trees with Spirit Driven to engage another Ravager and the Druids. Its halberd killed the Tharn and two of the Druids, including the Warder. The Cetrati did not perform as well, killing only two Wolves and no Ravagers, but move to get the Warpwolf out of their front arc. The remaining Titan did better, moving through the trees to engage three tharn and murdering all of them. The Krea moved up and threw Paralytic Field onto the Warpwolf. The Paingivers had just enough movement to contact the frenzied Titan and strip 2 fury off of it.

Round 4 Summary—Brent

Both our armies were gutted in one turn and most of mine died from my own feat. As it is, I've managed to do more or less what I wanted by ripping most of the heart out of his force. My Warpwolf is going to frenzy next turn, no helping that, but that's fine. I have a plan. It might be possible to nickel-and-dime Xerxis to death. But he's got a fury to transfer with and if any of the attacks don't go like they should, I won't do enough damage to win. Melee is better. I'm going to finish this my way, with up-close and personal brutality. It all ends next turn, one way or the other, and, if it comes to it, I've got another trick I can pull.

Round 4 Summary—Kevin

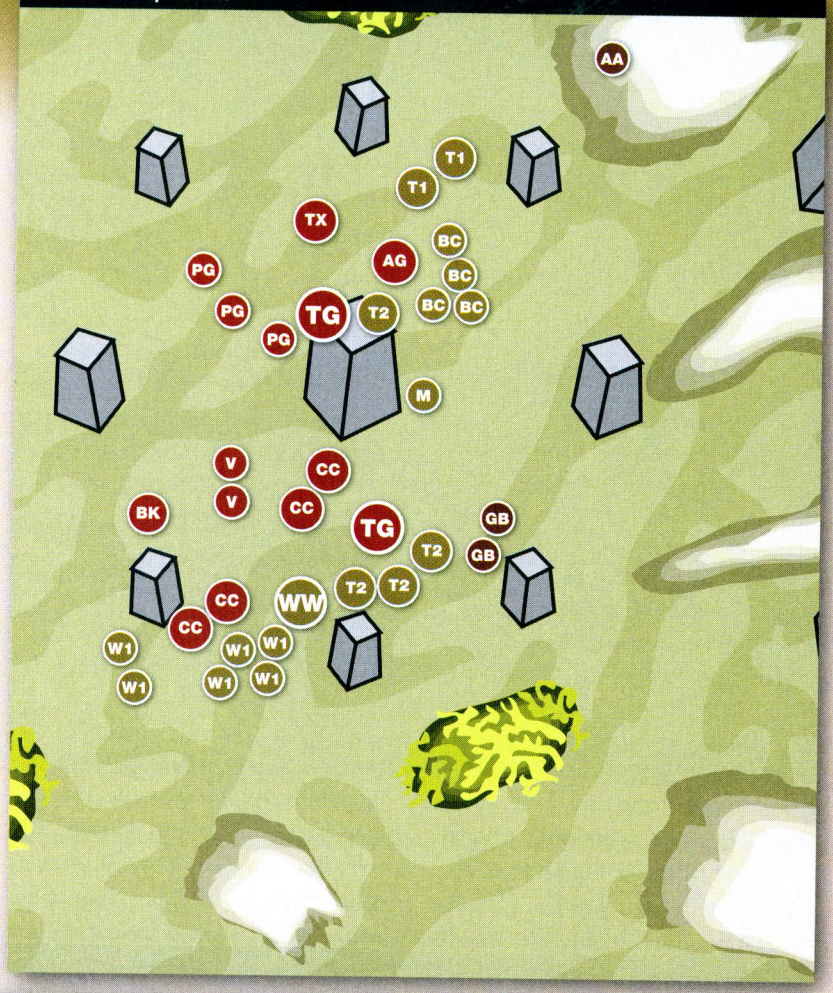
The raw damage output on some of these models is amazing! Despite the loss of the Venators, and the compromised position of the Cetrati, I think I'm actually in a good place here. Xerxis has a point of fury for transferring purposes. I still have all my warbeasts. I just need to weather what he brings—if I can get into combat with Morvahna this round, I can end the game. Otherwise, I can just turn this flank and roll him off my table.

Round 5

Circle Orboros Turn

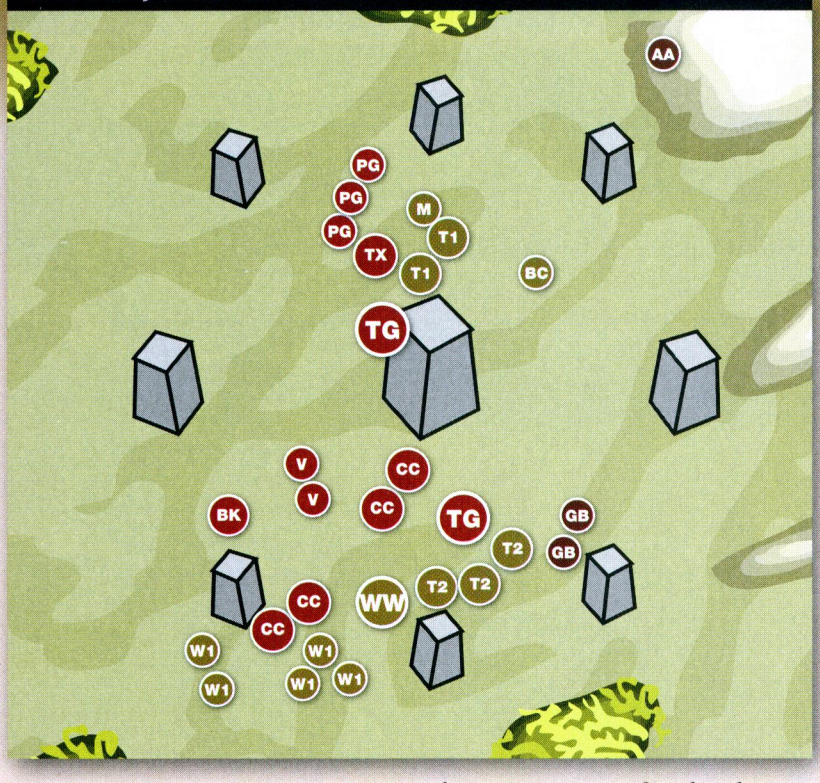
Morvahna doesn't upkeep anything. The Bloodtracker Huntress fails her command check and dies by the Titan's free strike. The Warpwolf frenzies and eats the Wolf next to it. Alten Ashley takes the aiming bonus again and hits the Ancestral Guardian, but deals no damage. The Druids opt to swing at the creature, but can't seem to land the one point of damage needed to kill it and the Retaliatory Strikes kill three of the four remaining. The last Druid fires his elemental blast and actually kills the Guardian. Morvahna activates and drills Xerxis with Wurmwood to inflict six damage points. Then she charges, and misses. The second attack hits, however, and with the boost does eight points of damage. She keeps one fury. The remaining Ravagers get the charge order from Morvahna and go after Xerxis. The Skorne transfers all

End of Round 4 -Skorne



Xerxis steams through just about everything

End of Round 5 and the Battle Conclusion



the damage from the first hit to the Krea. The remaining attacks can't get through his armor. The remaining Tharn still can't hurt the Titan, nor do the Wolves do anything to the Cetrati.

Skorne Turn

Kevin finds himself in the strange situation of having to kill Morvahna without doing more than four points of damage to her in any one hit, and not having an army in range to do it. Xerxis has five wounds left and Kevin knows that Morvahna's Harrow ability will let her transfer damage to Xerxis once this round because she damaged him with her Great Sword. Kevin smiles and decides to play the long odds. Xerxis leaches to full fury. The Paingivers activate and move in on Morvahna. Each of the remaining three manages to do a single point of damage to her. Brent allows it, since he only has one fury left. She is now down to seven wounds. Xerxis activates and combo strikes Morvahna and boosts to get 12 points of damage. True to expectations, Brent spends the point to transfer the damage to Xerxis. The excess damage that rolls back to Morvahna, however, is just enough to kill her. Normally, this would give Brent the victory. Kevin, however, has one more die to roll. A crowd gathers as he lets the d6 drop, and it comes up '5'. Xerxis survives!

Morvahna and Xerxis finish the game in each other's grills.

Final Summary—Brent

I admit it was probably an unnecessary risk to send in Morvahna the way I did. However, like I said in the beginning, I like the taste of blood in my mouth and Xerxis' blood would be the sweetest of all. I don't regret my charge, and honestly, I loved the notion of watching Xerxis destroy himself. Too bad he hits so damn hard! Still, the odds were with me that Xerxis would fail his tough roll and the victory would still be mine, I am just glad I didn't bet the rent on that roll.

Overall, there is no denying that Morvahna's addition to the Circle is a welcome one. Her ability to manipulate fury through the appropriate use of Harvest and

Revivify is frightening. Plus, her ability to create terrain is unparalleled and her feat makes it fun to use. Regrowth and Morvahna's feat Seeds of Destructions is the perfect combination, allowing for forest template "carpet bombing," slaughtering infantry and crippling most warbeasts movement. Let it be known that Venators make great fertilizer. Eruption of Life is one of the coolest spells in the game and I wish I had gotten the chance to actually use it. And how can you go wrong with Delicious Fruit Tokens? Here is the crux though, I wasn't trying to use all of Morvahna's abilities, it just happened. How many warlocks can you think of where almost every spell will find a use in during the game? In my opinion the only thing wrong with her is that she isn't in the Legion and I can honestly say, I am going to miss her.

Final Summary—Kevin

Call it what you will, I lucked out. I did not see the chain of Bloodtrackers coming and that almost killed me. I learned a great deal with this game. First, I was not aggressive enough with Xerxis; he ended up too far behind the army and out of position much of the game. I did not think Brent would charge with Morvahna—I don't know why I thought that, but as such, I basically gave him the game. I waited too long to use Xerxis' feat and if I had used it the prior round, I would have crushed his flank and been in a much better position on the table. It has become a trend around here at tournaments to write "Use your feat!" on one's hand. I think I understand why now. Armor of Karrak is amazing. Against anyone else, I think I might have tried to pull back, heal up, and regroup in the center, but Brent brought the fight to me in a truly "all in or not in" form. Also, I know Brent hates Tough rolls and succeed about 60% of the time when I have to make one.

In conclusion, at a going rate of 10 for 1, that's 8 rounds of doing the dishes I think I will enjoy not having to do.

Skorne Victory!

THE PENDRAKE ENCOUNTERS

by Alten Ashley (Retold by Luke Johnson)
Art by Brian Snoddy and Chris Walton

BLOODTRACKERS ON THE PROWL

I had started to have doubts about the druid who approached me in the Crag a week ago. But my trigger finger had itched when he said dragonspawn and I'd thrown in. Now I found myself slinking toward Scarleforth Lake, which I didn't mind so much. I minded the...things shadowing me, which I figured for the Circle's other stooges.

Funny bloody joke, druid. Last time I work for you bastards.

Sounds drifted from up ahead, along with — I sniffed — water, and the stink of a battlefield. I crouched behind a pine, looked into a clearing, and saw a lake shore and a bunch of dead trollkin. There'd been a mighty scrap, and the trollkin had taken it on the chin.

The victors looked like what I had come to kill. Monsters. Some small ones, just mouths on legs, milled around and, in front of me, stood a big heap o' nasty: jagged barbs, thick claws, huge fangs, the works. Blimey, it made me smile.

Nearby stood maybe a dozen of what looked like elves of all things. I did a double-take when I recognized them as Nyss. Something strange about them, too. But I had bigger farrow to fry.

I eased myself flat, popped out Jenny's bipod, and tracked her sight along the beast's body to check its anatomy. No problems there. Looked similar to the dragonspawn I had taken down in the Wyrmwall Mountains a few years back.

I waited half an hour until the sunlight slanted into the clearing like honey. The Nyss squinted.

I sighted again and eased the trigger.

THARN BLOODTRACKER WEAPONS

Fighting Claw

This buckler has a pair of sharp blades attached, typically to the front. The Fighting Claw is a martial light weapon that inflicts damage as a dagger, weighs 6 lbs, provides identical armor benefits as a buckler, and costs 20 gp.

Tharn Javelin

The Tharn javelin has identical attributes to a spear but weighs 4 lbs and has a value of 3 gp.

I saw movement to my left. My head jerked around. One of my shadowy companions emerged from the trees. A woman, savage, all lean muscle and reflexes, crouched not twenty feet away. I must have made a noise, because she glanced at me and matched my look of surprise.

Her companions slunk unseen from the trees all around.

I just hoped this woman figured out I was on her side. I sighted, fired, and took the monster in a leg joint. The women attacked at the same time. Two more shots and Old Nasty was another notch on my belt.

With that thing down, I could pay attention to the women.

They moved like liquid shadows. I'd never seen such speed and reflexes on a human before; their grace reminded me of jungle cats. Their javelins pounded the Nyss off their feet and flung them backward.

The javelins flew even as the women rushed forward. They fell on the few remaining elves with bladed bucklers. They worked well together, one distracting a Nyss from behind while the other jabbed him in the throat. Then the women turned on the small, toothy

dragonspawn with eerily synchronized movements, and a horizontal rain of javelins lanced the air.

It ended that fast.

I propped Jenny against a tree and lit a cigar. Assuming these girls weren't about to kill me, watching them was a pleasure. Their movements were almost an art. Every swing of a leg was effortless. After they lifted their dead and melted back into the trees, I listened, but I didn't hear a thing.

Huh. They were almost as good as I was.

I puffed on my cigar, and noticed the girl I had surprised standing nearby. She eyed me and I let my hand hang loose near Jenny. She glanced at the monster I'd shot down and nodded to me. I nodded back and she disappeared silently into the forest. I watched her feet and saw her step directly on a dried twig. It snapped without a sound.

There's definitely something unnatural about that. That made me feel better about them being almost as good as I am.

THARN BLOODTRACKERS

Medium Monstrous Humanoid (Tharn)

Hit Dice:	6d8+12 (39 hp)
Immune:	—
Initiative:	+4
Senses:	Listen +11, Spot +11; darkvision 60 ft.
Speed:	30 ft. (8 squares)
AC:	18 (+4 Dex, +3 studded leather, +1 buckler), touch 15, flat-footed 13
Base Attack/Grap.:	+6/+8
Attack:	Fighting claw +8 melee (1d4+2/19–20) or Tharn javelin +11 ranged (1d8+2/x3)
Full Attack:	Fighting claw +8/+3 melee (1d4+2/19–20) or Tharn javelin +11 ranged (1d8+2/x3)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Ambuscade , call the wurm 2/day, chosen prey
Special Qualities:	Trackless step
Saves:	Fort +7, Ref +9, Will +5
Abilities:	Str 14, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 8, Wis 16, Cha 8
Skills:	Hide +14, Listen +11, Move Silently +14, Spot +11, Survival +16
Feats:	Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Track[B], Weapon Focus (Tharn spear)
Environment:	Temperate forest
Organization:	Family (2–5) or pack (6–20)
Challenge Rating:	4
Alignment:	Usually chaotic evil
Advancement:	By character class
Level Adjustment:	+2

COMBAT

Tharn bloodtrackers excel at ambushes. They prefer to slink around an enemy's flanks and back, hurl their javelins from hiding, and run their prey to ground with Ambuscade.

Ambuscade (Ex): Ambuscade Charge is a special full round action that allows the Bloodtracker to move up to twice their speed and make a single ranged attack with a thrown weapon during her turn. The bloodtracker receives a +2 bonus on the attack roll and takes a -2 penalty to her AC until the start of her next turn. This movement carries the same restrictions on movement as a charge.

Call the Wurm (Su): Twice per day, a Tharn bloodtracker can call on her connection to the Devourer Wurm to enhance her predatory nature. While using this ability, the Tharn bloodtracker gains a +4 bonus to Dexterity and the evasion ability. She also gains the Dodge, Improved Initiative, Mobility, Shot on the Run, and Weapon Finesse feats. She can maintain this ability for a number of rounds equal to 3 + her Constitution modifier (5 rounds for the Tharn bloodtracker presented).

While using this ability, the Tharn bloodtracker has the following statistics:

Init +10; AC 20, touch 17, flat-footed 13; Atk fighting claw +12 melee (1d4+2), or Tharn javelin +11 ranged (1d8+2/x3); Full Atk fighting claw +12/+7 melee (1d4+2), or Tharn javelin +11 ranged (1d8+2/x3); Ref +11; Dex 22.

Chosen Prey (Su): The Devourer Wurm grants Tharn bloodtrackers the ability to seek after a chosen prey with supernatural effectiveness. As a free action at the beginning of combat, all Tharn bloodtrackers in an encounter choose a single enemy as their prey. While within sight of that creature, they gain +10 feet to their base move speed. They gain a +2 bonus on attack rolls against their prey and deal +1d6 points of damage on attacks. If the prey is killed or unconscious, the bloodtrackers can select a new opponent as their prey as a free action. All Tharn bloodtrackers present must select the same prey.

Trackless Step (Su): A Tharn bloodtracker leaves no trail in natural surroundings and cannot be tracked. She may choose to leave a trail.

Skills: Tharn bloodtrackers have a +8 racial bonus on Hide, Listen, Move Silently, Spot, and Survival checks.

The Shae Mutiny

He must be hunted down like a wild dog. That he breathes is an affront to our great enterprise and a personal insult to every one of us!

—Chief Alderman Baron Ethan Starke
at a gathering of the Mercarian Trade Alliance

by **Douglas Seacat** • Art by **John Gravato** and **Matt Wilson**

601 AR, Rowan the 22nd, aboard the *Exeter* sailing the Meredius

The great three-masted galleon *Exeter* cut southward through the smooth waters outside the Bay of Stone. Its sails hung listless, the uncooperative winds forcing them to rely on their supplemental steam engine. Soon they would enter rougher currents as they bid farewell to the shores of Ord and come upon the choppy waters of northern Cygnar. The mightiest trading ship of the Mercarian League, the *Exeter* was a massive ship, holding two decks of heavy cannon and many mistook it for a naval vessel.

Inside his large cabin the warcaster Phinneus Shae stood staring out the porthole and sampling wine from a heavy mug intended for grog a brooding expression on his gaunt features. Some might once have described him as handsome, but few would use that term anymore. Like his wiry frame, his lean and sharp-edged face had skin tanned from sun and hardened by weather and bore its share of scars. His eyes held the particular darkness of a man who had killed often enough to no longer weigh the value of life on the same scale as those sheltered from bloody deeds. On the table behind him stood a bottle of wine with an impressively ornate label, along with another, empty, heavy mug.

The dwarf was late, which soured Phinneus' mood. He disliked being lied to. When a man—or dwarf—told him a thing, he expected it to come to pass. This smacked of disrespect. He also found it puzzling. An unusual find, the Rhulic financier had spoken several times of looking forward to sampling this vintage acquired at no small expense from Port Vladovar. They two alone aboard the *Exeter* understood such things and knew the wine's value. They had planned to break its seal before entering the rougher waters and uncertain weather of the southern lanes, but Shae saw no sign of Joln Rockbottom, expedition financier, paymaster, and purser of the *Exeter*.

Phinneus counted few men as friends. The crew held him in special regard, yet fell silent whenever he walked near. They nodded and deferred to him like an officer rather than a hired escort. He found the captain a singularly unpleasant man and avoided his company at any excuse. Phinneus counted it fortunate the man seemed similarly disinterested to including the warcaster at his table. Yet the dwarf entertained him; he enjoyed these times of shared indulgence. He wondered if he had said or done something to offend Rockbottom the last time they spoke and realized some days had passed since he had even seen the paymaster on deck.

There came a sharp rap at his door. Phinneus growled, "You're late," as he swung it open. The figure standing with hat in hand at his cabin was not the diminutive Rockbottom. Instead Shae recognized the portly frame and fearsome demeanor of the senior quartermaster Mister Walls. Phinneus knew Walls, with an eye patch and habit of outfitting himself with as many firearms as he could strap to his broad torso, as one of the most rugged and dangerous fighting men on the ship. Yet now he looked embarrassed and humble. Whatever dignity he might have mustered was spoiled by his constant companion picked up in Zu, the glaring monkey perched on his shoulder.

"Begging yer pardon, Master Shae, I'm sorry t'intrude on ye like this, at this hour. Not me place. But I'd have words with ye, if I might."

"No bother at all. Care for some wine?" Shae closed the door behind Walls and pulled out a chair at the table. The quartermaster declined both offers.

"No wine fer me, sir. Doesn't settle well on me gut lest it's rum. Course if you'd share a thimbleful fer me friend, I'd be obliged." Shae thought Walls was joking until the quartermaster extended a small metal cup apparently kept in his jacket pocket for that purpose. Shae had no choice but to fill the cup with a quantity of the expensive vintage and watch painfully as the monkey lifted it in both hands and gulped it in a single greedy swallow. It held out the cup for more with a demanding shriek, but Shae ignored it.

"What can I do for you, Mister Walls?" Shae had not frequently interacted with the quartermaster except to confirm supplies for his warjacks and the occasional anecdote after battle. The man was a fearsome fighter, one of the crew Shae respected the most in a scrap, yet otherwise they had little in common.

"Well sir, I feel strange coming here, but didn't know who else to turn to." Walls spoke in low tones, and his one good eye darted to the door. "There's a problem brewin'."

"You know I don't interfere in matters with the crew."

"Yes sir, I know that. I don't know who else te go to. It's about Rockbottom. I'm afeared fer his life, and even more I'm afeared fer what may happen with the crew should something happen t'him. The mood of the men be as bad as ever I've seen it."

"What happened to Rockbottom?"

The quartermaster's eye widened in surprise. "Ye don't know, sir? The captain took him and clapped him in irons; he's shackled in the brig like a gorax."

"When did this happen?"

"Four days ago. Thought it was some kind of jest, not that the captain has a sense of humor. Thought Rockbottom'd get set loose after a night or two, but he's still in there, and treated badly. Several officers been at him. Rumor has it they string him up tomorrow!"

Shae realized he had been even more out of touch than he had thought. "This makes no sense."

Walls nodded enthusiastically, "No sense at all, sir. But the captain is in a foul temper. Cancelled our stop in Ceryl, cut rum rations, and some say we won't get paid at all. 'Tis well known Rockbottom be the one secures the ship's coin."

"You must have some idea what this is about."

Walls gripped his hat tighter. "Captain accused Rockbottom of stealin'." From the way Walls said it, Shae suspected he knew more than he said. On a vessel like this a little graft was to be expected, and certainly Rockbottom enjoyed his luxuries. Ultimately the quartermasters handled the supplies, so if anyone knew the truth of such an accusation it would be Mister Walls.

"You'd like me to go talk to the captain?"

"I'd be in yer debt if ye would, Master Shae. See if ye can make him see sense. He'll listen to ye."

"I don't see why he would. He's not in the habit of seeking my advice." Seeing the normally stoic and ruthless Walls reduced to this, coming to beg from him with hat in hand, did have an impact, as did the thought of the dwarf locked down in the hold. "All right. I don't expect anything to come of it, but I'll talk to him."

Mister Walls backed toward the door. "Thank ye sir, the men be in yer debt."

Phinneus Shae decided to wear his warcaster armor as the nearest thing he had to a uniform and a reminder of his worth. The League had hired him—at no small expense—since the *Exeter* posed a juicy target to tempt any number of ruffians at sea. If not Cryxian pirates then Ordic privateers in the employ of House Mateu or other competing merchant companies sought to send the vessel to a watery grave. Several times the ship would have sunk if not for his presence and the warjacks kept ready in the aft hold.

From consideration for the captain's ceiling, he kept his armor's arcane turbine throttled to a low idle and producing no more smoke than a cigar. As he crossed the upper decks he saw none of the usual jovial banter, insults, or raucous laughter among the crew working the evening watch. More telling was the pair of tense marines with rifles and crisp uniforms outside the captain's door. The League had hired these complement of former soldiers as dedicated mercenaries to help repel boarders and protect the ship in port. They received better quarters than the bulk of the crew, staying with the officers, and serving as a reminder of to whom the crew of the ship ultimately answered. Skilled and well disciplined, far more formidable in combat than even seasoned deck hands, they were clearly posted outside the captain's room right now as a warning. They let him pass only after one had checked inside.

In stark contrast to the crew's quarters and even Shae's small private cabin, the captain maintained a large and sumptuous suite which took up most of the quarterdeck. With its polished hardwood furnishings, thick rugs, expensive tapestries adorning the walls, and ample brass ornamentation, it equaled any admiral's cabin in the Cygnaran or Ordic navies. Many of the crew had taken to sarcastically calling Captain Laross Fargen 'the Commodore' behind his back, due to his arrogant manner and military posture. He certainly acted as if the League's trade fleet was a navy and the *Exeter* its flagship.

Phinneus Shae

Captain Fargen awaited him alongside his first mate, a humorless old salt with a bald, scarred head and squashed facial features named Rask Materly. He always bore an expression that suggested he had tried to swallow something too large for his throat. Nor was the captain pleasant looking. He had gone to fat from rich foods and his chin disappeared into his wide neck in a sequence of fleshy folds. He dressed in layers of silk but always wore an unpleasant odor of garlic and old sweat which no amount of Llaelese fragrance could mask. The two stood toward the back of the room near open doors leading onto a stern walkway and eyed him warily.

"Master Shae, an unexpected visit. An hour ago I could have offered you some hospitality."

"May I talk to you in private, Captain?"

"Of course, anything for our intrepid warcaster." There was no sarcasm in his voice, but his smile was utterly insincere. "Join me on at the rail." He waved to indicate the walkway at the back of the ship where he preferred to speak to guests. Rask stayed behind but only a few yards

away so any sense of privacy was a hopeful illusion.

Shae had no desire to feign pleasantries so got right to the point. "I'd like to enquire about Rockbottom, sir."

"Yes, I thought that might be your purpose. I know Mister Walls has been to see you. The man appears to require a lesson in loyalty and chain of command."

Shae ignored this quip. "I understand Rockbottom is in the brig. Might I enquire as to the cause?"

"What concern is this of yours? It is an internal matter." His tone had already become clipped and his face red.

"Rockbottom is a friend of mine. I enquire regarding his welfare."

"His welfare, master Shae, is in severe jeopardy. The man is a crook, a thief, and a traitor. I mean to use him as an example to the men that I will not tolerate such conspiracies. You say he is a friend. Is it possible you too have benefited from his indiscretions?"

Shae's eyes narrowed dangerously. "What exactly are you saying, captain?"

"I know he has been stealing from me to put coin in the pockets of my men, buying their support and friendship. I have received a letter from our headquarters that he has misrepresented the purposes of several of our expeditions and betrayed their trust in him as an officer of their finances. This ship does not serve at his whim. Rockbottom has put my status in jeopardy, and this will not be tolerated." His eyes had taken on a particularly suspicious gleam. "Surely a warcaster would be useful to Rockbottom in these ventures. Perhaps he has given you certain 'gifts' as a sign of good will, to ensure your support?"

Shae had no desire to feign pleasantries so got right to the point. 'I'd like to enquire about Rockbottom, sir.'

"I am not here to challenge your authority, captain. I suggest you watch your tone."

"Watch my tone? This is my ship, sir. On this ship I am the ultimate authority. The only authority. I will not tolerate a conniving dwarf dipping sticky fingers into my pocket and then using my coin to seed insurrection. Joln Rockbottom will be executed, but only once he has been made to suffer. Any who conspired with him will earn a similar fate."

Shae stared at the captain for several seconds. While they had never gotten along, this cold-blooded paranoia was something else. It suggested the man had lost his reason. "How does executing him do anything to help your position? The men know Rockbottom arranged the finances for this voyage. Punishing him is one thing, but executing him..."

The captain's eyes had gone blank. His only sign of emotion was a trembling in his fleshy jowls. "The men can endure a bit of hardship as a lesson. But you have made it clear where your loyalties lie. It is good to know where we stand."

The only warning Shae had was the captain's furtive glance. He turned, letting his hand drop to the grip of his cutlass just as the burly form of Rask Materly bowled into him. The large older man had moved more quietly than Shae expected. The force of the impact threw him against the stern rail which shattered and sent him tumbling into the cold dark waves churning in the ship's wake.

The *Exeter* had a large enough crew to require a brig; Captain Fargen had little tolerance for misbehavior or insubordination and made liberal use of its six cells. They lay squared away in a damp and dark recess of the lower hold, each a cage of uncomfortable dimensions, even for a dwarf, with moisture sweating off the walls. The air did not circulate. It hung thick and foul with the fetid odors of prisoners thrown here to sleep off drunken binges. A single night in these cells corrected most behavior, and the memory of their confines sufficed to keep a wayward crewman in line for months before old habits reemerged.

Joln Rockbottom sat with back against the hull, attempting to maintain his poise despite what seemed an eternity without food, hardly anything to drink, and sitting in the darkness with a rusty shackle clamped to his left leg. That leg had ceased to throb, but he could not feel anything there now except a persistent itching. The shackle was not sized for a dwarf, being far too large for his ankle, and cut cruelly into his calf. Its shooting agony had previously distracted him from the numerous other welts and bruises across his arms, torso, and face.

A commotion outside his cell interrupted his ruminations. Gavern, the thug who watched the cells, argued with someone and then gave an uncharacteristic yelp. Shuffled boot steps followed as Gavern spoke in wounded tones, "Ye didn't have to poke me, just wanted t'know what was what. Cap'n said no visitors."

The thick door swung open. Rockbottom held up a hand to blink against the glare from the torchlight. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust and he saw only a hulking slumped silhouette. A man leaned in and shoved something round and hard into his hands. Rockbottom realized it was a bowl, and the smell rising from it—which might once have turned his stomach—made his mouth water. His trembling fingers found the spoon and he began shoveling the lukewarm stew into his mouth. "Is this rat? Tastes wonderful."

As a sense of normality returned he recognized his visitor as Creb 'Doc' Killingsworth, the ship's cook, barber, and surgeon. He was a big dark-skinned man, well muscled, and ordinarily someone Rockbottom would have crossed the deck to avoid. Something malevolent lurked in Killingsworth's eyes no matter the time of day or circumstances. The man had a habit of chomping on his cigar and glaring at everyone around

him as if looking for an excuse to use one of many sharp implements he kept strung about his person. Doc demanded of Gavern, "The key. Now."

The ship turnkey hesitated, appraised his odds of staying alive if he put up a protest, then turned to obey. "Not on my head," he mumbled as he passed a large key to Doc.

The ship's cook removed the metal clamp and had Gavern bring the torch closer so he could inspect the injury. The removal of the shackle almost made Rockbottom black out. He refused to even look down at his foot. Doc shoved a thick bottle into the dwarf's hands, and he recognize the smell of cheap rum. "Drink." Doc commanded in a voice like tumbling gravel.

Rockbottom took a long swig from the mouth of the dirty jug and swallowed so much he almost choked on the harsh liquid. He blinked away tears as he saw Doc pull one of his larger cleavers from a loop at his side. "I presume you are not here in your capacity as ship's cook? Might have behooved you to visit a few days ago."

"Gangrene. Leg's gotta go." His eyes remained strangely melancholy as he pronounced this grim verdict.

"I'll give you twenty crowns to use a cleaner knife." Rockbottom could not restrain a nearly hysterical chortle. "I feel fine! Let it breathe a bit without the shackle for a day. Try me tomorrow." His protests were fruitless. "Isn't the captain going to execute me? What's the blasted point?" Doc ignored him and chomped on his cigar as he cinched a cord tight below the dwarf's knee and steadied him with one thick hand. Doc raised the cleaver and it caught the torch light.

On hitting the cold and greedy waters of the Meredius most individuals in full clothing and warcaster armor would have sunk, been swallowed, and forgotten. Phinneus Shae, however, was a man of foresight who had pondered the dangers of ship-to-ship fighting. After agreeing to serve the Mercarian League as a nautical warcaster he had invested in an expensive process to allow his armor to endure short immersion and enhance its weight compensating qualities for additional buoyancy.

This provided little immediate comfort when launched off a ship at night in the middle of a trackless ocean with nothing but pieces of broken railing for company. Shae held onto one of these additional stability and pondered his options. He had little time; the ship's rear lanterns were fading into the night fog. He gathered arcane power to stir the wind and currents and pushed himself in the direction of the ship. He swam with all of his strength and used the power of his armor and his magic to assist. He could sense the cortexes of his warjacks aboard the ship, at the fringe of his awareness, but they were powered down and useless to him now. He focused on them as a beacon to spur him to greater exertion. He seemed to hold his ground for a bit, but then the ship began to slip away.

A light flashed toward the rear of the ship, down nearer the waterline, followed by a barely perceptible popping noise. Shae thought someone had decided to finish him off with rifle fire until he saw something splash in the water nearby. He caught a glimmer of steel which had to be a harpoon with a length of rope attached. A great burst of strength just let him catch the line before it sunk further. It was all he could do in his exhausted state to hang on as he was reeled in. He saw a hulking shadow pulling the line from a gun port in the aft section of the lower deck.

He landed hard and looked up to see the glowering Bosun Balasar Grogspar. The trollkin looked particularly massive here on the lower gun deck with its low ceiling. His harpoon launcher rested against the hull near the gun port. "Bit late fer a swim."

Any witty rejoinder Shae may have thought to say was spoiled by a prolonged fit of coughing. The bosun was a cantankerous piece of work but had always been fair, so when his voice recovered Shae felt obliged to warn him. "Captain tossed me off the back. He won't be pleased you pulled me in."

If we're to live through this, we need t'get Hawk on our side. Get her, the crew follows. Else we're dead in th'water.

Grogspar chewed on this piece of information and gave a shrug. "If he wanted me to let ye drown he should 'ave told me. Man goes overboard, I reel 'em in, simple as that."

It wasn't a ringing endorsement, but it would have to do. Shae rasped, "Get Mister Walls. Please." He added the last after the trollkin's angry glare at being commanded. The bosun sucked on his large pipe before turning away, shaking his head and muttering something incomprehensible about Shae's ancestry. Most men in his position would likely have been worried about survival, but Phinneus Shae found his thoughts turning quite naturally to revenge. The desire for it burned like a hot poker in his gut as he shivered against the wet and cold and imagined a variety of ways to kill the captain.

Exhausted and aching after his swim, Phinneus nodded off briefly. He startled awake to the sound of arguing and found himself leaning against the nearest gun, a tremendous beast of "cannon royal" caliber, 9,000 pounds and twelve feet long. Bosun Grogspar and Quartermaster Walls, debating in low tones, approached. Grogspar grumbled, "What yer talkin' about is mutiny. Pure and simple."

"Damn straight. What other choice do we got? Whore's son of a captain promised he'd string Rockbottom from the mainmast at dawn and just threw Shae off the ship fer no reason. Guarantee he'll come fer me next and you after. Man has lost his bloody mind."

"He got no reason to come fer me. I do my job." The trollkin crossed his arms stubbornly.

"What are you two going on about?" They quieted as Shae approached, still dripping wet and looking like a drowned cat. The hard and sinister glint in his eyes belied his appearance. Smoke from the stacks on his back trickled up to the low ceiling.

Mister Walls frowned with a troubled expression, and even his monkey seemed unusually quiet. "Sorry, master Shae, whole mess is me fault. Shouldn't have got ye involved in any of this."

Shae waved the apology aside, "Only one man has to answer for what was done to me."

Mister Walls nodded, "That's what me and Grog was talking 'bout. We best work quick to get the lads backin' us in this afore word gets out yer back aboard. Course he'd sooner argue with me than do anything." He glanced pointedly at the bosun.

Grogspar glared at him, lips compressed around the stem of his pipe. "Bunch of reckless foolishness. What comes after? This'll get ye all killed or hunted fer the rest of yer days."

Shae hesitated. In truth his desire for vengeance had pushed aside all other thoughts and he had not looked past it. "This is my battle. Not yours. I'll see this gets done, and you two can stay out of it. I'll never breathe a word of help rendered me."

Walls' face mottled and he seemed angry for the first time. "Thamar's teeth!" He held up a finger toward Shae as if disciplining a child. "What ye think the men will do once ye kill the captain? Go on about their business whistling? This affects ever' one of the crew. Once you step to deck with blade in hand, they'll be deciding whether to back yer play or stop ye. We need a plan afore ye start spillin' blood across the bosun's deck and ropes." The bosun muttered under his breath. He clearly did not like the sound of that scenario.

Shae's temper did not cool precisely, but the words did have an effect. Thoughts of what might happen after his deed came to him. He would become an outlaw rather than a well respected warcaster for hire. A grim future, but what else could he do? Accept being murdered like a sheep? The warcaster folded his arms and regarded the one-eyed quartermaster. "What do you suggest?"

A gleam came back into the man's eye as if he'd been hoping for the question, "The men hate the cap'n, every one of 'em, but risk may scare 'em away. We need their help, no mistake. Ye be a terror in battle, but ye can't take the officers and them marines by yer lonesome. Yer 'jacks be in a bad spot to get to as well. If we're to live through this, we need t'get Hawk on our side. Get her, the crew follows. Else we're dead in th'water."

"This sounds a lot more complicated than running the captain through." He saw Walls' face blotch up again and held up a hand to forestall a lecture. "Fine, how do we get Hawk?" He still had no desire to lead a mutiny but decided they had better take things one step at a time.

Walls suggested, "First we spring Rockbottom. Ain't time te lose. A mouse could be squeakin' even now, if anyone heard ye pulled in."

The two turned to be on their way and nearly ran into Bosun Grogspar, standing like a wall, his arms crossed and frowning over his pipe. "And what of you, Bosun?" Shae asked him, hoping he'd not have to kill the trollkin who just saved his life.

"I'll help with the dwarf, but that's as far as it goes." Walls clapped the trollkin on the arm, earning a glower in return, and the three hurried toward the brig.

Hawk

One of the men outside the brig took a swipe at Mister Walls with a knife and earned a pistol ball in the chest for his pains. He died instantly and slid down the far wall. The sound alerted Gavern the turnkey inside, who threw open the door, club in hand. Shae severed the wood at the base with a quick strike of his cutlass, then stepped past the man as he fell to the planks to grovel. Entering the main guard room connecting the brig cells, they came to an abrupt stop.

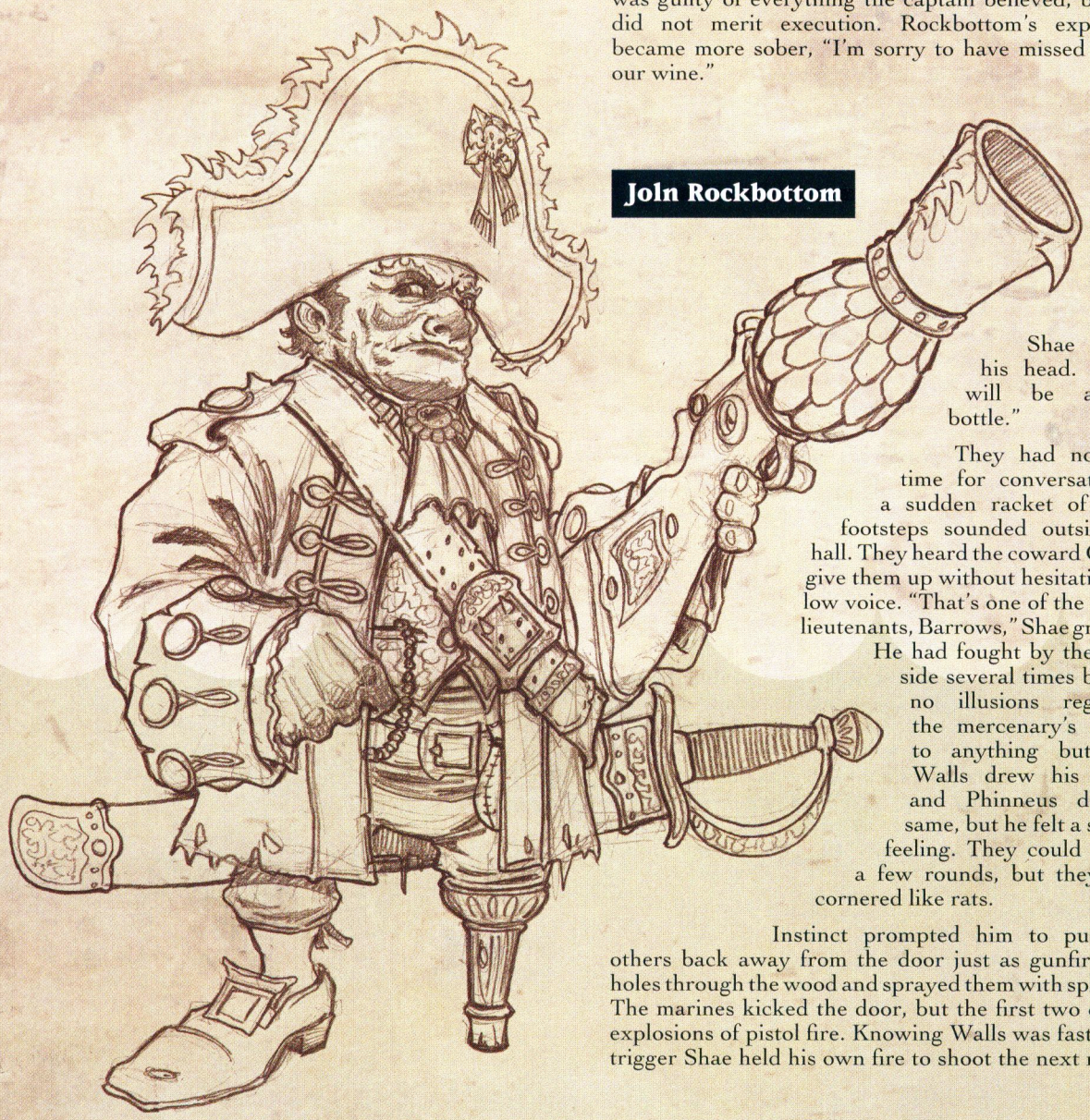
Doc Killingsworth was inside, looking up at them with his usual glower, apron and hands covered in blood. He had a gore-smeared cleaver in one hand and some kind of gruesome trophy in the other. The sight made them all pause. No one tangled lightly with Doc. Shae squinted at the bloody lump the man held. "Is that a foot?" he asked, incredulous.

Doc looked down at it as if he'd forgotten it was there and tossed it with casual disregard over his shoulder into a chamber pot in the corner. Shae kept his mechanikal cutlass ready but its point lowered, and he let the ship's surgeon make the first move. Rather than coming forward to attack the man took a draw on his cigar. "Taking the cap'n down a notch?"

"Taking the bastard down permanently." Walls answered, ignoring Grogspar's protest.

"Fair 'nuff." The grimace Doc gave passed for a smile. "I'm in." With that he tossed a glittering key through the air, which Shae caught effortlessly. Doc indicated the proper cage with a nod of his head. "I expect he'll be glad t'see ye."

Thanks to an ample quantity of rum, Rockbottom was in better spirits than they expected. Being both delirious and drunk did not make him very useful either. He seemed quite surprised to see Shae. "You! I didn't even pay you a bonus. What're you doing here?" Shae mused sourly that this likely meant the Rhulic financier was guilty of everything the captain believed, but that did not merit execution. Rockbottom's expression became more sober, "I'm sorry to have missed out on our wine."



Joln Rockbottom

Shae shook his head. "There will be another bottle."

They had no more time for conversation as a sudden racket of heavy footsteps sounded outside the hall. They heard the coward Gavern give them up without hesitation to a low voice. "That's one of the marine lieutenants, Barrows," Shae growled. He had fought by the man's side several times but had no illusions regarding the mercenary's fidelity to anything but coin. Walls drew his pistols and Phinneus did the same, but he felt a sinking feeling. They could get off a few rounds, but they were cornered like rats.

Instinct prompted him to push the others back away from the door just as gunfire blew holes through the wood and sprayed them with splinters. The marines kicked the door, but the first two died to explosions of pistol fire. Knowing Walls was fast on his trigger Shae held his own fire to shoot the next nearest

moving thing in the hallway past the smoke. There was some shouting and consternation as Grogspar and Doc flipped over the nearby card table to hunker behind it, knowing it would not stop bullets but might at least make them difficult to see. Rockbottom cackled into the sudden silence, apparently finding the thought of being shot to death after being rescued and losing his foot hilarious.

The voice of the Lieutenant Barrows reached them. "Phinneus Shae and whomever is with you, surrender in the next three seconds or we're smoking you out!"

"Choking to death, even better..." Rockbottom noted, before Grogspar clamped a meaty hand over his mouth.

Shae was trying to think of something to stall for time when he heard shouts and the sound of renewed fighting outside. Having reloaded his gun he stood steady, Walls tense next to him. They heard the meaty sounds of blades cutting flesh. A thin figure, indistinct in the powder-smoke haze, appeared in the doorway. They raised their pistols until they heard a familiar female voice. "You'd better kill me, or firing those be the last thing you do."

Walls tucked his pistols away and grinned happily, "Hawk! Yer a happy sight, lass."

Shae eased off his own trigger somewhat more slowly and holstered his pistol. The woman glared at him and kept her pair of bloody cutlasses ready. She walked to stand near him, one of her weapons hovering uncomfortably near his groin, and surveyed the motley group gathered behind him. Behind her they saw a number of seasoned crewmen who had accompanied Hawk and fought at her side. She spoke to Mister Walls as if Shae was not there. "The whole ship will be up in arms in a few minutes."

Thanks to an ample quantity of rum, Rockbottom was in better spirits than they expected.

Walls nodded to her with a smile as though she did not have a sword menacing the warcaster. "Glad te see ye, Hawk. We're in a pickle, could use yer help."

Hawk was a tall and slender woman of athletic build, her face as scarred as any of the men on the ship; the only slight flaw to her beauty, although most felt this added to her exotic appeal. She seemed to enjoy taunting the men aboard by dressing provocatively, but no one ever made the mistake twice of trying to encourage her affections. So far as Shae knew she had never taken a man to her bunk, though several had died trying. He respected no other fighter aboard more. He had seen her kill a dozen pirates with no more regard than taking a stroll across the deck. She was paid under the title "master-at-arms", tasked with training the crew and assisting the marines to fend off boarders, and not someone Shae expected to come fighting through those same marines to save his neck.

Shae and Hawk had never spoken much. In fact she had often seemed to go out of her way to avoid him, and he was not sure why. At last she turned and addressed him frankly. "You forced my hand. I had a less messy plan to get to Rockbottom." Her expression suggested she held Shae responsible for messing up her work. "Now this is going to be bloody."

When Shae asked Hawk why she had come she answered in her abrupt fashion. "Rockbottom owes me. More than anyone else, he owes me. Not even death will save him from paying me." She didn't elaborate, and Rockbottom seemed more sober, even downright frightened, at the sight of her. The fact that he lingered by Doc instead gave a clear indication of his state of mind. Shae could not imagine the scope of what Rockbottom might have gotten himself into as more angles of this came to light. The entire endeavor made him feel like he was riding a storm beyond his control. He did not like the sensation. At the same time a familiar excitement, the tension of battle, began pumping through his veins.

They did not have much time to talk. A good number of the more senior crewmen accompanied Hawk and they gathered more as they made their way back to the lower hold. Already they could hear the bell of an alarm sounding up top. Combined with the shouting down here between the men it was a total cacophony. Even Walls couldn't get the men to settle down.

Despite Hawk's intervention no one seemed ready to mutiny. Walls argued loudly with the senior-most gunner's mate while several others shouted over the top of them. Most of the younger crew looked ready to panic as they pushed in to listen with faces drawn and worried. They did not resemble a group about to take over a ship.

Shae finally fired his hand cannon to get their attention. "We have no time for this. The marines are getting ready to come in here guns blazing. Every man must do as his conscience demands. Captain Laross Fargen tried to murder me without provocation. He will die, by my hand, and any who stand by him will also die."

Despite everything that had happened this was a toughened crew, not like those found on regular merchant ships, and they did not like threats. The same gunner's mate that had been arguing with Walls pushed his way up and demanded, "Think you could kill us all?"

Shae's other hand already rested on his blade, and he gave the man a look that took some of the starch out of him. "If I must, I will."

Mister Walls could see the conversation was not going in the right direction and cleared his throat. "Look 'ere men, ye all know me. Ye all know Rockbottom here and how he's been good to ye, looked out fer ye, made sure ye got yer proper dues. There ain't nothing sacred about the office of cap'n. He's got duties to his men

just as his men got duties to him. That whore's whelp betrayed his post. His authority ain't worth the piss-pot in the corner, nor what's in it. Comes a time a bloke has to decide whether to be spat on without complaint, or stand up like a man and fight. Now be that time."

His words had an impact on a number of them, particularly some of the older salts. Someone shouted out, "Where do ye stand on this, Hawk?"

They all quieted down to hear what she had to say. She looked at Shae, and for a second his heart sunk. He felt certain she would cut him loose and turn the crew on him. She leaned in close to him and spoke softly, "You ready for this? You ready to take responsibility for what you've started?"

Shae imagined any number of protests, first being that it was not his choice to get hurled off the ship. He saw the tense set to her jaw. He nodded. "I'll see us through, those who make it." He was not entirely sure to what he was agreeing, but it seemed to satisfy her.

Hawk turned and shouted to the men, "The only reason I hadn't called us to mutiny yet was I didn't want the headache of facing down a warcaster along with the rest of those pampered sods. Now that the idiot tried to kill the only one that could have stood against us, I know we can do this. It's time for a new captain!"

Her confidence had more power than magic, and it amazed Shae how the crew turned around. They remained more scared and anxious than confident, but for the moment they seemed ready to chip in.

Quartermaster Walls turned to Shae. "What should we do first, Master Shae?" Suddenly they looked to him for direction. Perhaps natural, given that he led the fight when the ship came under attack by outsiders. Shae fell into it again quite naturally.

"We need to take the armory. Unless we can get our hands on some real weapons this will be over in a hurry. Mister Walls, get your best men and come with me." He turned to the trollkin bosun, who stood with pipe in his mouth, still looking uncertain about what he was doing there. "Grogspar, can you get to my 'jacks and fire them up? It'll take some doing, but we'll need them. You're the only one I'd trust to do it."

Grogspar hesitated just a moment but then nodded and turned on his heal without a word. The only sign that he still was not happy with the situation was how he shoved several dim-witted crewmen into a far wall way when they didn't jump out of his way quickly enough.

Shae looked to the gunner's mate who had confronted him. "Think you can load one of these royal weight cannons and get it on the deck lift? If we can haul it up it may come in handy." The mate looked surprised to be called upon and stood straighter as the defiance left his eyes. He agreed it could be done, if they could get to the capstan on the main deck to operate the lift.

"We can't get cornered down below. Grab any men you can rely on and make for the upper deck. No time to lose, get moving!"

By the time they made their way to the armory on the upper gun deck they could hear the sounds of fighting and running from many directions. The confusing commotion made it impossible to determine which side was doing what. Shae's expression was grim and, fearing the vagaries of the crew's loyalties, they made haste. He fully expected many to lose resolve once they came face to face with well armed officers on the top deck.

Doc carried Rockbottom over his shoulder despite the dwarf's protests. His stump was cauterized and tied off and Doc had promised him a good peg when they could corner a carpenter. They could find no particularly good or safe place to put the purser so they hauled him along. He kept demanding to get to his quarters so he could recover his flame-belching sidearm, but Shae decided Rockbottom could wait until he had sobered up.

Several lower tier officers had taken covered positions behind crates in the hall outside the armory, and a bullet whizzed by Shae's ear before he ducked back. The air in the hallway darkened with whirling mist and rain as Shae invoked an unnatural storm. He ordered the men to advance behind and keep low as bullets flew past. They overtook the crates and leapt across to hack and impale the men guarding the door.

As they finished this bloody work they heard boots from the other direction and readied pistols, but it was just regular crewmen come to join the fight. Several limped and at least one had caught one in the side. This man blanched at the sight of Doc, and tried to wave him off, but the implacable surgeon set Rockbottom against the wall while he checked other injuries. Doc drew forth a wicked implement he used, Shae knew from personal experience, in the painful procedure of extracting bullets.

Shae and Walls shattered the armory door, forced the man inside to surrender, and began handing out firearms and blades. Casting aside their gaff hooks and cudgels for real weapons immediately improved the spirits of the men.

Somewhere in the midst of this Shae felt the welcome tingle of active cortex connections as his warjacks' furnaces ignited. He could sense them, still below the aft

Shae and Walls shattered the armory door, forced the man inside to surrender, and began handing out firearms and blades. Casting aside their gaff hooks and cudgels for real weapons immediately improved the spirits of the men.

hold, half-way across the ship. Though even lighter than military 'jacks of the same grade, their size and weight still severely curtailed their mobility on the ship. The upper deck planking, reinforced and armored against cannon fire, could hold them, but none of the internal spaces were sturdy enough.

Leaving delivery of weapons to others, Shae, Doc, Hawk, and Walls left Rockbottom below and headed up the stairs past freshly armed crewmen. Shae recognized the regular sounds of rifle fire from the marines, likely holding a secured position around the captain's quarterdeck. With rifles and cover they would be nearly impossible to dig out.

Hope of victory seemed slim as they came up to the deck and found only a small group of their men hunkered down behind cover as wood splintered from rifle fire. A number of bodies lay bleeding their last onto the decking out in the open. A worse omen was the sudden booming report of small cannon. An entire section of railing to Shae's left exploded in a cloud of smoking splinters. Mister Walls grabbed him and pushed him off behind the heavy forward capstan, a huge mechanism for raising and lowering the nearest cargo lift. "They got the deck swivel guns!"

The guns on that deck were relatively small but large enough to be a big problem. The officers clearly had no qualms about blowing apart the fore deck if it meant killing mutineers. Shae could see the men nearby were losing their nerve, particularly when word spread that another group of crew loyal to the captain were working their way through the upper gun deck in their direction.

Hawk was suddenly at his side, ignoring the spray of splinters from a closer hit. She gave Shae what might have been a sweet smile on another woman. "Where do you want me?"

He deliberately ignored any hint of innuendo. "We need to get the capstans cranking. We'll take the one here, but the harder one is in the aft." His warjacks should be on the aft lift with Bosun Grogspar, while the huge royal weight cannon had been shoved onto the fore lift. "Take your men and fight your way below. Break through those flanking from the upper gun deck. Get that capstan no matter what the cost or who has to die." He amended, "Except you, of course."

"Of course," she gave him a droll smile and headed off gathering men to her like leaves in a storm before making for the stairs.

Shae turned to shout at the men. "Avast, you mangy sea dogs. Get off those stairs and come to me! Move this capstan, now! If one man falls, someone else replaces him!"

Shae stepped from behind cover, with hand cannon ready and power field humming to full strength, and led the way. Rifle bullets whizzed past and Shae grinned at the familiar taste of risk and death. Several rounds passed close by with the sound of angry bees. He saw the flash as the swivel cannon fired again and shattered the rails at the mid deck to his left. Walls was at his side, pistols in each hand, although the one-eyed quartermaster was not likely to hit a damned thing at this range. Shae made sure to pick his own shots carefully.

Mister Walls

He took out a man lifting a powder charge for the small cannon. The man fell back with a bright spray of blood as the bullet pierced his neck. Shae extended his hand and focused his power, causing the air to shimmer and distort like the heat over desert sands. To those opposite their position it would be difficult to see where anyone was and force them to fire blindly.

He took to the capstan himself, gratified that the men had listened; three others grabbed one of the oversized posts each as they heaved together to turn the works. They could hear chains rattling through gears and soon enough the lift rose from below. The slowly rising platform carried a sight that brought a grin to Shae's face: the twelve-foot long cannon royal with the gun crew at the ready. The gunner's mate, lit torch in hand, nodded to Shae. "Get that thing pointed up to the quarterdeck," Shae commanded. The men heaved to and several others rushed to assist lining the massive thing up properly.

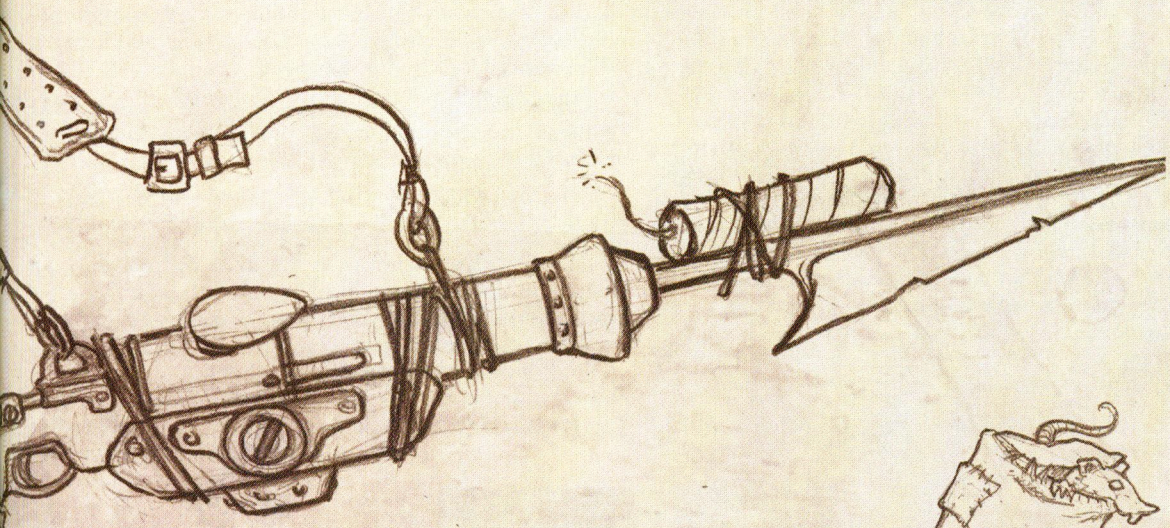
More of the men had come up from below, emboldened by the sight, and fired their pistols blindly. They did little more than chip wood, but the riflemen ducked. "Advance after the cannon fires, but wait for it!" Shae yelled.

The end of his command was drowned out by the deafening roar of the cannon royal as it lurched back along its wheels to slam into the capstan and topple over with a heavy thud. They had not had time to secure it properly, and it was lucky no one was killed. Clearly the would not get another shot out of the thing. Shae thought how ridiculous it was that a merchant ship should have cannons this large, but at the moment he thanked the 'Commodore' for his special breed of arrogant madness. When the smoke from the blast cleared they saw the quarterdeck reduced to a wreckage of smoking timber and planking. "Charge!" Shae screamed and led the way. He shot a burly marine in the head, and then drew his mechanikal cutlass to slice into a small pocket of officers who had advanced on their position.

They only got about half way before they had to take to cover again. The blast had shaken the marines, but they were professionals. They recovered quickly and sent bullets tearing through crewmen on both sides of Shae. The swivel gun crews were down, but most of the marines had escaped the blast. Shae heard a grunt and saw Walls stumble, a crimson stain spreading across the side of his tunic. The quartermaster grimaced but continued to fire pistols as fast as he could draw. Doc was still with them, hunkered down just a few men over, his expression sour and annoyed as always seemed to be the case when he got stuck in a firefight. His cleaver and hands were bloody from having torn through several lower-deck officers on the way. He eyed Walls' wound with a scowl, as if it were a personal affront, but had no opportunity to deal with it.

"Come on, Hawk," Shae mumbled under his breath. They had lost the initiative. He pondered the odds that the captain might have gone down with the quarterdeck, but peering that direction he caught sight of the man's distinct profile, hunkered down behind the marines and shouting orders.

Grogspar



The two sides exchanged fire from the cover. Shae was debating their next move when a sudden commotion erupted ahead. The officers near the aft stairwell were thrown into confusion as men rose up from the stairway to engage them, pistols blazing before wading in with blades. The air hung hazy with smoke. It smelled strongly of burnt powder, stung the eyes, and choked the lungs. Some of the officers and marines fell back up to the splinters of the poop deck. The debris of the shattered quarterdeck provided plenty of cover and the marines took a steady toll with careful rifle shots. The temporary surge of excitement among the crew was replaced by uncertainty as bodies littered the deck.

Shae could see Hawk with the men who had emerged from below. She moved like a cat, blades flashing through the smoke, and sliced through anyone who got in arm's reach. Her men were taking fire now but at least the marines had to divide their attention, and they had not positioned properly to deal with a threat from this quarter. They adapted quickly, however, and moved to shield themselves from Shae's group and focus on the fresh arrivals. Standing up to shoot, Shae shouted, "Lay on the fire! Keep those marines pinned down!"

Most of the men had not gotten a lot of ammunition from the armory, so providing cover fire proved less as simple than he had hoped. His own shot took one of the marines, but he saw several of Hawk's men fall as his own men reloaded. Fortunately the smoke of discharged firearms obscured their exact positions. Shae took a risk and darted across the intervening space, calling on his armor and power field to protect him. He felt at least one bullet impact his breastplate and nearly penetrate. He grabbed onto the capstan post next to Hawk and pushed for all he was worth. Bullets flew into the wood around the both of them, and one of the men to his left screamed and fell to the deck holding his ear.

Doc Killingsworth

At last the lift came into view, revealing hulking figures rising from the depths like gladiators brought up from the floor of an arena. The largest bulk was his Mariner flanked by two smaller Buccaneers. Shae considered them his crowning achievements. Though originally built as labor 'jacks, he had armed and heavily modified them. Standing between them, the resolute form of the trollkin Bosun Balasar Grogspar hefted his harpoon launcher. He had tied a length of wrapped explosive to a harpoon shaft and took a moment to light its wick with his pipe. As the fuse sparked and fizzled, he fired the weapon into one of the nearest marines. The man flew back. The harpoon pinned him to a wooden beam before it exploded in a wet spray of gore, and took his nearest peers with him. A shout went up from the wounded and beleaguered crew on deck, most of whom had all but given up hope.

Shae reached out to the cortexes and made his 'jacks move to attack. The Mariner had hefted a middleweight deck cannon under its left arm, which Grogspar had already loaded and made ready. Shae aimed this toward a knot of officers firing on them from the right and tore them to shreds with the exploding shell. The warjack then stepped up and swept the anchor in its right hand through a whole line of marines. The more agile Buccaneers fired net guns as they advanced to tangle their targets before engaging with lengthy pole gaffs. At that point, as they say, it was all over but the screaming.

Shae attacked like a whirling embodiment of vengeance, fighting side by side with Hawk. He outpaced his men, taking down many of the more stubborn marines personally, and grinning like a man possessed. He closed on old Rask Materly amid the debris of the quarterdeck and took grim pleasure in ending the man's life with a quick thrust to his sternum. The remaining marines quickly surrendered as the upper officers were rounded up and disarmed or killed.

Shae had a sudden bad feeling. "Where in bloody hell is the captain?" The ship listed badly as the smoke cleared, no longer entirely level with the horizon. Some of the cannon exchange might have holed something below deck.

One of the younger crewmen offered, "I think I saw him run down below."

Shae shared a look with Hawk and the two ran to follow, wondering how the overweight and immediately recognizable sod had gotten past the crew. Soon enough they understood why, as they found him shuffling along the lower deck with a small keg of powder under each arm, one marked with red paint, the other black. In some desperate attempt to buy himself time the madman had picked up powder charges from the swivel guns and was running along with them against all reason. No one had wanted to hinder him out of fear of setting them off. He looked back over his shoulder and saw his pursuers. "Get back! Don't come near me!"

Shae felt his pulse quicken as he realized the captain was heading down the hallway toward the main powder room.

"Fargen, don't be a moron, come and surrender!" Shae shouted to him, but it was no use.

The captain stumbled as the deck shifted, the ship listing on the waves, and the barrels fell out of his arms to roll down the hallway. Shae winced and his eyes widened as he anticipated what was to come. He grabbed hold of Hawk's arm and yanked her back and out of the corridor as the barrels gained momentum and shattered against the end of the hallway, just outside the powder room. There was the thump of a dull boom. This was followed by a deafening explosion as the ship buckled and tossed them off their feet. Shae only realized the captain had survived when the madman tried to rush past them on his way to the stairwell, his clothes smoking, his hair burnt and blackened, and his skin singed from proximity to the explosion. It even looked like he'd been blown out of his boots. Hawk and Shae subdued him and dragged him up to the top deck.

Grogspar took it the worst, staring at the beached ship morosely. Nearby lay the bound and gagged form of Captain Fargen, who stared at the trollkin with obvious fear. Grogspar muttered to him, 'I have a proper punishment in mind fer ye, captain, never fear.'

They arrived face to face with Bosun Grogspar, who looked horrified, as if they'd just shot his child.

The ship was a stout and thick framed old dame, and the powder hold was well removed from the hull. The vessel did not sink as a lesser ship might, but the damage had been done; its back was broken, and it was not going to survive. A fire had blazed too long below decks before they could extinguish it. It was all they could do to pump out the seeping water and force the limping and dying vessel toward shore. The wheel had been shattered in the cannon exchange so they had to control the tiller by hauling ropes. They managed almost to get to the dock of a small town in northern Cygnar but it was more of a crash than a landing. The ship grounded against the shore right next to the pier. The *Exeter* was done.

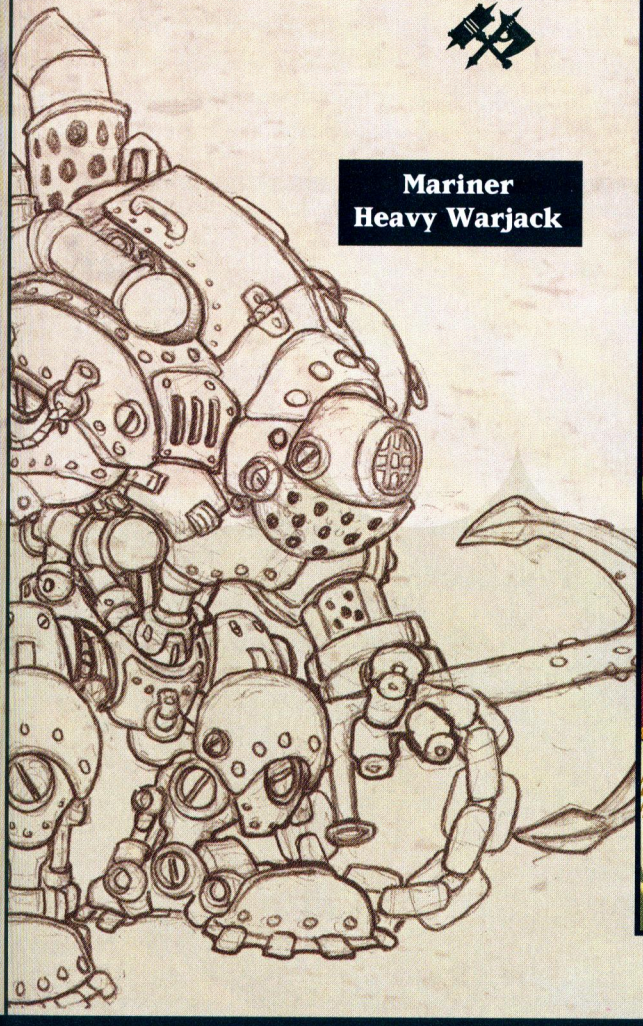
The ragtag survivors shuffled off the ship like refugees. Grogspar took it the worst, staring at the beached ship morosely. Nearby lay the bound and gagged form of Captain Fargen, who stared at the trollkin with obvious fear. Grogspar muttered to him, "I have a proper punishment in mind fer ye, captain, never fear."

Shae looked back to the pier where the men and his 'jacks were offloading what supplies they could carry, surrounded by a gathering crowd of townsfolk who pointed at the beached vessel. Nearby stood Mister Walls directing the men and taking careful record of what they recovered from the ship. His monkey perched silently on the quartermaster's shoulder.

Back a few paces was the proud diminutive form of Joln Rockbottom, his frame straight as he stood as tall as possible, quickly adjusting to the peg attached to his left knee. Rockbottom had recovered his oversized hat, which made up for his height, and stood like an admiral watching the offloading as if it were all his personal baggage. Doc was further away checking a few men deemed too injured to assist. He shared his jug of rum with solemnity and ceremony. Shae pondered the fact that they were now all wanted men. No one crossed the Mercarian League without repercussions. He wondered how long it would take before word spread.

Hawk approached him looking smug. "Well Shae, you're the proud new captain of a broken wreck, a few warjacks low on coal, a pack of sea-dogs that can't stand straight on solid ground, one salvaged cannon, and a one-legged dwarf with a knack for funding expeditions on other people's money. Got any ideas about what to do with this mess?"

Shae gave her a rueful smile, feeling unaccountably optimistic. "Looks like we need a new ship."



Mariner Heavy Warjack

The Privateers are Coming!

Want to read more? Check out the game stats behind the characters of Captain Shae and his Privateers in the next issue of *No Quarter*!

GUTS & GEARS

THE BEASTS AND MACHINES OF THE IRON KINGDOMS

Written by **Rob Baxter** · Art by **Andrea Uderzo, Mattias Snygg,** and **Kieran Yanner**

MAN-O-WAR

Imagine six hundred pounds of Khadoran engineering – boiler, steam vents, cooling system, pneumatic pistons, mechanikal controls, cowling, and thick slabs of armor plating – bound in steel and wielding a mechanikally augmented weapon powerful enough to tear the limbs off a warjack. The Man-O-War is the fist of Khador's martial arm, mailed in a gauntlet of steam and fury. Each suit of Man-O-War armor surrounds a hard-bitten elite soldier, calculating, fearless, and determined, and this combination of man and mechanika creates the unstoppable battering ram of Khador's armies.

Height and strength restrictions demand that all Man-O-War be at least six and a half feet tall and capable of substantial feats of physical prowess. Most volunteers are Winter Guard who have proven unshakeable in combat. Trainees endure a year of exercises in mental fortitude and physical stamina to learn to wear the armor. Trainers pound hopeful Man-O-War on an anvil of tests and obstacle courses that push each to his utmost

In the snow-blasted reaches of Khador, man and beast wage a constant struggle for dominance.

Painted by **David Ray**

limits, for they must master fear and physical doubt as well as the weaponry they will wield in battle.

As a result of this training, Man-O-War are some of the meanest bastards in the Khadoran military. Skilled in skirmish and tight formation tactics, the Man-O-War stands undaunted before even the most terrifying abominations that prowl the fields of war.

The Man-O-War have served the Motherland in every major conflict for nearly a century and a half. They form elite assault forces capable of dismembering warjacks, heavy infantry, and cavalry. The Man-O-War's raw strength makes them ideal for breaching hard targets, such as fortresses, and this has led to specialized variations such as the Demolition Corps.

The Man-O-War currently divide into two main branches, the Shock Corps and the Demolitions Corps. The High Kommand promotes kovniks from kaptains within these corps to command several kompanies and receive training as 'jack marshals. Perhaps the most famous Man-O-War outside of this structure are the unique melding of mechanikal and martial traditions known as Drakhuns. Only one in ten thousand ever completes Drakhun training, so these rare men become almost instantly legendary for their bravery and prowess.

While all Man-O-War receive the same basic training, the Corps differ substantially in deployment and roll. Founded nearly eighty years ago by order of Supreme Kommadant Vestrivor Sechekoff, the Demolition Corps wield mechanikal ice mauls built in the highly advanced Rigevnya complex in Korsk. the Demolition Corps has served all across western Immoren, most recently seeing heavy action among assault forces along the hotly contested front between Ravensgard and the Cygnaran held Northguard fortress.

Some believe the Demolition Corps the elite of Man-O-War troopers. Most enemies live just long enough to discover that Shocktroopers are no less dangerous. Since the armor entered mass production 474 AR, the Man-O-War Shocktrooper has signaled the impending doom for those foolish enough to engage the Khadoran military head on. Kompanies such as the 16th "Hull Grinders" Man-O-War Shocktroops of the 2nd army have histories stretching back to the very inception of the Man-O-

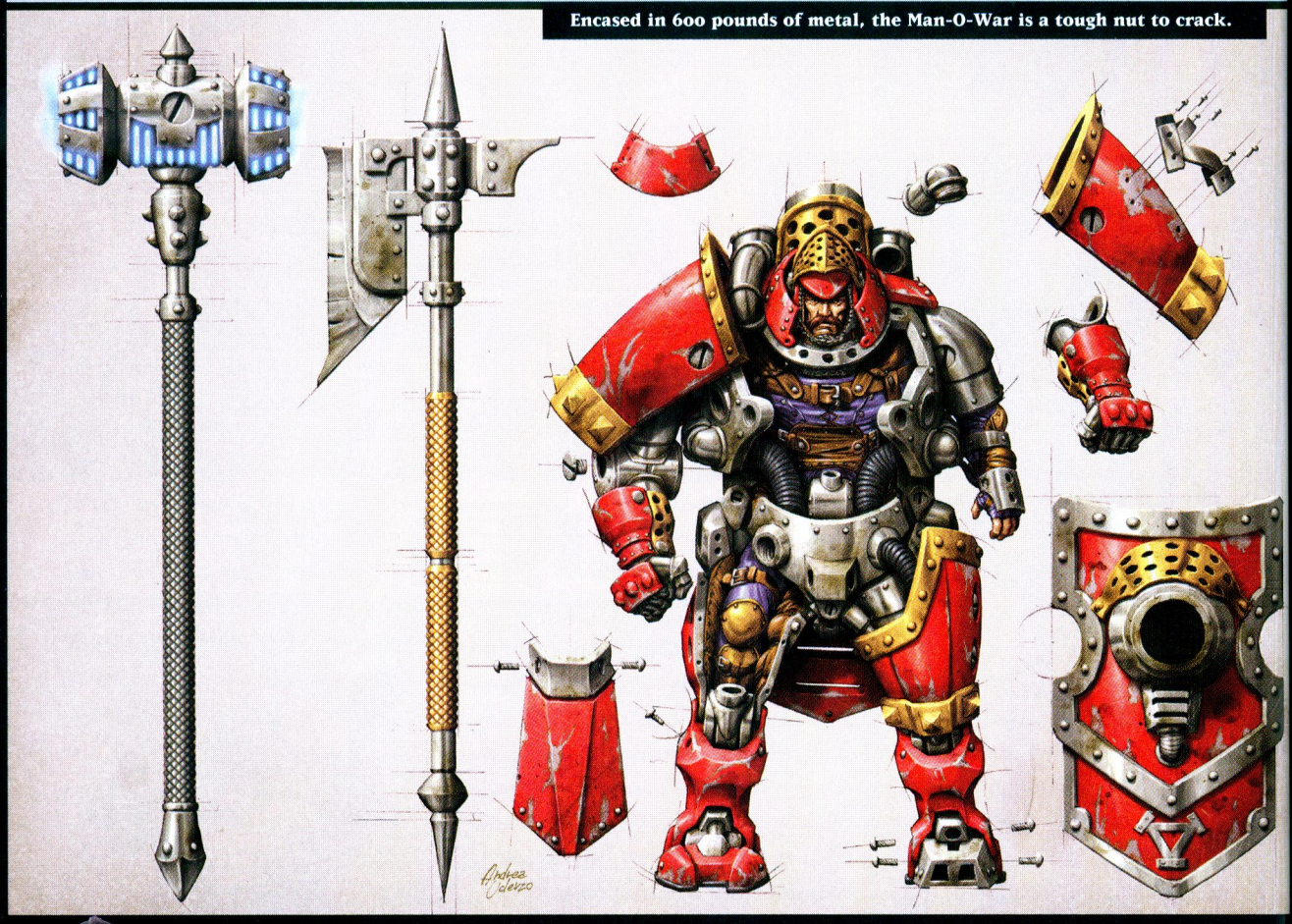
Painted by **Dan Smith**

War armor. Now such companies as the 43rd "Boars Tusk" Man-O-War and the prevalently Khardic 21st "Leadfang" Shocktroops kompany have fought their way into legend atop the ruined heaps of Cygnaran warjacks, Cryxian husks, and the hollow shells of mercenaries. The "honor guard" of Man-O-War Kovnik Czarniev Agrobov, the 21st has seen action in Llael, Ord, Rhul, and along the fringes of the Thornwood. The soldiers of the 21st are all veterans of and have served Kovnik Agrobov for nearly six years. They possess legendary grit and resolve as they have braved literally every danger a Khadoran could

Painted by **David Ray**

face in western Immoren. Kayaz Simonyev Blaustavya, the inventor of the Man-O-War shield cannon, served as a battle mechanik for the 21st before he mustered out of the military and founded what would eventually become Blaustavya Shipping and Rail. Many of the innovations on the current version of Man-O-War armor arose from Simonyev's passion to improve upon the original schematics drafted by Venianminov.

The first suits, while cutting edge technology for their time, suffered from certain vulnerabilities that could render a badly damaged



Encased in 600 pounds of metal, the Man-O-War is a tough nut to crack.

Painted by **Todd Arrington**

suit deadly to the wearer. Massive impacts on the cowling sometimes lead to overheating, limited mobility, and catastrophic mechanikal failure. Badly damaged suits occasionally burned, scalded, or even cooked alive the soldiers within. The successes of the armor however, vastly outweighed any of its technological drawbacks or discomforts. Technical refinements altered the basic design over the years and the ingenuity of battlefield mechaniks introduced measures to increase the failure tolerance of the armor. The current generation of Man-O-War armor presents somewhat fewer lethal risks to the occupant, although no sane Khadoran soldier would use 'comfort' to describe to one of these hulking bulwarks.

Donning a suit of Man-O-War armor presents more difficulties than suiting up in traditional full-plated suits of armor. Man-O-War armor unfolds in layers. When open, the chest plate, legs, shoulder assembly, and cowling provide enough room to allow the soldier inside. In order to use the armor, the Man-O-War starts with a suit of light leather with mechanikal connectors at key positions along the joints and knuckles. The wearer then settles into the chassis and connects the linkages to mechanikal triggers along the armor's frame. Mechanik assistants check and test these connections then replace the armor plates over the frame and enclose the wearer. After final checks the mechaniks lock the armor closed. By the time all is said and done, a typical Man-O-War trooper requires forty-five minutes to reach combat ready status.

Man-O-War troopers refer to the outer layer of armor as the grob, vulgar slang usually translated "the coffin". Untrained men locked inside the armor often succumb to a gradually amplifying claustrophobia. The linkages on the leather suit transfer the natural motions of the trooper to the armor through the mechanikal triggers and

arrays of mechanikal motivators translate this into smooth, easy motion. The armor amplifies each twitch, flexion, and extension of the wearer ten-fold. A fully fuelled Man-O-War is stronger than an ogrun, capable of moving the armor with ease across unsteady terrain, and able to handle weapons considered oversized for a standard soldier.

Man-O-War Ranged Weapons

Weapon	Dmg	Critical	Range	Weight	Type
Axe Cannon	3d8	x3	30ft.	35 lb.	Piercing
Shield Cannon	3d8	x3	30ft.	40 lb.	Piercing

Annihilator Blade

The annihilator blade is a +1 *keen mechanikal halberd,* serving as the primary weapon of the Man-O-War Shocktrooper. A broad mechanikally enhanced chopping blade seated on a six-foot haft of machined steel, the weapon tears through nearly anything.

Power Requirements: One standard accumulator (1 charge per day); **Price**: Military use only, not for sale.

Ice Maul

The famous weapon of the Man-O-War Demolition Corps, the Ice Maul is a +1 *mechanikal icy burst large warhammer* and uses the elemental powers of extreme cold to render a target brittle to the touch. Combined with the impact of the maul's head, anything this weapon strikes is likely to shatter into a hundred pieces.

Power Requirements: One standard accumulator (3 charges per day); **Price:** Military use only, not for sale.

Shield Cannon

Designed by Kayaz Simonyev Blaustavya in an effort to provide additional protection and armament to the Man-O-War, the shield cannon is somewhat inaccurate but provides a powerful initial strike when the Man-O-War is about to go toe to toe with more heavily armored opponents.

Shield cannons provide the benefits of a heavy medium steel shield while also serving as a small cannon. Shield cannons are exotic weapons. Reloading takes 3 standard actions and requires a Craft (Cannoneer) check (DC 15).

Price: Military use only, not for sale; **Ammunition Price:** 250 gp per shot.

Man-O-War Kovnik Axe Cannon

The Man-O-War Kovnik is customarily armed with this specialized and fearsome weapon. It is a +1 *mechanikal large battleaxe* with a cannon attachment, described below.

Axe cannons provide the benefits of a large battleaxe, while also serving as a small cannon. Axe cannons are exotic weapons. Reloading takes 3 standard actions and requires a Craft (Cannoneer) check (DC 15).

Power Requirements: One standard accumulator (1 charge per day); Price: Military use only, not for sale; **Ammunition Price:** 250 gp per shot.

Man-O-War Armor

Chassis: Custom Heavy Steam Armor

In Service: 470 A.R.
Height: 7'6"
Weight: 600 pounds + wearer weight (avg. 830 pounds)
Maximum Land Speed: 7.5 mph
Fuel Load: 33 pounds
Fuel Consumption: 8 hrs general, 1.5 hrs combat

Designer Notations: Can a warjack think like a man? No! Can a warjack anticipate and stand ready for combat as cannily as a man? No! This is the true strength of the Man-O-War. Once I have proven that you will see that a legion of troopers in this armor can conquer any enemy.

— Mechanik Jachemir Venianminov.

Battlefield Recommendations: Pack the cowling with dry wool. This will absorb much of the heat radiated off the steam boiler and prevent condensation from mugging up the grob. That boiler sweat can frost up the armor cladding and lock the actuators. In the winter it's easy to forget all that warm moisture can turn your armor into a real coffin.

— Battle Mechanik Yurnov Komeniska

Man-O-War Steam Armor

Military Heavy Steam Armor

Armaments: Annihilator Blade and Shield Cannon, or Ice Maul, or Kovnik Axe Cannon
Hit Points: 100
Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares)
Armor Class: 19 (-1 size, +10 armor)
Space/Reach: 10ft. by 10 ft. (10 foot reach)
Attack Penalty: —
Armor Check Penalty: -6
Strength Score: 25
Special Qualities: Damage reduction 5/serricsteel, hit points, equipment, arcane interference, maneuverability.
Build DC: Classified
Base Cost: Classified
Hit Points: Any damage dealt to the Man-O-War is first subtracted from the armor's hit points. When the armor has been reduced to 0 hit points, it ceases to move, provide protection to the wearer, or otherwise function. The wearer must remove the armor or be considered helpless.
Equipment: The wearer makes all saving throws against effects directed against the steam armor since such effects are aimed at him.
Arcane Interference: It is impossible to cast spells with a somatic component while wearing steam armor.
Maneuverability: The bulk and weight of the armor inhibit movement. The wearer of Steam armor may make double moves, but may not run.

WARPWOLF

The hulking, lupine form of the warpwolf embodies the power of the Devourer Wurm. For centuries these creatures have prowled the dense forests and remote moors of the Iron Kingdoms. This first warpwolves sprang from unnatural rites performed on willing participants, encouraged by early members of the Circle Orboros, among fanatical cultists serving the Beast of All Shapes to see if they could unleash the Devourer within every man. The involvement of the Circle in the awakening of these beasts has remained a closely guarded secret, part of many efforts undertaken by this cabal to master the wild predatory nature of Orboros.

The warpwolf is a monster worthy of myth capable of swiftly adapting to the necessities of survival. A deep energy within fuels this bestial hybrid of man and predator. Some ponder on the creature's nature and seek to justify the transformative abilities of the warpwolf through explanations of alchemy and savage magic. Others only know what they see, and hunt these beasts endlessly to snuff them out so none may ever threaten man's encroachment on the wilds.

Painted by **Dan Smith**

The induction of cultists into this transformation continues today. Although not all druids embrace this controversial experiment, generations of devotees have provided the Circle with a ripe field of subjects to observe and analyze, as well as maintaining sufficient numbers of these beasts for use in their own conflicts. All warpwolves feel driven to murder and consume their prey when transformed, remembering every detail of these deeds when they return to their human shape. It is these memories of their savage actions which catches some cultists unprepared for the reality of their new state, perhaps lacking in fundamental devotion to the Devourer. They fail to see their form as a true embodiment of the predatory spirit and become tormented with guilt, but by this time it is too late. Some have gone mad while struggling with their conscience. Those who thrive in this state quickly learn to put their conscience aside.

During the transformation warpwolves gain tremendous physical strength and savagery, power awoken by the call of the moons, but surrender control of their conscious mind to unleash the beast within. This feeling of freedom and power can be addictive and terrifying at once. Those who undergo this change have their mind and personality shattered and rebuilt from echoes. Many theorists in the Iron Kingdoms consider the warpwolf "curse" the vehicle of some dark and ancient essence.

Warpwolf and Pureblood Warpwolf

Initial Date of Service: Unknown

Average Height: 9'-10'

Average Weight: 1,000-1,100 pounds

Diet: Carnivorous. The bulk of a warpwolf diet is made up of meat, even in human form. However, they sometimes consume small quantities of berries and raw grass in order to aid digestion. Warpwolves in transformed form have no qualms about cannibalism, but rarely indulge in eating human meat in human form except if participating in certain Devourer Wurm rites.

Average Lifespan: 50 years (warpwolf) 90 years (pureblood)

Maturation and Aging: Warpwolves both reach maturity and age at the same rate as humans do, though they tend to naturally die younger. Pureblood warpwolves mature quicker, reaching adult size by 10 years old. They maintain their peak physical condition longer- well into their 80's.

Only the Circle understands that these awakened energies link humanity and Orboros, similar to the wilding, with a primal impulse Menoth could never completely expunge. There is a definite similarity and connection between this transformation and that experienced by Tharn in their frenzy, yet tied to the unyielding cycles of the moons.

With infinite patience Beast Shapers within the Circle Orboros watched those "blessed" with the gifts of the warpwolf rite, observing as they occasionally sought the company of others of their kind, and carefully recorded the results of such mingling. When two warpwolves mate in their bestial form it sometimes results in a child who inherits the transformation. Such children appear to be normal humans until they reach adulthood, at which time the moon cycles prompt their change. That which is born is inherently more natural than that which is created, and this discovery presented the Circle

Warpwolf
Heavy Warbeast

WARPWOLF

"Who are you calling 'fuzzball' ?!"

with an opportunity to use these creatures without dwelling on the distasteful nature of their creation. Warpwolves thus became the preferred servants of druids specializing in the manipulation of beasts.

The druids select those who have embraced this state and no longer struggle against their nature. These warpwolves surrender any semblance of a normal life, although they still return to human form when the moons' grip loosens. Such men and women suffer strong emotion tides—sometimes laughing or weeping uncontrollably, or lashing out in fury at the slightest provocation–and may seem deranged to outsiders. They no longer find kinship in the communities of man. Some become isolated loners hunting in the wilds as the moon calls. Others prefer the calming influence of individual druids who accept their unique status. A few chose the company of their own kind and prowl in small packs like wolves. They form tight-knit family groups hunting away from civilization but sometimes preying on its fringes. Most heed the call of the druids and enjoy any excuse to unleash themselves in battle. While monstrous to outsiders, many among the Circle have witnessed warpwolves display a peculiar and powerful loyalty and affection to a chosen few, a behavior similar to the pack animals whose form they resemble when transformed.

While they relinquish their inhibitions and must heed the moon's call to transform, warpwolves who surrender the struggle against their nature demonstrate considerable control over their form in battle. Their anatomy possesses a tremendous adaptability. With a combination of instinct and predatory will, they can warp their physiology to suit the necessities of combat. This malleability makes the warpwolf an ideal enforcer for the Circle Orboros, since it can easily acclimatize to the pressures of combat. Able to regenerate injured flesh and other wounds which would reduce a normal man into a mutilated wreck, the warpwolf can manifest hardened spur-like protrusions which erupt to deflect blows that would otherwise penetrate its flesh.

Painted by **Dave Perrotta**

Warpwolves brought permanently into the service of the Circle undergo a process called spirit binding. Any druid that knows the specific enchantment and the correct phrases can stimulate a spirit bound warpwolf's transformation. While in this awakened state the warpwolf responds to the commands of the Druid as a willing servant. Through this domination the Circle Orboros maintains control

over the stock of warpwolves at their command.

Some few of the Circle's warpwolves can return to human form with ease, but even they are not comfortable in this state. They can pass as regular humans with some effort, and do this to trade or communicate with nearby communities. They sometimes present themselves as hunters or trappers. Such creatures make ideal assassins, for they can enter the fold of humanity at will and then at the simple beckoning of a druid transform instantly into a nearly unstoppable killing machine. Fortunately for city dwellers such displays of power and slaughter remain rare, as the druids maintaining pacts with these creatures prefer to utilize their formidable abilities against those who threaten the druids' own wilderness territories.

Little known outside the Circle Orboros, the extended charting and cataloguing of warpwolf packs has given rise to something extraordinary. Bloodlines which breed for several generations among their own kind sometimes produce a so-called "Pureblood". These warpwolves are not born as humans and are always found in their "natural" state, the form their parents adopt only at the bidding of the moons. Some Beast Shapers look to these Purebloods as proof of the wisdom of their course and claim that they have allowed a natural new species to emerge. Whatever its ethical ramifications, without question the Pureblood warpwolf is a creature spawned from the very heart of the Devourer.

The Circle treats these warpwolves as a distinct species, and have a particular interest and use for these uniquely powerful allies in battle. As only a handful arise each generation, the Druids keep a close eye on their maturity and development as warriors.

From the first few months of birth the Pureblood warpwolf grows at an alarming rate. By the age of three years a Pureblood is no longer a pup but a full grown juvenile weighing in at around 600 pounds. Born to hunt, such creatures can bring down prey twice their size after only a year.

Purebloods harbor no remnant of humanity. Such warpwolves never transform into humans and dislike interacting with other warpwolves while in their human guise. Purebloods retain the powers of speech and intellect, although their vocal apparatus does not suit lengthy speech well and many communicate with some difficulty. Understanding them requires some familiarity with their kind. Such warpwolves have tremendous control over their warping abilities and can influence the abilities of their kin.

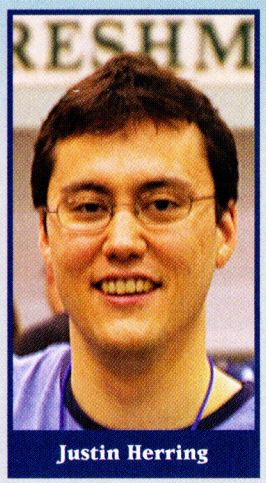
Pureblood warpwolves are tremendous assets. They have a natural magnetism which draws other warpwolves to them. They always become the dominant alpha of a group of regular warpwolves. Indeed, many warpwolves respond to these Alpha Purebloods as if

Painted by **Todd Arrington**

spirit bound to them. Some that in time this bond could usurp the druids' control over the species. For now the Purebloods remain among the most valued of guardians and warriors. Often entrusted to protect sites of particular power, they serve alongside woldwardens and similar constructs to destroy intruders.

With the new threats rising from the east and north, and the trollkin refusing to co-operate with the demands of the Circle, the druids have developed a new tactic. Some druids deem the total number of warpwolves insufficient, particularly with the regular attrition of battle. To keep sufficient stock, a few druids have begun forcing the creation of new warpwolves among the members of Devourer cults with whom they have established ties. Against the instructions of the Omnipotents, some druids have captured unwilling subjects from the fringes of civilization and compelled them to undergo the transformation and spirit binding. Time will tell if this savage pursuit proves fruitful for the Circle, or if it ultimately gives birth to monstrosities capable of sundering their yoke and creating an altogether new threat.

Trail of Champions:



Justin Herring

Tale of Two Champions

Adam Poinier

An interview with the top two placers at the 2006 US Nationals Open.

Interview by **Nathan Letsinger**

Privateer Press held the WARMACHINE US Nationals at Gen Con Indianapolis and in issue 9 we described the final match between Adam Poinier (Khador) and Justin Herring (Cryx) as they duked it out for top spot. We sat down with both to discuss their experience. Peer into the minds of these two world-class players to find out what it takes to bring home the championship and walk the Trail of Champions.

No Quarter: When did you start playing and what brought you to WARMACHINE?

Adam: I started buying stuff a bit after Escalation, but I didn't start playing until about 3 months before Gen Con Indy in 2005. The thing that really drew me to the game was the rules and the creative team behind it.

Justin: I started playing about the same time, April of 2005. I was in Louisville, Kentucky, for a year after law school working as a judicial clerk. The Louisville Game Shop was a few blocks from my apartment. I wandered in one day, and a guy named Brent Raymer (LACKOFSUBTLETY on the boards) had been stood up for his scheduled game and so instead demoed WARMACHINE for me. I had played some mini games in high school–more than a decade ago–but otherwise had been out of gaming for a long time. I was hooked quickly though, and bought my first army a few days later.

NQ: What kind of gamer are you: a strategist, a hobbyist, or a bit of both? Do you have any apprehension on building a fully painted army by next summer?

A: I am a mix of both, but I definitely favor the strategist side of things. I actually love that I have to paint an army, since it will force me to find the time to paint, which I love doing.

J: I'm more a strategist. I enjoy all kinds of games. I have shifted towards "in person" games as opposed to computer games in recent years, because I feel like the social element and the interaction is a lot more rewarding. My two favorite games these days are poker and WARMACHINE. I spend all day in front of a computer at work. In my spare time I like to play with someone who is sitting across from me!

I am apprehensive about the painting. I am a terrible painter! I own mostly painted models, but most of them were not painted by me. Oddly enough, I do enjoy assembling models from time to time; pinning, gluing, etc. is rather cathartic. But I have always struggled a bit with the painting. I certainly will not be producing any masterpieces. But it is fun to try, so I will do my best.

"There is a big difference between a list with lots of nasty synergy and options and a one-trick dependent army that doesn't adapt very well or depends too much on a certain model."

NQ: What kind of strategy suggestions would you give to people wanting to play in the Nationals' Steamroller format?

A: Same as always: one trick pony lists don't work. There is a big difference between a list with lots of nasty synergy and options and a one-trick dependent army that doesn't adapt very well or depends too much on a certain model.

The other thing that surfaced in Steamroller 2 was the importance of scenarios. They had really specific objectives, and since you could have two lists, many people would say list one was for scenarios A&B and list 2 for scenario C&D. Bad move in my opinion. It's way better to write two all-around lists that you are comfortable with for all the scenarios.

J: Nationals is truly a unique beast. Some of playing in Nationals is just understanding and being familiar with the Steamroller format. So, obviously, some experience with Steamroller is very helpful.

The competition is fierce. The field is packed with top players, and they bring out their big guns. It's not like your local game store tournament! If your goal is to do well and possibly advance, there are a few things you can do. It is important to know your list forwards and backwards. You should have a sense for how it should be played in different scenarios and against different types of opponents. It also helps to get experience in tournaments, especially large and competitive tournaments. I learned a lot from my experience at Gen Con '05 and Origins '06.

"The competition is fierce. The field is packed with top players, and they bring out their big guns. It's not like your local game store tournament!

NQ: Adam, you added the then newly release Uhlan cavalry to your list at the last minute. Did you regret going into the final game without experience with them? Why add them?

A: Because the models are so cool looking! With my Khador lists geared for speed and adaptability, they fit in just so well. As for how they treated me: fantastic. They flat out helped me win one game, and on all they others they filled their strategic role nicely and definitely earned their points. I now have to add to my tournament lists whatever the shiny cool new thing is. It doesn't affect me adversely.

NQ: Justin, congratulations on taking the Championship with your Cryx army. Any secrets to share?

J: I am a recent convert to Cryx. After playing Cygnar, I thought it would be fun to be the bad guys.

My 1000 point list, unfortunately, didn't reflect a lot of thought. The only 1000 point games I have ever played were the 2005 Gen Con finals. So I just took the models I was familiar with – from my Goreshade & Denny armies – and put them together into one 1000 point list. With some time and practice, I could probably come up with a better list, but at that point I thought it was best to go with something familiar.

NQ: As you gear up for the 2007 US Nationals, what are you looking forward to? What warcasters are you considering for your new army?

A: At 1000, I really like everyone with my favorites being epic Caine, Coleman, Nemo, and epic Haley. I really see lots of potential in epic Caine. He gets to stay at range and support while also pouring out damage. Coleman is a rock, all around, and extremely adaptable to any situation. Nemo at 1000 is free to run around and use his manipulative abilities while stopping their jacks, letting the other warcaster deal with troops and deliver decisive blows. Epic Haley to me is sort of a warcaster like Coleman, very adaptable and well balanced. Combined with the ability to use your opponent's models, and a feat that slows them and lets you take their turn order, she is amazing.

J: My only experience with Khador is playing against it. I will need to get some experience with it before I can make any real decisions. My list of interests right now is pretty conventional. Widowmakers, mortars, Manhunter, Destroyers, Kodiaks, and Uhlans have all impressed me. In Superiority the new Drakhun looks great. At some point I will have to test out some Winter Guard armies, in order to try out all their new options from Superiority. The three warcasters that impress me most right now are Vlad, epic Vlad, and Sorsha. The Old Witch is also intriguing, but her play style seems so different that I can't tell whether it will suit me until I try it.

NQ: Thanks Adam and Justin. We look forward to hearing more about your plans for Gen Con Indy in 2007.

Next issue, we dig a little deeper into the plans of our five champions as they build and paint their armies. Will the changes in WARMACHINE: Prime Remix and the new Steamroller 3 tournament format cause them to alter their army lists and strategies?

WHAT IS THE TRAIL OF CHAMPIONS?

Find out what it takes to be the best of the best. No Quarter follows the progress of the top five players from the 2006 US Nationals as they gear up for this year's tournament at Gen Con Indy. Each player is taking on a new faction and sharing their strategies and army list selection in upcoming issues of No Quarter.

Death and Diamonds

Ternon Crag: An Iron Kingdoms Adventure Location

Ternon Crag is an adventure location for use with the Iron Kingdoms Role Playing Game. *The town and its surrounding areas are detailed and adventure hooks are provided for all levels of play. Players wishing to explore this are may wish to consult with their GM before reading the details of this article.*

Information in this article is intended to update the IKWG *entry for Ternon Crag rather than replace it in its entirety. GMs will find instructions on using the slightly modified district and organization blocks found in this article in* Five Fingers: Port of Deceit.

East of Corvis and the Cygnaran border stands the town of Ternon Crag. Settled in 569 AR to serve the needs of miners and prospectors exploring the Greybranch Mountains to the east, the town is currently experiencing a population boom, as news of a diamond discovery reaches the far corners of the Iron Kingdoms. Calling themselves "Craggers," the populace often refers to their rough-and-tumble home merely as "the Crag." Ternon Crag's dubious honor of existing outside the reaches of king and country has also attracted its share of scoundrels. Disappearing miners and a surge in cases of the unusual Panner's Pox are but two of the challenges residents face every day. Ancient ruins, abandoned mines, and caverns dot the surrounding region, as well as the nearby Bloodstone Marches, awaiting intrepid adventurers to unlock their secrets.

By **Dan Weber** · Art by **Andrew Arconti**
Rob Hawkins, Brian Snoddy,
Matt Wilson, and **Ben Wooten**

Ternon Crag
Approximate Populations (Includes transients)

5,000	TOTAL
2,680	Midlunders
555	Caspians
500	Idrians
315	Morridane
310	Trollkin
155	Sinari
120	Gobbers
90	Radiz
70	Ryn
60	Umbreans
55	Khards
90	Other (includes other human ethnicities, bogrin, ogrun, and Rhulic)

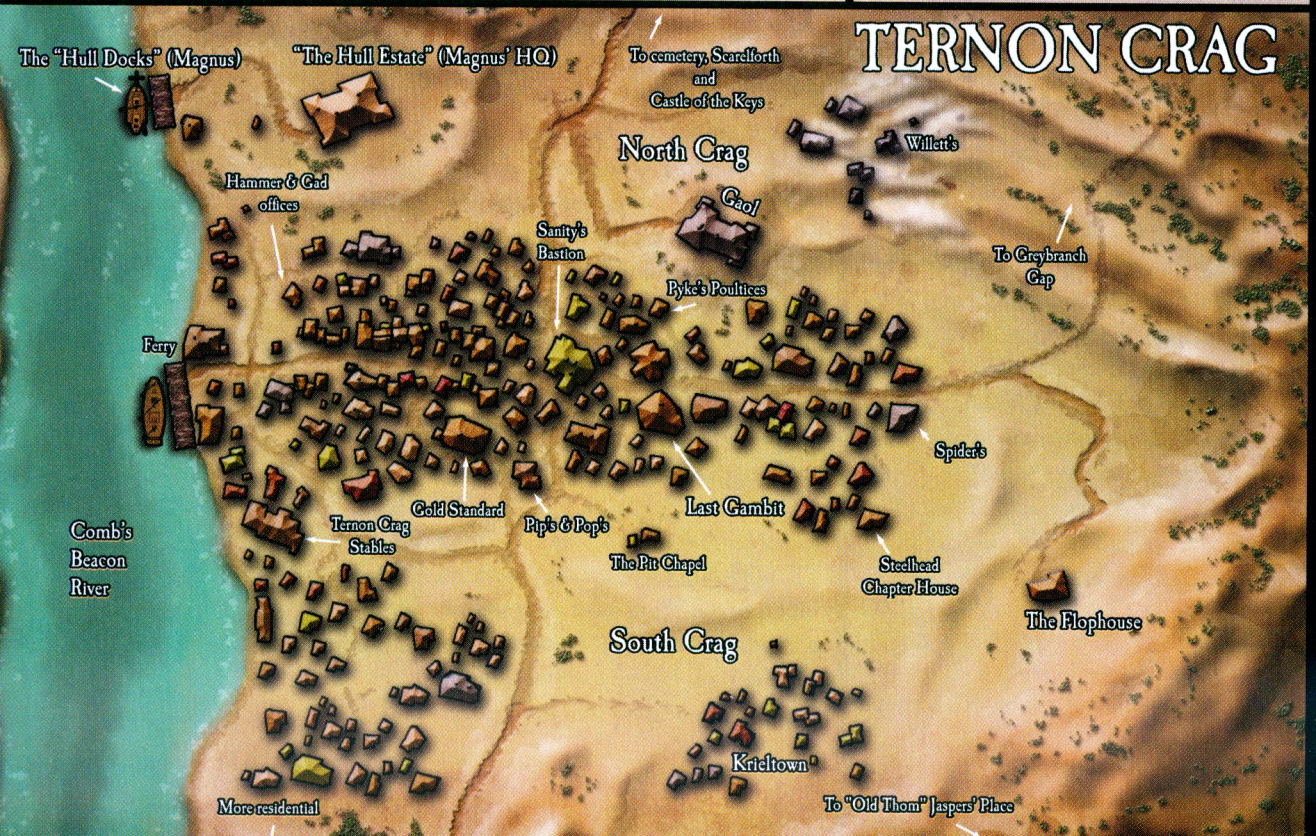
The History of Ternon Crag

Humble Beginnings

The region of the Greybranch Gap was of interest to adventurous miners several years before a town formally existed here. In 569 AR, a loosely organized group of business owners, including those who would eventually found the Greybranch Expeditionary Company, decided to exploit the area more systematically, setting up permanent structures on the best ground they could find nearest to the active claims. These buildings replaced the temporary shops which had, until recently, been set up on wagons, tables, and blankets along Comb's Beacon River. Little more than a few ramshackle shops and shanties at first, the tiny settlement grew as entrepreneurs and miners heard about the opportunities the Greybranch range had to offer. It has always been in the interest of these inhabitants to stay beneath the notice of Cygnaran nobility, thereby avoiding taxation and "draconian" laws. Fortunately, the Archduke of the Eastern Midlunds has shown little interest in the difficult and remote area.

From its rough roots as a mining town, Ternon Crag expanded slowly, eventually establishing a ferry landing on the banks of Comb's Beacon River in 574 AR. In its short 37 years, the town served as a temporary home and haven for naïve prospectors, driven miners, and even the occasional madman intent on reaching the Bloodstone Marches. "The Crag's" population has fluctuated considerably over the years, as mines ran dry and new veins were discovered, but has always remained barely prosperous enough to endure.

Fire has burned the Crag to the ground twice now in its history. The first fire (575 AR) was caused by a particularly rambunctious bar fight on the site of what is now the Gold Standard. Many lives, and nearly every building in town, were lost that night. The second fire (596 AR) began when an accidental blaze in a blacksmiths' shop was spread swiftly by the strong Bloodstone Marches winds. When Ternon Crag was rebuilt the second time, all smithies and foundries were forcibly relocated to the northeastern side of town, far from other structures.



The Town "Charter" and the Marshal Chief

During the Crag's early years, order was enforced with sword and pistol. Shopkeepers typically hired bodyguards, while miners and treasure hunters quickly learned how to use their picks and shovels for more than just moving earth. With the fire of 575 AR, the cycle of violence had become too much for the town to bear. Motivated by their business interests, the Crag's shopkeepers, farmers, and mining concerns came together and drew up a list of agreed upon unofficial laws that came to be known as the "Charter" of Ternon Crag. They also created the post of Marshal Chief, a position equal parts marshal and mayor; entrusting it with powers of governance, enforcement, and imprisonment, as laid out in the Charter.

Currently, Brue Westrone serves as the town's Marshal Chief. Voted into office three years ago, Brue's firm, yet honest governance of the Crag has made him immensely popular with the town's residents. Recent events in the town, including an influx of seedy Cygnaran criminals, have put his authority to question.

Ternon Crag Today

In the past, the iron mines, panning near Scarleforth Lake, and treasure hunting guaranteed the town's continued existence. This prosperity lasted until four of the largest iron mines were depleted between 599 AR and 602 AR. Then, in 602 AR a series of unexplained disappearances besieged the Crag. After the disappearances, the town's population dwindled in a few short weeks.

The almost empty town struggled for survival until 604 AR. When diamonds were discovered to the north, however, news of the discovery spread throughout the Iron Kingdoms. The inevitable diamond "rush" that followed breathed new life into Ternon Crag, swelling its population to over 5,000 in the span of two years. Since then, those pursuing the diamonds have come back mostly empty-handed, sometimes afflicted by what Craggers call the Panner's Pox. This strange skin affliction seems to hit hardest those who would explore too close to the Castle of the Keys – if they return from there at all.

The frontier town has also attracted a new assortment of scoundrels, ne'er do wells, and traitors wanted by the Cygnaran crown. Not only is it rumored that Asheth Magnus maintains a lair in town, but sightings of Jarok Croe's band of master assassins in the seedy Last Gambit tavern have become commonplace.

Weather

Harsh winds blow from the Bloodstone Marches through the Greybranch Gap year round. In summer, the winds bring a dry heat and vicious sandstorms, forcing Crag residents to bar doors and shutter windows for protection. Flash flooding is common during the fall, as the ground, baked to hardpan during summer, is drenched in rains too fast for it to absorb. Craggers have long since become accustomed to this harsh environment, storing rain and river water in underground cisterns beneath buildings, or with ingenious sheds to shield their wells from the worst of the sandstorms.

With the altitude comes a winter more harsh than most Cygnarans are accustomed to. Temperatures can dip to freezing after sunset and the Bloodstone winds take on a knife's edge chill. More than one prospector has been found frozen to death, unable to stay warm while working his claim, even outside the winter months.

Lay of the Town

According to the Ternon Crag Charter, the town's border ranges from "...the eastern bank of Comb's Beacon River to the Greybranch Gap; south of the Chutman Mine and north of Brenell's farm." Most Craggers today have no idea exactly where Brenell's farm was located, so instead use "Old Thom" Jaspers' land to mark the southern edge of town. Long abandoned, the Chutman Mine is no longer used as the town's northern boundary. Instead, the Crag's graveyard serves as the marker. The town is loosely divided into three sections, although these areas are not clearly delineated by the inhabitants: North Crag, South Crag, and the Outskirts.

North Crag

North Crag District

Population: 3,375 (2,400 Midlunder, 445 Caspian, 200 Morridane, 90 Gobbers, 70 Ryn, 40 Khards, 30 Idrian, 30 Trollkin, 15 Sinari, 15 Umbreans, 10 Radiz, 30 Other)

Type: Commercial/Residential

Trades: Taverns, inns, stables, shops, forges, foundries, mining support

Famous Locales: Crag Gaol, The Gold Standard, Hammer and Gad Offices, Greybranch Expeditionary Company Branch, Last Gambit, Pip & Pop's Trade Emporium, Pyke's Apothecary, Sanity's Bastion, Steelhead Mercenary Chapter House, Willitt's Jackworks

Wealth: Moderate; Disease: Moderate; Crime: Moderate; Vigilance: Moderate (Gaol, Mercenaries)

Cragger Influence: Brue Westrone 3, Hammer & Gad Company 3, Asheth Magnus 4

People of Note: Brue Westrone, Pip & Pop, Asheth Magnus, Jarok Croe, Nikolo, Otis Willitt, Latan Pyke,

This district is the heart of Ternon Crag, serving the commercial needs of the town, mines, and expeditions into the Bloodstone Marches. It also serves as home to most of the town's permanent residents, including all the shopkeepers and craftsmen. With few exceptions, anyone with any clout in the town lives in the North Crag, often looking down on those to the south or outskirts as hopeful transients. Most of the buildings are set close together, with the occasional narrow alleyway running between them. A few businesses, like The Gold Standard, boast a second story, while others have fenced in the area behind their buildings.

Ternon Crag Stables

Visitors to town may wish to have their horses stabled at the Ternon Crag Stables, located just south of the ferry landing. The stables are run by Sline Cavatto (male Tordoran exp5) and his two daughters.

Hammer and Gad Offices

Hammer and Gad Company

Secrecy: Public (DC 10)

Enforcement: Sporadic

Size: Brotherhood (26 members)

Operations: Mining, real estate

Alignment: N

Cash Limit: 500 crowns

Member Assets: 25,000 crowns (tied up as shares in mines, town businesses, other investments)

Membership Requirements: Sponsor

Leaders: Shanyks di Sharr (female Rynn Rog4/Exp6), Hukley Massiter (male Morridane Ftr7/Exp4), Aldof Crestle (male Midlunder Rgr3/Exp6), Jarosh Kutsov (male Umbrean Exp5/Ftr3/Ari2), Imania Sohar (female Idrian Exp7/Rog5)

The Hammer and Gad Offices overlook the western edge of town. What began as a loose association between the wealthiest mine owners and shopkeepers in Ternon Crag, developed into the Hammer and Gad Company. The Hammer and Gad owns all but a few of the larger iron ore mining concerns around the Crag, as well as many of the businesses in town. These interests are all marked with the crossed hammer and gad symbol of the company. When the town began to dry up a few years back, Shanyks and Jarosh quickly snapped up mining claims and titles to shops that the owners were all too willing to sell. This canny move put the Hammer and Gad into the unique position to nearly monopolize all trade in and around the town.

Lately, the upswing in undesirable elements has forced the "Gad" to rethink some of their business strategies. Their sixth leading member, the late Darnin Hull, saw fit to challenge Magnus' presence in town, posthumously "willing" his rambling estate northwest of town to the Traitor. Since that time the company has been uncharacteristically quiet in town affairs.

The Gold Standard

The Gold Standard serves the best food and offers the cleanest rooms to be found in Ternon Crag. Proprietor Drewson Cabe (male Midlunder Exp5/Rog2) prides himself on ensuring a clean, affordable stay for his guests, though little more. Although it pains him to do it, Drewson begrudgingly refers travelers to The Flophouse when his rooms are full.

Sanity's Bastion

This rowdy saloon is the largest in the Crag. Popular with locals, it is also a common haunt of the trollkin who now call Ternon Crag their home. Drinks are plentiful, and a week seldom passes where Brue is not called down from the Gaol to break up a table-smashing brawl. Most brawls end in broken bones and serious bruises, though serious maiming and even deaths are common enough to keep regulars on their toes. Nikolo's (male Khard Ftr12) Khardic war axe hangs over the bar, reminding patrons to avoid getting too rowdy with the furniture and saloon girls. Most Craggers know better than to ask him about the axe or his past, but Nikolo is not above tossing out those who need a reminder.

The Bastion is also the best place in the Crag to gamble. Cards, dice games, drinking contests, and a bewildering array of other games of chance can be found at all hours of the day.

Mercenaries often use the Bastion as their improvised office, with Alten Ashley being the most recognizable. When not in someone's employ, the monster hunter can be found here, nursing a drink and boasting of his exploits. Ashley is particularly friendly with many of the town's trollkin, who look up to him for the mercenary service he has been rumored to provide to the wilderness kriels.

The Last Gambit

A somber reflection of Sanity's Bastion, the Last Gambit saloon sits almost directly across the main street from its rowdy competition and caters to a much different crowd. Instead of laughter, clinking glasses, subdued music, quiet conversations and suspicious eyes meet strangers walking through the saloon doors. Drinks are nursed slowly here, and Craggers tend to avoid the Last Gambit now that most of the newly-arrived mercenaries seem to congregate here.

In the past few months, tension between loyalists and Bastion patrons has spilled onto the dirt blown streets, and ended with clashing swords and gunfire. The proximity of these two very different saloons, and the escalating tensions in town, concerns Brue and the Hammer and Gad Company, but neither is in a position to shut either establishment down.

Pip & Pop's Trade Emporium

As new competition has sprung up in town, what was once the busiest general store in town, Pip & Pop's Trade Emporium, has now fallen on hard luck. Although still able to offer goods and services unavailable to other shops, Pip (male gobber Exp4/Rog8) is sure it is only a matter of time before they are forced to close their doors permanently.

Pyke's Poultices

Latan Pyke (male Caspian Alc7/Gmg3) and his apothecary shop are a recent addition to the Crag's main street. Not much is known about Mr. Pyke and his past, other than he seems to have received training in the Cygnaran army. Poultices, salves, bandages, splints, and even a small surgery are all available in his shop. At Brue's request, he is also investigating the outbreak of Panner's Pox and has attempted numerous treatments for Craggers afflicted with the disease, even traveling to Scarleforth Lake for water samples to test.

Steelhead Chapter House

The Steelhead Mercenary Company Chapter House is an imposing stone edifice on the eastern side of town. Built by the Steelheads themselves, the two-story stone building houses the barracks, armory, and training hall for the mercenaries. Steelheads patrol and train on the grounds at all hours—only the most foolhardy (or drunk) dares to intrude the Chapter House without prior notification.

Steelhead Mercenary Company

Steelhead Mercenary Compan (Ternon Crag Chapter)

Secrecy: Public (DC 8)

Enforcement: Moderate

Size: Small Company (80)

Operations: Patrol/Bodyguard, Muscle, Retainer

Alignment: N

Cash Limit: 10,000 gp

Member Assets: 3,000 gp (good equipment, swords, halberds, heavy armor, alchemical curatives, some mechanika, steamjacks)

Membership Requirements: Membership Approval

Leader: Stannis Brocker (male Midlunder Ftr10)

As the local chapter of the Steelhead Mercenary Company, Stannis Brocker's men are well-trained and equipped to follow Magnus into battle when needed. When not assigned to a battlefield, these mercenaries spend their days drilling and carousing in the town's many taverns. The Greybranch Expeditionary Company has hired dozens of Steelheads to serve as guards for their various interests.

Spider's Prospecting Supply

Oren "Spider" Trembault (male Scharde Ftr3/Exp4) runs this Hammer and Gad-owned general store on the eastern edge of town.

Willitt and Sons' Jackworks

Willitt and Sons' Jackworks is situated in the northeastern portion of Ternon Crag, along with the other smelters, foundries, and forges. It is the only public facility in Ternon Crag available to service steamjacks and other complex mechanika. With the frequent dust storms blowing through the Gap from the Marches Crag, steamjacks suffer all manner of difficulties. Otis Willitt (male Midlunder Bdg6/Exp3) and his son, Karl (male Midlunder Bdg4) have been working on steamjacks since both were able to walk. Otis' skills border on the magical and it appears both of his sons have picked up their father's knack for bodging.

"The Hull Estate" aka Magnus' Headquarters

Vinter's Loyalist Army (Ternon Crag Hideout)

Secrecy: Secret (DC 16)

Enforcement: Brutal

Size: Variable (NA)

Operations: Military, Pending Contract;

Alignment: N, NE

Cash Limit: 6,000 gp

Member Assets: 4,000 gp (armor, weapons, firearms, some mechanika, steam and warjacks)

Membership Requirements: Traitor (loyal to Vinter Raelthorne), Sponsor (must be another member of the Loyalist Army); Leaders: Asheth Magnus

One of Magnus' many bases of operations scattered around the Iron Kingdoms, "The Hull Estate" stands in brazen defiance just outside of Cygnar's reach. Although he rarely stays here, Magnus' soldiers keep an aura of constant readiness about them, as if he may appear and order them to move out at any moment.

Magnus maintains an extensive armory and 'jack foundry on the site of what was once the Hull Estate. Darnin Hull thought to confront Magnus when he first arrived, demanding he take his brand of revenge somewhere besides Ternon Crag. Hull's

subsequent murder stands out as one of the most callous acts of violence ever witnessed in the town. Unchallenged after that, Magnus moved into the Hull Estate, which boasts its own river docks. Craggers lock their doors and move a little quieter when they see a steamboat docked there.

Magnus has also convinced Brue Westrone that he has no desire to rule such a "backwards dustbowl of a town" like Ternon Crag, but has let the Marshal Chief know he will suffer a fate worse than Hull's if he ever crosses Magnus or his men. Brue's concern is not that Magnus would take over his town, but that the Traitor's presence draws too much unwanted attention. Confident a rifle round to the brainpan would bring Magnus down like any other man, Brue is smart enough to realize he lacks the manpower to deal with Vinter's loyalists wanting blood afterward. For now, he is content to wait and watch Magnus' actions with interest.

When Boomhowler's crew is in town room, they bunk at the Hull estate. This gives him the opportunity to enlist trollkin from the Krieltowners to replace those lost in battle. Boomhowler's a practical trollkin—he sees the Krieltown trollkin as a renewable resource, nothing more.

Crag Gaol

The Ternon Crag Gaol sits on a low hill just northeast of the town's center, looming over the rest of the town. Built on the remains of a crumbling Idrian ruin, the Gaol serves as administrative office, courthouse, and prison. Brue Westrone and his Chief Deputy, Jarnish Mohktur (male trollkin Ftr7/Bbn2), also reside here. Those who have had the honor of being a guest of the Gaol attest to the horrible conditions of the prison, located in what was once the ruin's dungeon. Brue has no intention of updating the dungeons, knowing a few nights' stay in them has turned around more than one lawbreaker in his town.

The ground level of the ruin contains administrative offices, Brue's and Jarnish's living quarters, as well as a bunkhouse and kitchen for visitors and the occasional deputized citizen.

South Crag

South Crag

Population: 955 (250 Midlunder, 220 Trollkin, 120 Idrian, 110 Caspian, 70 Morridane, 45 Umbreans, 40 Sinari, 30 Gobbers, 30 Other)

Type: Residential/farming

Trades: Religion, farming, local produce market

Famous Locales: Krieltown, "Old Thom" Jaspers' Place, The "Pit" Chapel

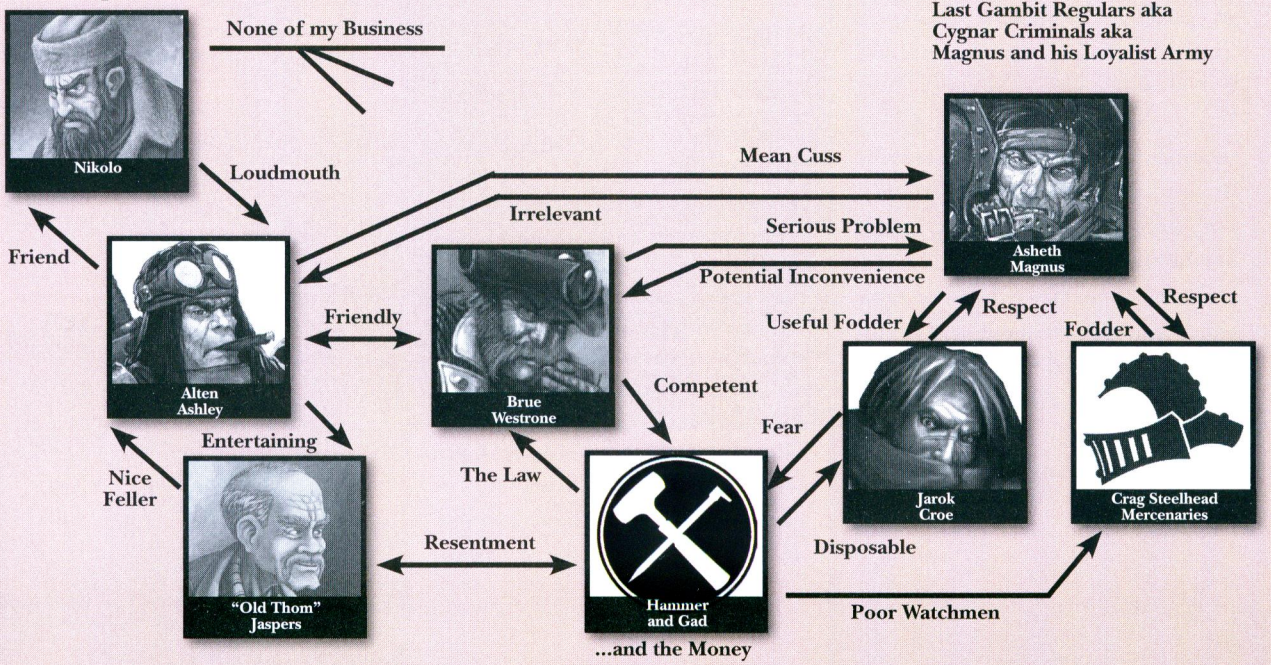
Wealth: Low; Disease: Moderate; Crime: Moderate; Vigilance: Low

Cragger Influence: Brue Westrone 2, Hammer & Gad Company 2, Trollkin Kriels 2

People of Note: Corgen Fellstrider, "Old Thom" Jaspers, The Preacher

With the exception of a few notable large landholders, such as "Old Thom" and the town's few successful farmers, most of the South Crag is considered less desirable real estate. This stretch of land is far more exposed to the elements of the Marches and has less stable ground for permanent construction. Newcomers, river panners, and other poor wretches reside in the South crag, often abiding the ramshackle housing that must be repeatedly kept up against the wind and shifting soil. A few profitable plots of farmland have been carved from

Ternon Crag - People of Note Relationship Chart



the elements here and to the south, protected by retaining walls, providing important local produce for the town, which relies heavily on imports. Even the best farms in Ternon Crag are considered frugal in Cygnar, and require considerably more labor to yield decent crops. Most houses are wooden single-story affairs, with the occasional second story denoting some level of affluence.

Krieltown

In the Crag's early days, trollkin were welcomed into the community with open arms. Their strong backs and hearty endurance kept them in high demand for both construction jobs in town and as mine labor. Because of the recent influx of trollkin refugees, however, all but the oldest and most influential trollkin Craggers have become second-class citizens in the town's eyes.

When the trollkin kriels of the Thornwood relocated at the suggestion of King Leto, not every kriel or shen heeded the call. Several found Madrak Ironhide's vision wanting and struck out on their own, with some finding their way to Ternon Crag in search of a new sense of purpose. Settling with their own kind, the trollkin created a small community the Craggers call Krieltown. This hodgepodge of shanties, tents, and houses serves as a focal point for the trollkin community, including a small shrine to Dhunia. Some of the trollkin have started to rethink their decision to come to Ternon Crag and consider striking off to join Irohnide after all. Corgen Fellstrider (male trollkin Fel6) is looked to by many of the locals as a spokesperson.

"Old Thom" Jaspers' Place

Old Thom is one of Ternon Crag's oldest and richest residents, having made his fortunes prospecting decades ago. His stout and comfortable house is located at the southwest of town, with its own well, furnishings shipped in from as far west as Highgate and Mercir, and Thom's collection of fine wines. The bulk of his lands are found on the outskirts, under the shadow of the Greybranch Mountains, southeast of Krieltown, where he raises a hundred head of cattle.

The "Pit" Chapel

The man who simply calls himself "the Preacher" watches over the Pit Chapel from his makeshift shack that sits dangerously close to one of the numerous abandoned mine shafts found within the confines of the town. The Chapel serves the community of Ternon Crag as their single house of worship, although the Preacher's unusual blend of both the Morrowan and Menite faiths, equally sates and riles his odd-lot of parishioners.

The Outskirts

The Outskirts

Population: 670 (350 Idrian, 100 Sinari, 60 Trollkin, 55 Radiz, 45 Morridane, 30 Midlunder, 30 other)

Trades: Mining, prospecting, rooming

Famous Locales: The Flophouse, Ternon Crag Graveyard, Greybranch Gap

Wealth: Very Low; Disease: High (Panner's Pox); Crime: High; Vigilance: Low

Cragger Influence: Brue Westrone 2, Hammer & Gad Company 1, Asheth Magnus 4

People of Note: None

The outskirts of Ternon Crag serves as the gateway to the various mines and claims beyond its reach. It includes fewer permanent residences, but a number of temporary mining camps. These are used by those who cannot afford to build in town or prefer to stay closer to their claims. "Old Thom" owns most of the best land, though his actual residence is in South Crag.

Some trollkin refugee groups have settled in this area, including those who are reluctant to join the Krieltown. This area also includes the town's graveyard and the Flophouse, which used to be an upscale bordello that eventually went out of business as claims in the area didn't pay out as expected. The area has also been settled by a number of families with tribal roots who have integrated into the town and mostly given up the traditional ways of their ancestors. This includes northern Idrians, Sinari, and Radiz, who have found good work in the Crag, albeit for meager pay.

Ternon Crag Online

Additional information for GMs, including expanded information about many of the town's locations and inhabitants, as well as rumors and more plot hooks, can be found online at:

www.privateerpress.com/noquarter.

OPEN GAME LICENSE VERSION 1.0a

The following text is the property of Wizards of the Coast, Inc. and is Copyright 2000 Wizards of the Coast, Inc ("Wizards"). All Rights Reserved.

1. Definitions: (a)"Contributors" means the copyright and/or trademark owners who have contributed Open Game Content; (b)"Derivative Material" means copyrighted material including derivative works and translations (including into other computer languages), potation, modification, correction, addition, extension, upgrade, improvement, compilation, abridgment or other form in which an existing work may be recast, transformed or adapted; (c) "Distribute" means to reproduce, license, rent, lease, sell, broadcast, publicly display, transmit or otherwise distribute; (d)"Open Game Content" means the game mechanic and includes the methods, procedures, processes and routines to the extent such content does not embody the Product Identity and is an enhancement over the prior art and any additional content clearly identified as Open Game Content by the Contributor, and means any work covered by this License, including translations and derivative works under copyright law, but specifically excludes Product Identity. (e) "Product Identity" means product and product line names, logos and identifying marks including trade dress; artifacts; creatures characters; stories, storylines, plots, thematic elements, dialogue, incidents, language, artwork, symbols, designs, depictions, likenesses, formats, poses, concepts, themes and graphic, photographic and other visual or audio representations; names and descriptions of characters, spells, enchantments, personalities, teams, personas, likenesses and special abilities; places, locations, environments, creatures, equipment, magical or supernatural abilities or effects, logos, symbols, or graphic designs; and any other trademark or registered trademark clearly identified as Product identity by the owner of the Product Identity, and which specifically excludes the Open Game Content; (f) "Trademark" means the logos, names, mark, sign, motto, designs that are used by a Contributor to identify itself or its products or the associated products contributed to the Open Game License by the Contributor (g) "Use", "Used" or "Using" means to use, Distribute, copy, edit, format, modify, translate and otherwise create Derivative Material of Open Game Content. (h) "You" or "Your" means the licensee in terms of this agreement.

2. The License: This License applies to any Open Game Content that contains a notice indicating that the Open Game Content may only be Used under and in terms of this License. You must affix such a notice to any Open Game Content that you Use. No terms may be added to or subtracted from this License except as described by the License itself. No other terms or conditions may be applied to any Open Game Content distributed using this License.

3. Offer and Acceptance: By Using the Open Game Content You indicate Your acceptance of the terms of this License.

4. Grant and Consideration: In consideration for agreeing to use this License, the Contributors grant You a perpetual, worldwide, royalty-free, non-exclusive license with the exact terms of this License to Use, the Open Game Content.

5. Representation of Authority to Contribute: If You are contributing original material as Open Game Content, You represent that Your Contributions are Your original creation and/or You have sufficient rights to grant the rights conveyed by this License.

6. Notice of License Copyright: You must update the COPYRIGHT NOTICE portion of this License to include the exact text of the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any Open Game Content You are copying, modifying or distributing, and You must add the title, the copyright date, and the copyright holder's name to the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any original Open Game Content you Distribute.

7. Use of Product Identity: You agree not to Use any Product Identity, including as an indication as to compatibility, except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of each element of that Product Identity. You agree not to indicate compatibility or co-adaptability with any Trademark or Registered Trademark in conjunction with a work containing Open Game Content except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of such Trademark or Registered Trademark. The use of any Product Identity in Open Game Content does not constitute a challenge to the ownership of that Product Identity. The owner of any Product Identity used in Open Game Content shall retain all rights, title and interest in and to that Product Identity.

8. Identification: If you distribute Open Game Content You must clearly indicate which portions of the work that you are distributing are Open Game Content.

9. Updating the License: Wizards or its designated Agents may publish updated versions of this License. You may use any authorized version of this License to copy, modify and distribute any Open Game Content originally distributed under any version of this License.

10. Copy of this License: You MUST include a copy of this License with every copy of the Open Game Content You Distribute.

11. Use of Contributor Credits: You may not market or advertise the Open Game Content using the name of any Contributor unless You have written permission from the Contributor to do so.

12. Inability to Comply: If it is impossible for You to comply with any of the terms of this License with respect to some or all of the Open Game Content due to statute, judicial order, or governmental regulation then You may not Use any Open Game Material so affected.

13. Termination: This License will terminate automatically if You fail to comply with all terms herein and fail to cure such breach within 30 days of becoming aware of the breach. All sublicenses shall survive the termination of this License.

14. Reformation: If any provision of this License is held to be unenforceable, such provision shall be reformed only to the extent necessary to make it enforceable.

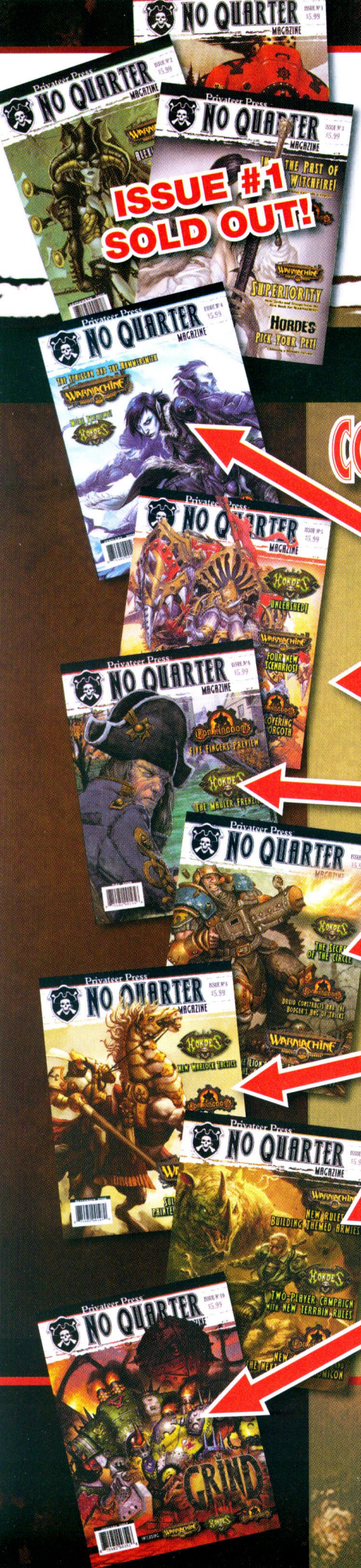
15. COPYRIGHT NOTICE

Open Game License v 1.0a Copyright 2000, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.

System Reference Document Copyright 2000-2003, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.; Authors Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook, Skip Williams, Rich Baker, Andy Collins, David Noonan, Rich Redman, Bruce R. Cordell, John D. Rateliff, Thomas Reid, James Wyatt, based on original material by E. Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson.

No Quarter Magazine: Issue #11, Copyright 2007 Privateer Press, Inc.

Full Metal Fantasy Roleplay material presented in No Quarter Magazine is published under the Open Gaming License. Roleplay game mechanics presented in this publication including monster attributes and special abilities, new equipment, new feats, new skills, prestige classes, and other material derived from the SRD are open game content. Descriptive text including stories, characters, proper names, and other depictions of the Iron Kingdoms or its inhabitants is all Privateer Press product identity and may not be reproduced. All artwork is always product identity and may not be reproduced. All product identity is copyright C2002-2007 Privateer Press.



NO QUARTER MAGAZINE

MISSING SOME ISSUES OF NO QUARTER MAGAZINE?

COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION TODAY!

ISSUE NO. 4 (LIMITED QUANTITY)
- How to create battle damage for your warjacks
- Iron Kingdoms steamship adventure
- New WARMACHINE scenarios
- The Thornwood War historic WARMACHINE scenario

ISSUE NO. 5 (LIMITED QUANTITY)
- New scenarios for HORDES and WARMACHINE
- How to paint HORDES armies
- Adventure in Orgoth dungeons
- The secret history of Chief Ironhide and King Leto

ISSUE NO. 6
- New feats and spells for Gun Mages
- New scenarios for WARMACHINE and HORDES
- How to build HORDES terrain
- How to photograph miniatures

ISSUE NO. 7
- How to paint your characters
- Lion's Coup comic and historic scenario
- Five Fingers locales: the Laden Galleon
- Exciting conclusion to WARMACHINE: Apotheosis

ISSUE NO.8
- How to Paint and Model Cavalry
- Five Fingers locales: The Soul Yard
- Exemplar Knight and Scrutator classes
- Sul Theater of War for WARMACHINE

ISSUE NO.9
- New Army Building rules and cards
- Two-player HORDES Campaign
- New Gun Rules for Gun Slingers
- Interactive Terrain

ISSUE NO.10
- Grind! A warjack combat sport
- Rules for bonding in HORDES
- RPG content: the Druids of Immoren
- The Great Dome of the Channels in Five Fingers

VISIT STORE.PRIVATEERPRESS.COM FOR BACK ISSUES

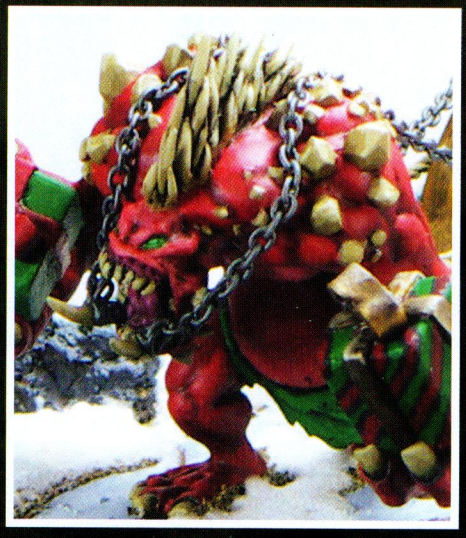
DRAWN AND QUARTERED

by **Chris Walton** and **Rob Hawkins**

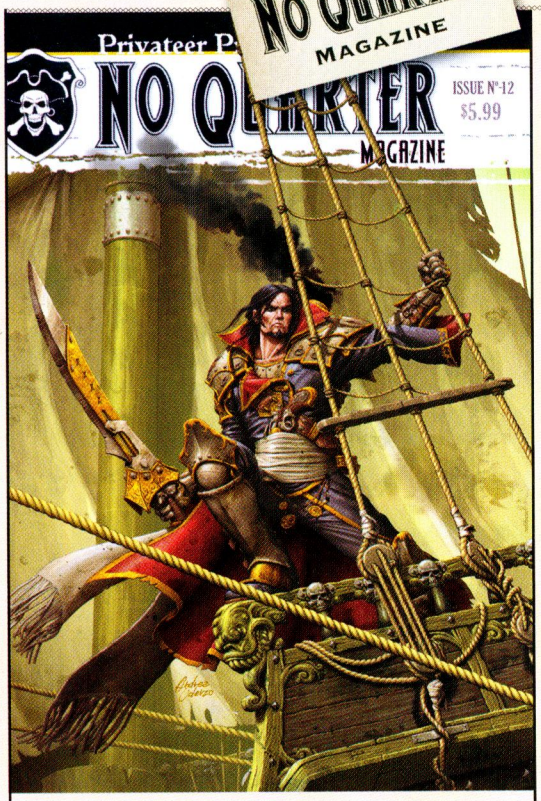
THE PLAYER GALLERY

Doomshaped Holiday

The holidays may be long gone, but Greg Gammons shows us the Grand Prize Trophy for a Christmas time Toys for Tots Tournament in Madison, WI. The winner received this amazing diorama—but what, exactly, does Doomshaper give out as presents?



THE POOP DECK



Lousy scum! A preview of **Pirate Mercenaries—the Privateers!**

EVEN MORE warbeasts from ***HORDES: Evolution***

PLUS, a Privateer Press **Battle Report, Pirate Booty,** and the **Watch Captains of Five Fingers**

DRINK LIKE YA...*HIC*...GOT'SA PAIR!

At Gen Con So Cal, a couple of fans tried luring the Privateer Press staff to an impromptu party in their hotel room. Die-hard WARMACHINE fans Andrew Bobb and Rory Hutchings succeeded in their plans, with the promise of custom cocktails tailored to each of the Iron Kingdom factions. As it happens, they brought along a full traveling bar, complete with blender and all the accoutrements, whipping out drinks that were not only visually impressive, but quite delicious.

Beyond the taste of some of these potent brews were the amazing colors. Fore example, the Winter Guard's red, cranberry-derived color was accented with flecks of gold from Goldschlager like shining snow falling from a bloody, Khadoran sky. The Liquid Necrotite proved the most impressive, however, with a stripe of black vodka sitting on top of a full glass of green midori. Gross to look at? Yep. Tasty? You bet.

THUNDERHEAD

5 oz. lemonade
1 oz. vodka
1 oz blue curacao
Stir

WINTER GUARD

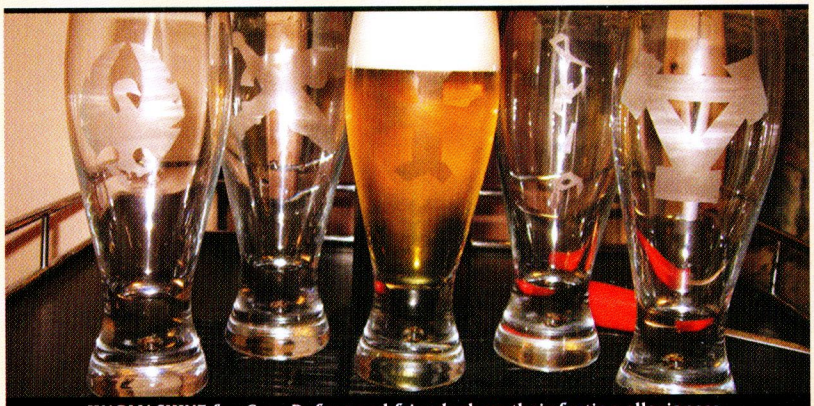
6 oz. cranberry juice
1 oz. Goldschlager
Stir

WRACK

4 oz. pina colada Mix
4 oz. coconut rum
1 cup ice
Blend
Rim glass or stir
in strawberry puree

LIQUID NECROTITE

1 oz. pineapple juice
1 oz. orange juice
1.5 oz. coconut rum
1.5 oz. Midori
Shake
Float 1 oz. Blavod



WARMACHINE fan Greg Dufner and friends show their faction allegiances when hoisting a pint or three with his custom made beer steins.

Durgen Madhammer and his contingent of Rhulic warjacks ambushes Captain E. Dominic Darius and his salvage crew.

Privateer Press presents your TOTAL rules authority for WARMACHINE.

Now in shell-shocking full color, the award-winning game of steam-powered miniatures combat is tuned up, rearmed, and ready to turn your tabletop into an arena of destruction. Combining and updating all the basic game rules from the original ***Prime*** and the ***Escalation***, ***Apotheosis***, and ***Superiority*** expansions with a comprehensive errata and clarifications appendix, ***WARMACHINE: Prime Remix*** is your single, undisputed gaming resource for high octane, metal-on-metal action. Experience WARMACHINE like never before with brilliant new artwork, a Formula P3 painting guide, and new fiction about your favorite characters and factions.

Haven't experienced the pulse-pounding action of the Iron Kingdoms battlefield yet? ***WARMACHINE: Prime Remix*** is your perfect opportunity to plunge into the maelstrom! Whether you are a veteran commander or a fresh recruit, ***WARMACHINE: Prime Remix*** has everything you need to wage war in the world of full-metal fantasy.

Ask your retailer for your copy today

Illustration by Matt Wilson

WARMACHINE® and HORDES and all related contents TM and/or © Privateer Press, Inc. 2006